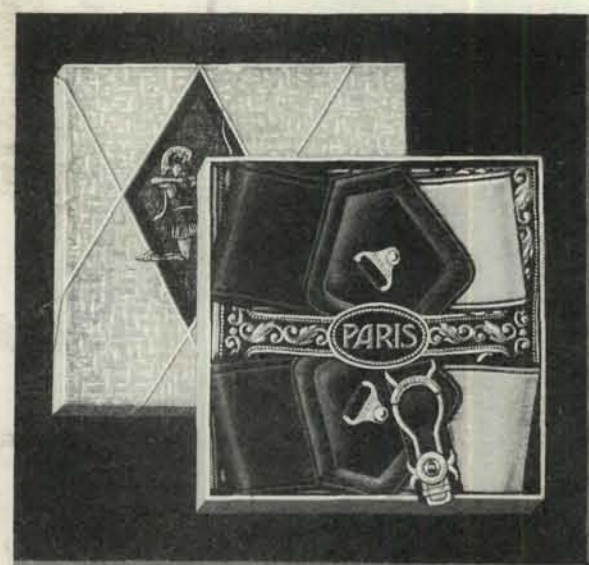


Let's make this a

PARIS

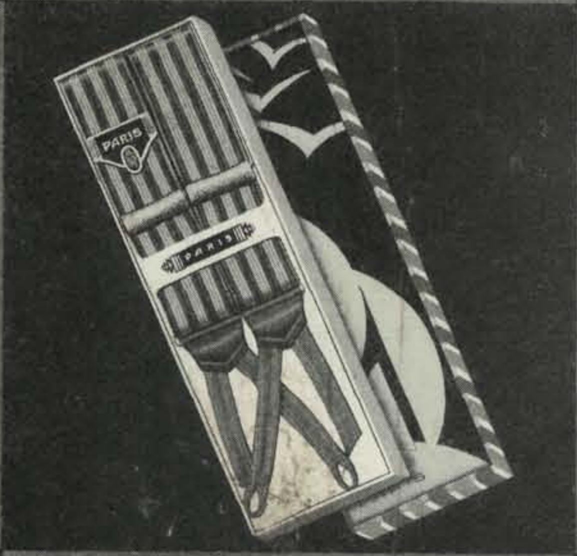
Christmas

Supertex Curveweave Paris Garter—Smooth as velvet, lustrous as silk, woven to fit the leg. $1. Also a Supertex Curveweave Suspender at $2.50. Other Paris Garters 25c to $2

PARIS

GARTERS

What a smart idea—A genuine full grain, cowhide Paris Belt, with silver plate initial buckle—in a handsome gift box. $1.50. Others $1 to $5

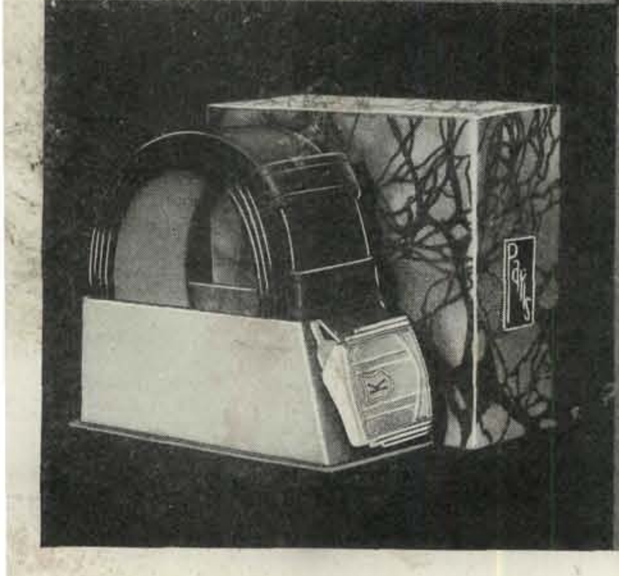


"The Smart Set" by Paris is the last word. Paris Garters and Suspenders of matched, high quality elastic, trimmed with satin. $2. Others $1.50 to $3

PARIS

SUSPENDERS

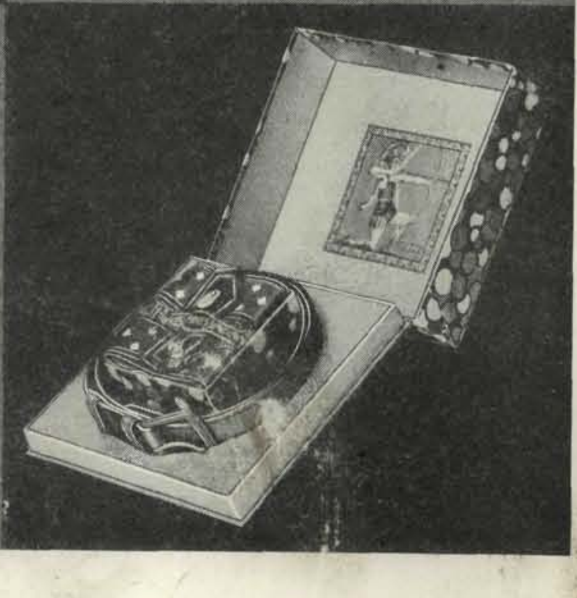
What could be more acceptable? Paris Leather Belt, genuine full grain cowhide with enamel buckle to match; and Paris Garters. $2. Others $1 to $5



Here's a handsome Paris Suspender, a fine quality ribbon of latest pattern; hammered buckles and elastic ends that stretch. $1.50. Others $1 to $3.50

PARIS

BELTS



HOW TO MAKE A MAN HAPPY AT CHRISTMAS

No metal can touch you

Give him something practical; something he knows is of high quality; something with a "personal touch"—and, above all, something "that doesn't cost too much."

You couldn't possibly please him any better than by remembering him with these fine Garters, Suspenders and Belts by Paris—his favorites! They come beautifully packaged—either separately or in combination sets—They're so modestly priced you can get him a stylish supply in assorted colors, to harmonize with his neckwear, shirts, hose and suits. For your own protection and "his" satisfaction, be sure to specify "Paris"—refuse substitutes.

A. STEIN & COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO

EC. 20, 1930

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE All-America Football Team appears next week and we are carefully husbanding our strength so that we may read all the letters and newspaper stories that will be written about it. As usual, enthusiastic adherents of football stars here and there began writing Mr. Rice when the season was young. *The disappointed ones will* write again and some of the letters will be written with a pin dipped in blood.

Our chief regret, in which Mr. Rice joins us, is that a football team consists of but eleven men. Choosing so few from the bumper crop of good players involves an exhaustive analysis of records and opinions —a formidable job to which Grantland Rice gladly devotes weeks of effort.

Newspaper editors who are tempted to print or review the All-America Football Team before the release date, December 19th, are hereby warned that it is copyrighted material and formally advised to practice restraint. We were forced to slap the wrist of the otherwise admirable St. Paul Dispatch for beating the gun on last year's All-America release, the chastisement taking place under the eye of Judge Sanborn in United States District Court.

Collier's
ALL-AMERICA
TEAM

WE STILL further increase the difficulties of our news-stand friends by printing the first part of a new novel by Arthur Somers Roche, "A Lady of Resource." Not without resource himself, Mr. Roche has provided two heroines and, if you are like us, you will not find it easy to choose between them. We would be the last to upset the tranquil peace which rules the Roche household, but we risk it by telling you that the author has fallen pretty hard for Mrs. N. Grannis, the lady bootlegger. He threatens, moreover, to include her in the casts of all his future novels. We shall try to stop it, of course.

ZONA GALE contributes something new in this generation, an old-fashioned Christmas story. If you think you are too wise and weary (this hectic life!) for that sort of thing, we dare you to pit your emotional defenses against "Holly at the Window."

EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER'S "The Glorious Buccaneer" was inspired by the corner of an old carved chest. The craftsman had done a very handsome job on that chest, but he had left one corner bald and smooth. Why? Well, he might have died untimely. That's what almost anybody would suppose. But not Emma-Lindsay Squier. She knows that life in old California was more ingenious than that. "The Glorious Buccaneer" explains the bald corner on that ancient chest. What a tale of love and piracy! And another acorn sprouts an oak.

DON MARQUIS furnishes the Short Short Story, "The Referee Says;" John B. Kennedy tells the story of Bert Lahr, the comic; Erich Maria Remarque continues his great novel of post-war Germany; Zane Grey, W. O. Saunders, Dana Burnet and others will beguile you, unless you shop early, from the duties of the season.

THIS WEEK

December 20, 1930

Cover—C. C. Beall

Page 7—William J. Neidig
FRONT DOES IT! It doesn't pay to be uppish.

Page 10—Thomas D. Campbell and Owen P. White
WHEAT ON THE GRAND SCALE: Russia's agricultural program—described by a man who helped plan it.

Page 12—Damon Runyon
THE LILY OF ST PIERRE: Among gangsters.

Page 14—John B. Kennedy
HEADWORK: In Ireland, a short story.

Page 15—Groucho Marx
MY POOR WIFE! A comedian at home.

Page 16—Erich Maria Remarque
THE ROAD BACK, Part II: The great post-war novel.

Page 18—Stephen Morehouse Avery
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD: In the hands of a villain.

Page 20—W. B. Courtney
EARLY BIRDMEN: When flyers were dare-devils.

Page 22—The Short Short Story
JONESY: By Hagar Wilde.

Page 23—Grantland Rice
JUST A MOMENT: But you can't forget it.

Page 24—Zane Grey
ROBBERS' ROOST, Part XI: High adventure in the West.

Page 26—Sol Metzger
FLEA FLICKER FOOTBALL.

Page 29—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
UNDOING THE SPLIT: Only one man can do it.

Page 37—Word Hunt

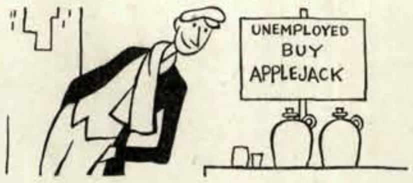
Page 65—Milton C. Work
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 66—Editorial

Any Week

A YEAR ago Mr. and Mrs. William Keltey of Memphis, Tennessee, started a Christmas fund against the Christmas which is now upon us. On December 25th, they will also celebrate their tenth wedding anniversary. The two hundred dollars they saved for this double festivity was pledged to the purchase of "something they would always cherish." A friend of Mrs. Keltey informs us that they have done just that. There is nothing so abiding as memory. They have divided the money equally among twenty families, the heads of which are out of work—and broke.

MR. GURNEY WELSH of Portland, Oregon, asks us to be interested in the fact that twenty of the men and women who worked with him until hard times enlisted them in the army of the unemployed are now doing nicely selling bathtub gin and applejack to the boys and girls who still have jobs. He insists that we regard it as just another example of American resourcefulness.



HERE'S trouble. We are indirectly responsible for serious conditions in Palatka, Florida, according to Mr. I. C. Larkins of that energetic town.

"Murder, mayhem and various other well-known crimes are likely to be committed if something isn't done soon. Those not mad are sad and the mourners go about the streets."

After which Mr. Larkins explains that it all came about because "the latest issue of Collier's had not arrived and no hope is held out. . . . I had to drive thirty miles to St. Augustine to get a copy."

This is the first time we have apologized to an entire city. May it never happen again!

MRS. CARL F. WHITESIDES of Bakersfield, California, insists that something be done to restrain our professional politicians from enacting laws which, "as even a molecule of intelligence would render obvious," will have to be apologized for and repudiated later. She suggests that no law be passed by the Congress into which it is introduced; that no law is worth passing if the theory behind it can't stand two years of inactivity. She would also apply the trial-marriage theory to our laws.

"Adopt them, if we must, temporarily," writes Mrs. Whitesides, "say for a maximum of five years. If they don't function in that time, you can be pretty sure we're wasting our time on them."

WE'VE heard ideas worse than that. In fact we've had them ourselves. But, like Mr. Ben Jacobson of Chicago, we are inclined to be suspicious of original ideas that stay that way.

"Until business got so that they couldn't afford to keep me thinking," writes Mr. Jacobson, "I was idea man for a movie advertising firm here. The reason they gave me for canning me was that I never had an idea that somebody else hadn't worn out anyway. I told them the only good ideas were the ones everybody used and if nobody ever tried a new idea it's because it was punk. They canned me anyway."

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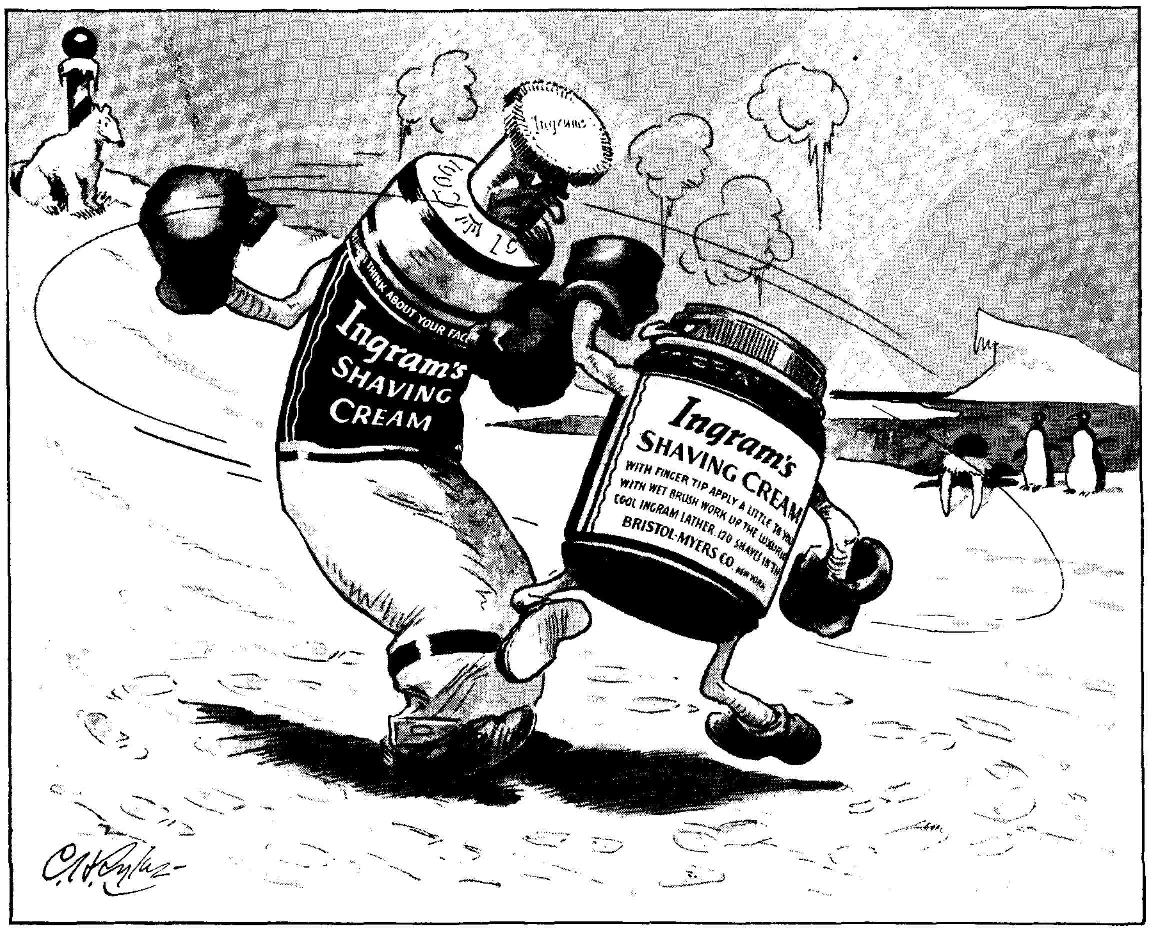
$2.00 a year in the United States and Canada; $4.00 a year in foreign countries

Eleventh Hour Dope on the great $5,000.00 Ingram Contest!

W. L. Bomer, Export Manager, comes out for the tube!

"By rights I ought to be in favor of the jar, for shaving cream in a tube isn't very popular in Europe or in most of my territory. But I know that in America, where most of Ingram's cool shaves are sold, a tube far outsells a jar. And even the famous Ingram jar won't stand up against the new blue and white tube!"

W. L. Bomer


THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM
Ingram's SHAVING CREAM
WITH FINGER TIP APPLY A LITTLE TO WET...
WITH WET BRUSH WORK UP THE LATHER
COOL INGRAM LATHER 120 SHAVES IN THE JAR
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

"The jars have it!" says W. B. Johnson, Assistant Sales Manager.

"It's going to be a fight to the finish. But make no mistake, the famous Ingram jar will come out on top! A million shaving men already like that jar, and they recognize it has advantages no tube can duplicate! An Ingram shave may be fine and cool in any package—but most men will stick by the original blue jar."

W B Johnson

The Big fight is coming to a finish

Both going strong!

THE twelfth and final month of Ingram's $5,000.00 contest is under way! Both Ingram jar and Ingram tube have staged a great fight. Many men prefer a tube but thousands swear by the jar. Both contain the same cool cream—both give you a shave that's *cool . . . Cool . . .* COOL . . . COOL!

Which will be the winner? Mr. Johnson is sure the jar will win. Mr. Bomer backs the tube. What do you think? You have 328 chances to win a prize! Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was placed on the market in the new tube. Of course it's still sold in the blue jar as well. Five years ago, that jar first introduced Ingram's—the pioneer *cool* shave. Since then, it has become one of the largest-selling of all shaving creams!

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

The jar, we know, had a lot to do with Ingram's quick growth in sales. But the most important reason for Ingram's success is that it was the first and best of all *cool* shaving creams!

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	**$1,000.00**
Second prize	**$500.00**
Third prize	**$250.00**
Next 325 prizes	*each* **$10.00**

Ingram's velvet-smooth lather brings a new, *cool,* stingless delight to the faces of all men. Its three special cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin *while you shave.* You can get either the tube or jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you 10 COOL Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But whether you use Ingram's or not—enter the contest today!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness, we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 596, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 596, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

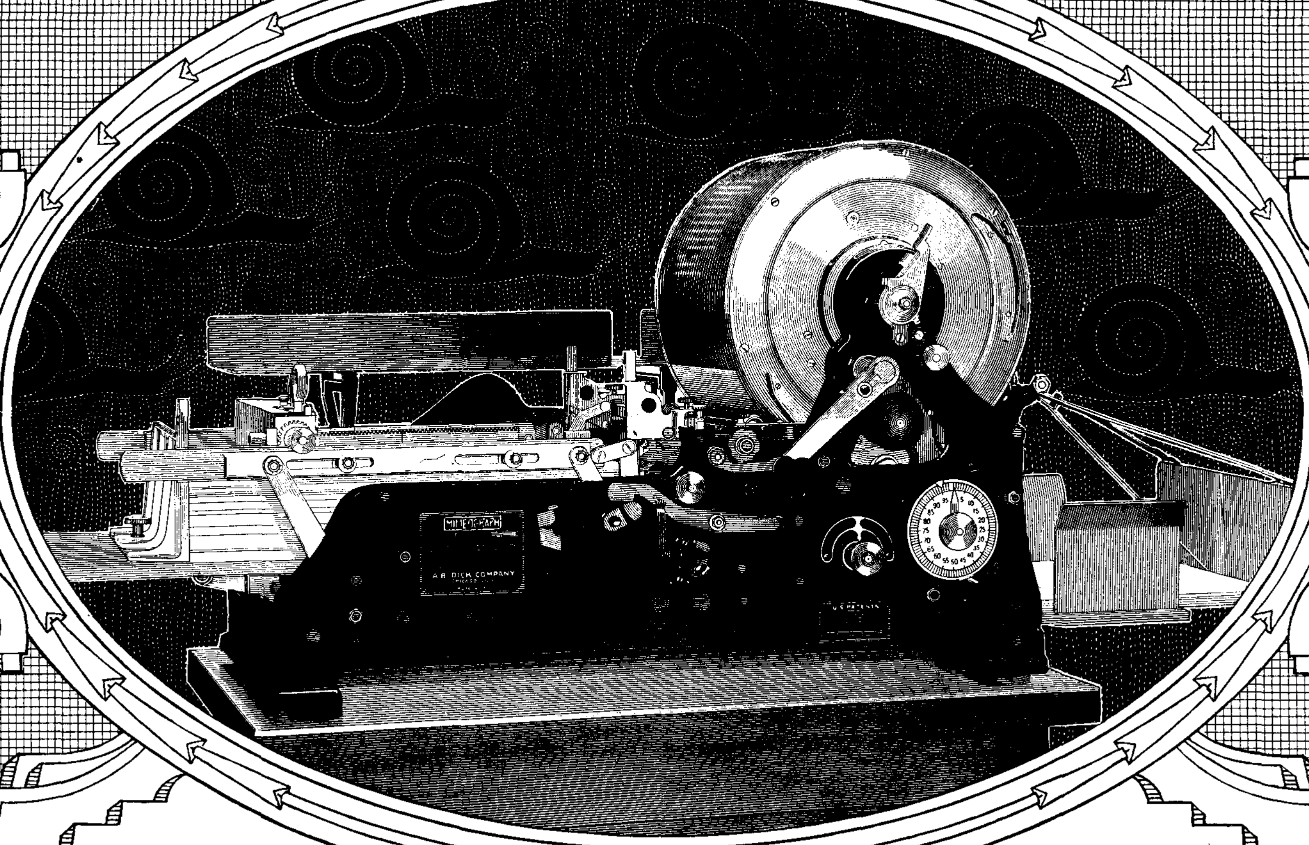
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*____________*State*____________

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)



EXTREMES IN SPEED

The proverbial snail may be the world's most indolent traveler, but this new model Mimeograph does its job with *utmost* dispatch. As now perfected, it is one of the world's speediest doers of important work. It has cut corners, costs and troubles for all industry and education in the most remarkable ways. As a supreme economizer it becomes an ever increasingly vital factor in the keen competition for success. Whatever is written, typewritten or drawn in line it duplicates in faithful thousands of copies per hour. Its grist of form letters, bulletins, graphs, office and factory forms, etc., are better printed than ever before. With its more simplified controls it requires a minimum of attention and expertness. And this newest, single-unit model is the most automatic of all Mimeographs. Get particulars from our nearest local branch (see classified telephone directory) or from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, Illinois.

MIMEOGRAPH

EDISON-DICK
MIMEOGRAPH
CHICAGO

Front does it!

The story of a master thief who thought that appearances were everything—and a detective who thought likewise

By William J. Neidig

TACHMAN did not again bid upon anything; but he waited until the sale was over before leaving the auction-room. A man cannot be too careful. Earlier he had wished to be seen—by the man on the block, by those bidding. Now he tried to take the color of the crowd. He wished to become like nothing so much as water poured into water.

"Just a fast fade-out—that's me."

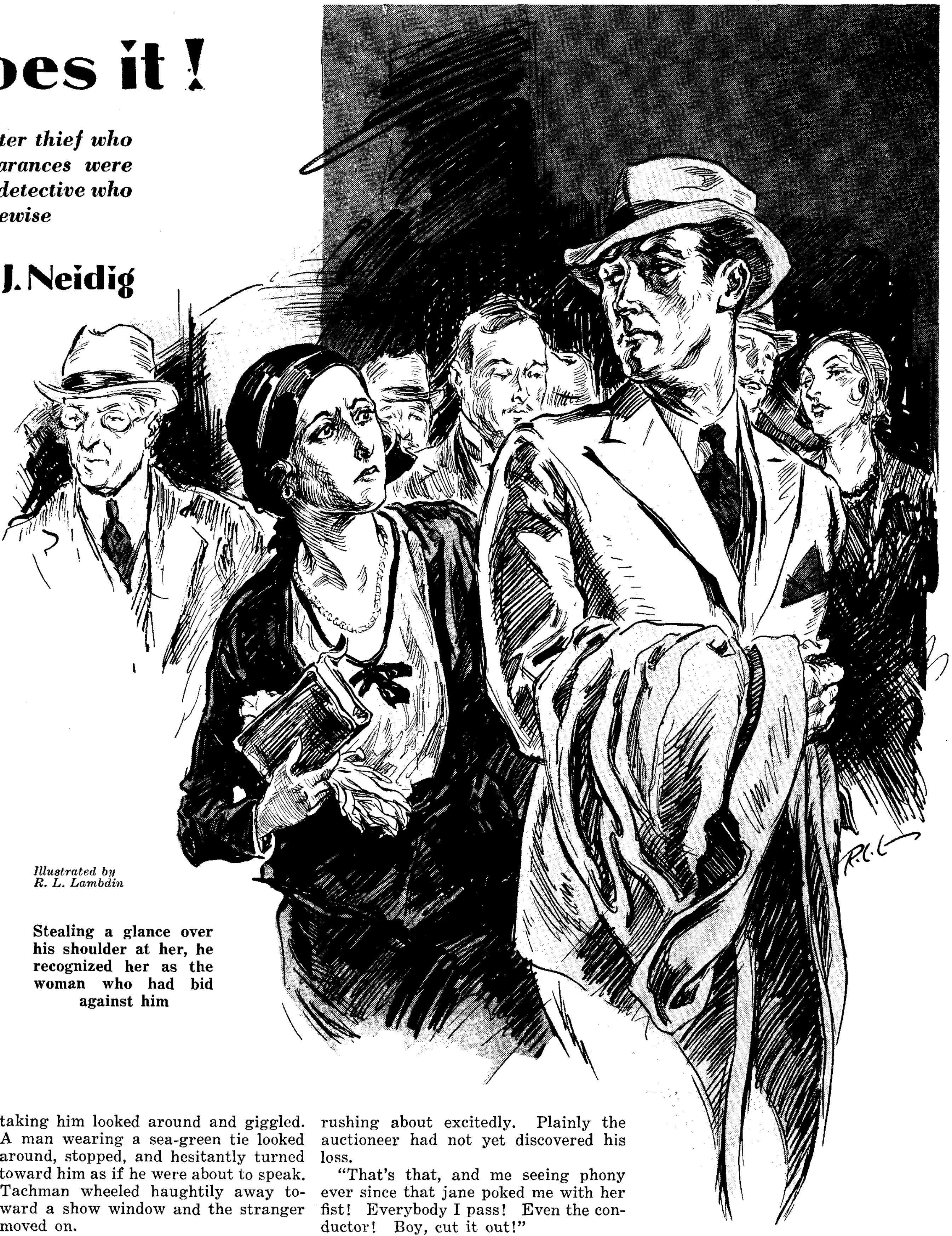
He knew with his mind that he had succeeded, that all had gone as he had planned. The man who has mapped every road does not lose his way. The skilled workman does not bungle. Manner does it; front does it; gilt-edge does it. Foresight, skill, manner—he possessed them all, and his reward already filled his eyes like fruit on a tree.

"A plate-glass front and a fast fade-out."

And yet for all his assurance his heart was racing like a propeller out of water. He imagined that his fellows of the auction-room were looking at him. He knew with his mind that they were not, but the feeling persisted.

"And why would they?" he asked. "The answer is, I'm crazy to think it, when I know better."

Later as he drew nearer the door a woman at his heels was thrown against him by a surge of the crowd. Tachman felt the thrust of her hand on his shoulder as a deliberate shove, and later still, when the surge was repeated, as a second. Stealing a glance over his shoulder at her, he recognized her as the fiery little woman in black who had bid against him for a powder box. Her open desire to obtain it had tempted him to outbid her. Afterwards she would have stabbed him dead with her angry eyes if looks could kill.



Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

Stealing a glance over his shoulder at her, he recognized her as the woman who had bid against him

He had found her rage a relieving touch of comedy. The sight of her smoldering eyes again brought a half-smile to his blank features. She had been angrier than he thought. Her anger again acted divertingly to steady his nerves.

Nevertheless he felt glad to reach the door.

"We took that curve and never a skid. Now what? The smokes? Not-not! No one-hand driving. No nothing—until we're out of this jam. Me try to hold a match to a stick—here? A wise owl like me? Say!"

He knew with his mind that all trains were on time, that the hard lay behind, the easy ahead, but his self-consciousness persisted even after he had reached the street. An attendant at the door had given him too much notice. The comedy woman in black had swept by too promptly to join the south-bound traffic. A moment later he headed his own boat northward.

As he floated along with the current, one man among many, his self-consciousness began to take other form. He imagined he was attracting the attention of strangers. Two girls overtaking him looked around and giggled. A man wearing a sea-green tie looked around, stopped, and hesitantly turned toward him as if he were about to speak. Tachman wheeled haughtily away toward a show window and the stranger moved on.

"Front does it. Steady does it. No nothing."

LATER, as he was crossing the street, a traffic policeman eyed him sharply. Two women saw him and exchanged glances—they were old and did not giggle. A man in a brown hat followed him with his eyes; then a fat man, a lean man, a truck driver, two girls in a taxicab.

He reached the farther street-car track as a south-bound Route Three rear-enter came to a stop, and he swung aboard. Paying his fare, he slipped into the nearest seat, with his topcoat still folded across his arm.

He had not intended riding past the auction-room. The impulse that now led him to do so led him to glance through the window at its lighted interior. Front does it. The place remained as he had left it, with no one rushing about excitedly. Plainly the auctioneer had not yet discovered his loss.

"That's that, and me seeing phony ever since that jane poked me with her fist! Everybody I pass! Even the conductor! Boy, cut it out!"

He therefore sat boldly at the window as far as to the second corner; then, rising, he changed to a seat even more conspicuous toward the front of the car, where he laid his topcoat beside him. No one was looking at him. Why should they be?

Had he glanced behind him he might have imagined that not only was the conductor looking at him, but that the man was about to speak to him. But he did not catch the quick glance, and nothing happened.

Tachman spent the next five minutes alone with his light fingers. First he cautiously withdrew from the folds of his topcoat, although not into the light, that which lay concealed there—a woman's diamond necklace. Next, finding a handkerchief, he wrapped it about the stones. When he had made sure of his parcel he slipped it into his inside coat pocket. From first to last he worked with one hand, by the sense of touch alone, his eyes directed idly out of the window.

He knew with his mind that no one could have noticed the movement, for his fingers were trained fingers. Furthermore, he knew the safety that lay in distance. By this time even in his heart he was feeling easier. But he did not mean to take chances.

His topcoat had served its purpose. He now crowded it into the angle at the end of the seat, immediately under the window, and moved over to hide it from view. If he had luck it might lie there unnoticed to the end of the run. The conductor, his mind told him, was busy collecting fares; he could not keep track of loose topcoats.

A few minutes later Twenty-second

Street was called. The car stopped; the forward door swung open. Suddenly Tachman rose and passed forward to leave, not hurriedly, but at a moment chosen to get him to the door as it was about to close again. The motorman had to wait for him to spring to the ground.

"Just a fade-out—that's me," he repeated.

He had intended that the motorman should see him. The topcoat no longer entered the picture.

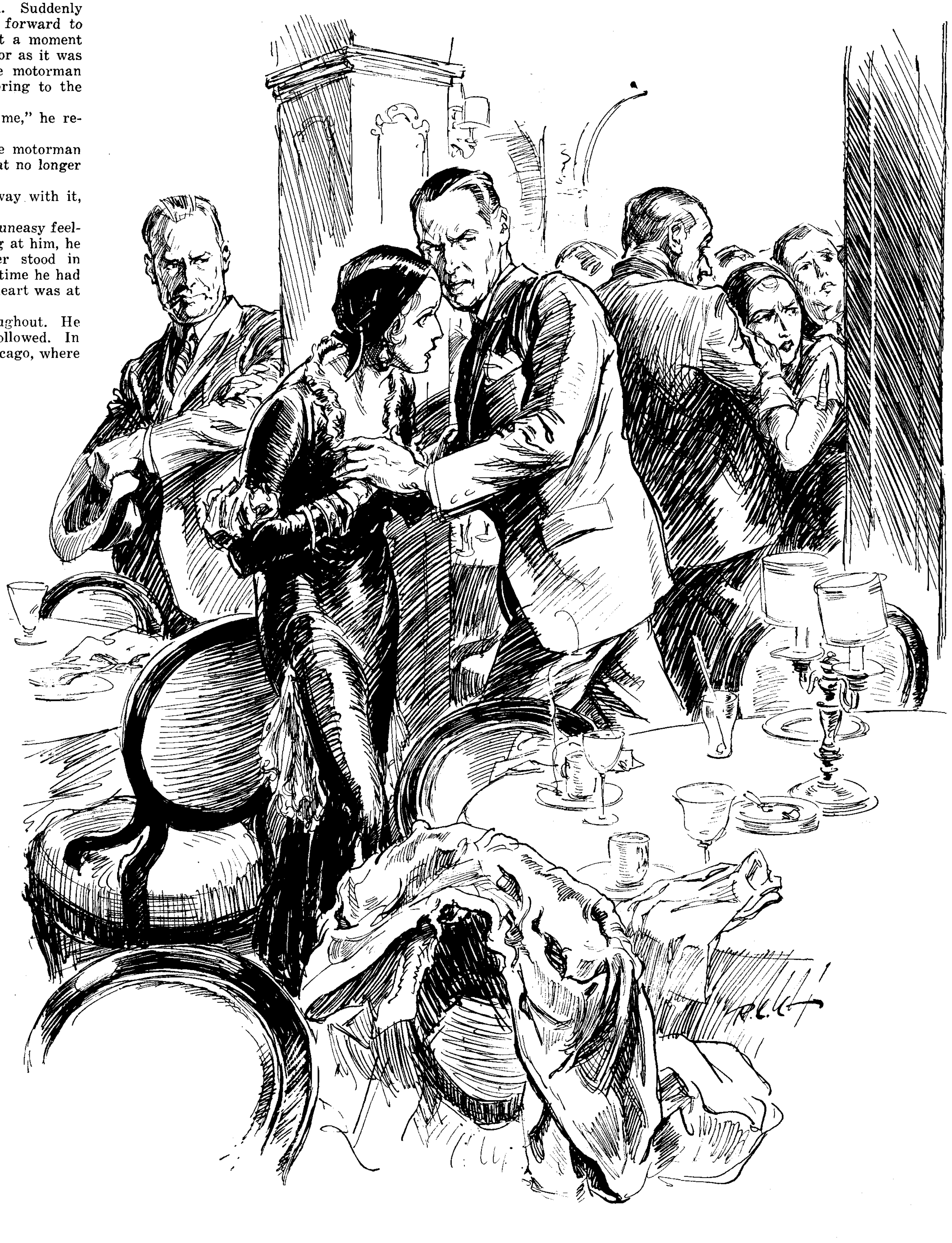
"Jumpy? Me? I got away with it, didn't I?"

Although he still had the uneasy feeling that people were looking at him, he believed that he no longer stood in danger of pursuit. By the time he had reached the restaurant his heart was at ease as well as his mind.

He had acted wisely throughout. He believed he could never be followed. In Detroit, possibly; not in Chicago, where the police did not know him.

"Front does it," he thought. "Front and brains."

Then he went inside to see if the girl had arrived. Front does it, even with a girl—front and brains.



IF YOU knew Tom Torley, patrolman, you will know Captain Thomas Torley, of the police detective bureau. On the other hand, to understand the captain you must know Tom Torley. A man, they say, is the sum of his past.

Torley still lacks some of the social and cultural graces. At one time he lacked most of them. He was brave and capable, but his duties were the humble ones of a servant of the flags, or now and then of the lights. He was merely a harness bull, a big-fisted flatfoot, sometimes assigned to traffic, who liked to read the riot act to road hogs, and help women and children and cripples through a jam at the turns.

Tom Torley, patrolman, blew his whistle once, he blew it twice, but he saw what he saw through clear eyes.

Captain Thomas Torley is the same man. He has a red face and fallen arches, and his taste leads him to shuffle about through fine houses with his hat pushed back and his cigar tilted upward like the broken left tusk of Sus Scrofa, but he still sees what he sees through clear eyes, and the coming of him sends wiser men into flight like water splashed by a stone.

It was this Captain Thomas Torley in plain clothes who stopped to speak to Policeman Masters, the traffic officer on duty nearest the robbery. He did not believe that Masters knew any facts of value; the auctioneer did not speak of a pursuit. Still, there might have been an outcry. The loss had been discovered early—before Tachman indeed had exchanged his first street-car seat for the one farther forward.

"Whaddo yuh know about this what-is-it?" he asked whimsically. "And where does he go, and why?"

The traffic man saluted and grinned. "Oh, him! His mother grabs him and runs, blaming it on me."

"The time before," said Torley.

"Oh, then! A mutt in a sky-blue bus makes a left turn, and then he does it again backward; but I don't know why."

"I'm looking for a crook with a stone face half an hour old," said Torley, who had learned what he wished to know.

"No crooks at all; not then. All that happens here is a funny guy looking for a mail box."

"What kind of a package?" asked Torley idly.

"In a way of speaking. This guy is special delivery, letter mail, but all the address he carries is a tan topcoat over his arm. I don't know why I tell you, except it's funny, him slopping along worried over what he don't know a thing about, and the dames he meets rubbering like April the first."

"Nobody jumps quick into a car?"

"Only this guy into a Route Three."

"He wouldn't, here," said Torley, moving on.

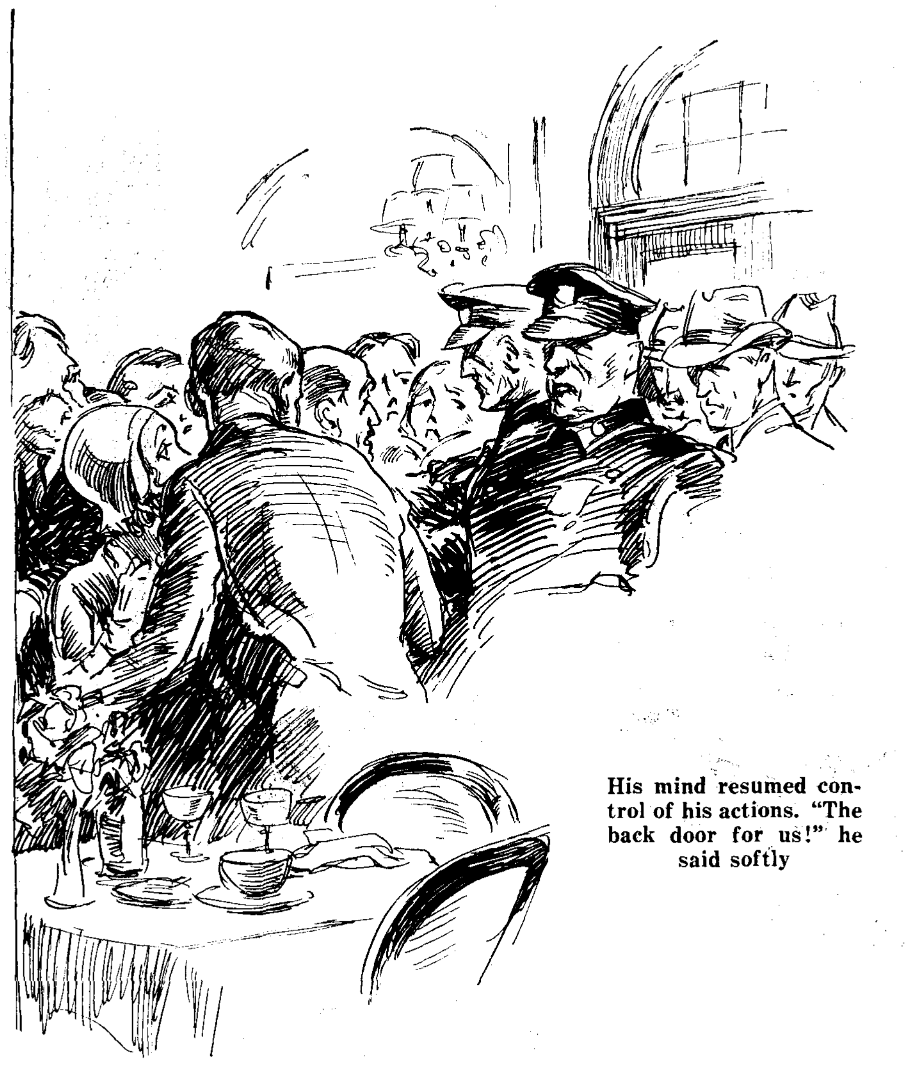
And such was his preoccupation he did not so much as ask exactly what it was about the funny man that was funny, but had to guess it out later on.

For all his leisurely manner Torley wasted no time in finding the auction-room. While Linton, the auctioneer, went to the safe for the jewel case, his face still the color of gray sand, Torley glanced about him at the articles on display.

Some of these had already been sold, others would come up later. But all of them, whether the grandfather clock at his left or the Bristol glasses at his right, bore an identifying number written in lead pencil on a tag.

"That's all I have for a clue," said the auctioneer, offering the other a thin box.

The detective looked at the tag, unlatched the case, threw back the lid. Embedded in the white satin lining lay a necklace of dazzling beauty. He peered down into the shining facets,



His mind resumed control of his actions. "The back door for us!" he said softly

first of the larger stones, then of the smaller.

"Paste, all right," he replied.

"I can prove that I sold was diamonds," Linton went on. "I know glass myself, as well as any man."

Torley looked again at the tag. "Who wrote that tag, Linton?" he asked, after a moment.

"Dave wrote it. Why?"

"Maybe he didn't. I want him to write me another just like it so I can see."

THE clerk was called and instructed. Torley watched him closely. Even before the man had completed copying the symbols on the tag he said:

"That's how. Forgery. See that '4' on this tag? The up-and-down stroke was made first, because it's underneath the cross-stroke. Your man makes his cross-stroke first. Me, too. I always write 'em like that. Forgery and sleight-of-hand—and I don't know a crook outside of Joliet that could do it."

Linton wiped the sweat from his brow. "Somebody inside?"

"Nobody here. If one of your men done it he would of switched the tag too. Simpler. Somebody from the outside. What outsider has the chance? An outsider who is a customer might of had. I don't know who else."

"It never left my sight," said Linton. "Nobody was near it except people I knew. Do you think I would have let a stranger handle a necklace like that?"

"Then somebody you know stole it."

"Oh, but, Captain!"

"Somebody steals it. Nobody is near except these. Who among the people you know looked at it?"

"Nobody except the bidders," said Linton.

"That's bringing it down closer. Your memory is pretty good. Who are the bidders for the necklace?"

"Rubenstein, Conway, a man named Victor, a man named Case, a man named Arrowhead, and of course Enockman, who bought it. Cohen and Ames looked at it in advance, but didn't bid."

"They're out, because experts look it over later. Enockman is out. Too rich. That leaves five. Conway and Rubenstein are out—they're diamond men of old standing. That leaves three. What do you know about these three men?"

"I've sold them goods many times," said Linton.

"Know where they live?"

"This is a cash business. We don't ask our customers for their street and telephone numbers."

"What do they look like—these men?"

"Victor is around thirty-five years old, smooth-shaven, with brown eyes and dark hair, and about my height. Case is about the same height, but he may be a year or two older. He's smooth-shaven also. I'm not sure about his eyes, but he has light hair. Arrowhead is younger—twenty-seven or so. He's about my height, but darker than Case."

"Any scars or birthmarks?"

"Not that I know of."

"Clothes?"

"I don't remember clothes—I'm not a tailor."

"How does this sound?" Torley threw away the butt of his cigar and bit off the end of another. "First: the thief don't know long ahead you will sell this necklace. You don't yourself. Second: he makes his plans since finding out. No other way. Third: he has to make you feel you know him in the time he has. Fourth: the easiest way of doing this is by bidding in stuff you put up. Fifth: since he has such little time, he shows up in all your late auctions. Sixth: in that case he buys something today."

"Sounds probable," said Linton.

"All right. Which of these birds do you know longest?"

"Oh, Victor! I've known him for years!"

"He's out. Which next?"

"Case was buying from me last year this time—perhaps longer than that."

"He's out too. That leaves Arrowhead. Try again. Which of these birds shows up oftenest lately?"

"Arrowhead, I suppose."

"Which of them buys from you at your last sale?"

"Arrowhead. Neither of the others."

"Which of them buys again from you today, before the stone rope comes up?"

"Only Arrowhead."

"Arrowhead is the bird we want," said Torley. "We both know that ain't his name. And you won't find his mug in the gallery, neither. Out of town. No Chicago crook would hunt the light like that. The question is, who is he and where is he and what did he do with the dazzlers?"

"Looks hopeless, unless he's in some directory."

"If he's the thief he ain't, and if he ain't the thief we don't want him anyhow. Arrowhead. Can't you think of anything at all about him?"

"He wore a gray hat and carried a tan topcoat across his arm; but he's rid of them by this time."

TORLEY clamped down his teeth upon his cigar. "Topcoat," he repeated thoughtfully. "Tan, across his arm. H'm. Sign I'm getting old. Don't pay enough attention to what I hear."

Turning abruptly away, he began shuffling absently about the room, looking at this object or that. After a little he stopped and shot out a further question:

"What about this Arrowhead is funny enough to laugh at?"

"Funny? Not a thing."

"Try again. Maybe his collar comes unbuttoned or a sock sticks out of his pocket instead of a handkerchief."

"He dressed very carefully," said Linton.

"Another. You say this man with a tan topcoat over his arm, whose name ain't Arrowhead, buys something earlier today. What?"

"A silver-mounted perfume bottle for one thing. A girl with black hair bid against him."

"What does he do makes her laugh?"

"She didn't laugh," said Linton.

"What other little thing does he buy?"

"A jeweled powder box."

"And who bids against him for that?"

"A spitfire named Reemer wanted it to go with another box she had bought. She didn't laugh, either." He paused. "Maybe I'm wrong. Ask me that laugh question over."

"It's asked," said Torley. "What makes the spitfire laugh?"

"All I saw her do myself was sputter like meat in hot lard, but Dave says—" And he went on to tell what his attendant had said about her nervous laughter as she left the room, and its cause. "He didn't mention who, but it might have been Arrowhead. He stood at the door, and saw her fall behind giggling as this man went out. He started to speak, but the fellow high-hatted him, so he let it ride. You can ask him."

"Send her over when she calls for the other box," said Torley.

"That won't be till tomorrow."

"Send her over tomorrow," said Torley. He turned and went out.

TACHMAN knew with great accuracy what he now had to do. He had discarded his tan topcoat. He had replaced his old gray hat with a new green one. All he had to do now was nothing. As long as he did nothing or, at least nothing foolish, nothing could happen to harm him.

"Front does it!" he repeated exultantly, as he felt the pull of the diamonds in his pocket.

Then he lifted his new hat.

The girl had asked him to meet her outside in the lobby, instead of at a table, for reasons suggested by experience. They walked in toward the dining-room, called the check-room girl, gave her their wraps. Tachman's wraps consisted of the green hat he had just lifted, but he had checked a reserve green-gray topcoat with the girl during the noon rush.

This check-room girl now looked at him as if about to speak. The guest-girl, seeing this, instantly threw up her little chin and withdrew her fingers from his arm. But Tachman would have rebuked the presumption anyhow. Every cultivated person knows that employees should not betray their acquaintance with gentlemen accompanied by ladies.

"Put my hat with my coat, please," he said coldly, passing her his check.

He may have mistaken her interest.

"What's the address?" she asked, instead of the question on her lips.

"The same check for both," he replied.

"Special delivery to himself," she remarked to a second girl, as he and his companion passed on.

"What did she mean by that?" the guest-girl inquired.

"Trying to be fresh. I didn't give her a big enough tip last night and she's getting back."

Resting his fingers guidingly against the girl's arm, he led her across the room to his table.

He had snubbed the check-room girl for showing too much interest in him before others. As he helped this prettier woman into her chair, he became conscious that other eyes were openly following his movements. The glances in his direction were so general they combined to form a kind of wake along their path down the room. Not only guests but waiters were looking at him.

He did not mistake the reason. He hoped he was not conceited, but he had been taken for Larry Dill Bogan, of the pictures. And not only himself: the girl too might have stepped out of a film, and in addition she was exceedingly pretty. They made a good pair.

"PEOPLE are looking at you," he whispered into her pink shell of an ear.

"No, at you," she said.

"I turn my back on them," he replied to that, to some extent suiting the action to the words.

But she was busy with her vanity case and would not have noticed if he had turned his back upon herself.

Sinking into his chair he began making suggestions from the menu for their dinner. He spoke a little recklessly, but the girl did not stop him. She may have looked fragile but she was hungry. Their waiter at the moment was engaged at an adjoining table, and Tachman could not make a show of conferring with him. When at last the man did appear Tachman gave his instructions in the manner of a czar speaking to a lackey.

The curt manner might have passed. Instead of showing resentment at it the waiter hovered over the table for a moment, as if burdened by something he wished to say. Possibly a sheer sense of duty constrained him. Tachman was not one of his former customers.

And the further delay might have passed, now that the waiter was giving his attention to that table and not to another. It was the girl, not the waiter, who finally touched the bell that rang. She spoke two words and touched it.

"I'm famished," she remarked, looking up.

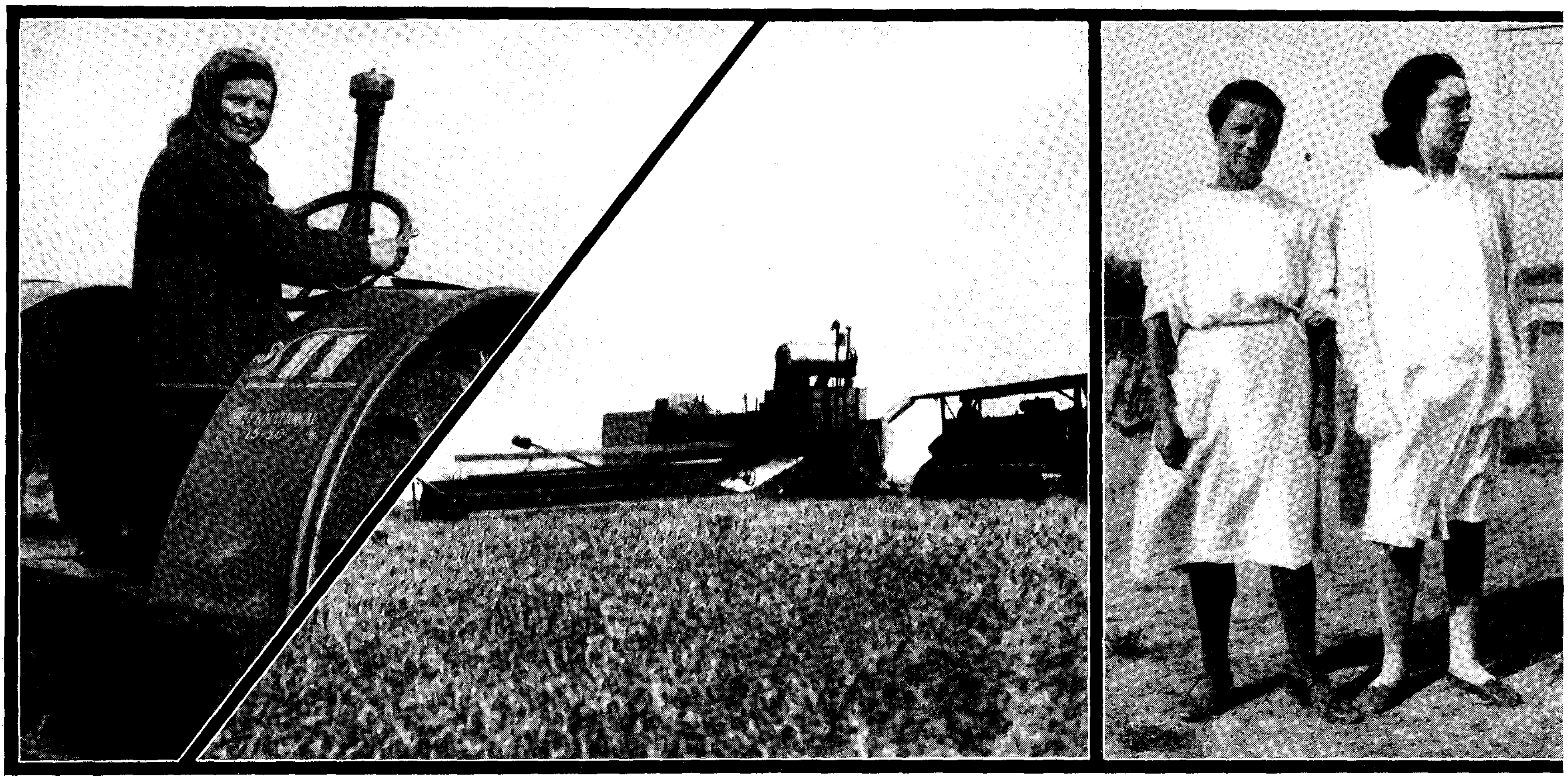
Whereupon Tachman became conscious of rights ignored.

"Let's see a little supper!" he snapped. "Let's have a little service!"

Whether or not the waiter would have spoken, the man now clamped his lips together and glided away in silence.

While they were waiting they rose

(*Continued on page 58*)



At the left is a woman tractor driver. In the center, one of the 235 combines which harvest wheat on a great collectivized farm. The women at the right are a doctor and a nurse assigned by the government to attend the workers on the Giant Farm

Wheat on the Grand Scale

Tom Campbell works more wheat land than anybody else in this country. Twice he has gone to Russia at the request of the Soviet government to help lay out their gigantic agricultural program. He has had the opportunity, unusual for an outsider, to observe life on the huge collectivized farms of Russia. Here, for the first time, is his story

WHEAT is no longer wheat. According to who you are and what your interests are, wheat today is almost anything you choose to call it. If, for instance, you happen to be Alexander Legge, then the golden grain is undoubtedly a nightmare; if you are a Kansas farmer it is your religion; if you are a lugubrious congressman whose occasional habitat is down in the miasmic swamp located in the District of Columbia, it is something for you to croak about; if you are a member of the Chicago Board of Trade it is a magic fetish which you hope will some day make you so rich that you can die honest; if you are President Hoover it is an unfulfilled promise of relief for the American farmer; but if you are plain Tom Campbell, the man who raises more of it and knows more about it than any other individual in this country, then wheat is still a commodity, and as such it can still be dealt with through the medium of another commodity known as common sense.

Mr. Campbell, then, who has just returned from his second trip to Russia, both trips having been made at the request of the Soviet government in connection with large-scale wheat production, is the man we want to hear from. Mr. Campbell likewise wants to be heard. He is exactly that kind of a fellow. Having a worth-while message to deliver he believes in delivering it, and—

"Furthermore," he said, "I believe in being honest, and in giving everybody, regardless of whether they are Russians or anybody else, a square deal and so, in this connection, I don't think it fair, after we have failed miserably over a long course of years to relieve our own farmers, to try to lay part of the blame for our failure upon Russia merely because that country, which prior to the World War produced more export grain than we did, has begun once more to produce just a little wheat for export."

This sixteen-year-old girl is a tractor operator between sessions at school

"I concur," I interrupted. "I agree with you one hundred per cent on that last remark. Passing the buck on farm relief has been a favorite pastime in Washington for many years, although this is the first time they ever got the thing this far from home. But tell me this: How is it that Russia can produce any grain at all for export? We hear constantly that the country is hovering on the verge of starvation, and yet today it actually is sending some of its wheat abroad. What then is the story that lies behind the recent sensational agricultural development in Russia?"

Mr. Campbell looked at me. "You're placing a large order," he said. "In one brief interview you want the biggest farming story the world has ever heard. Well, I'll tackle it.

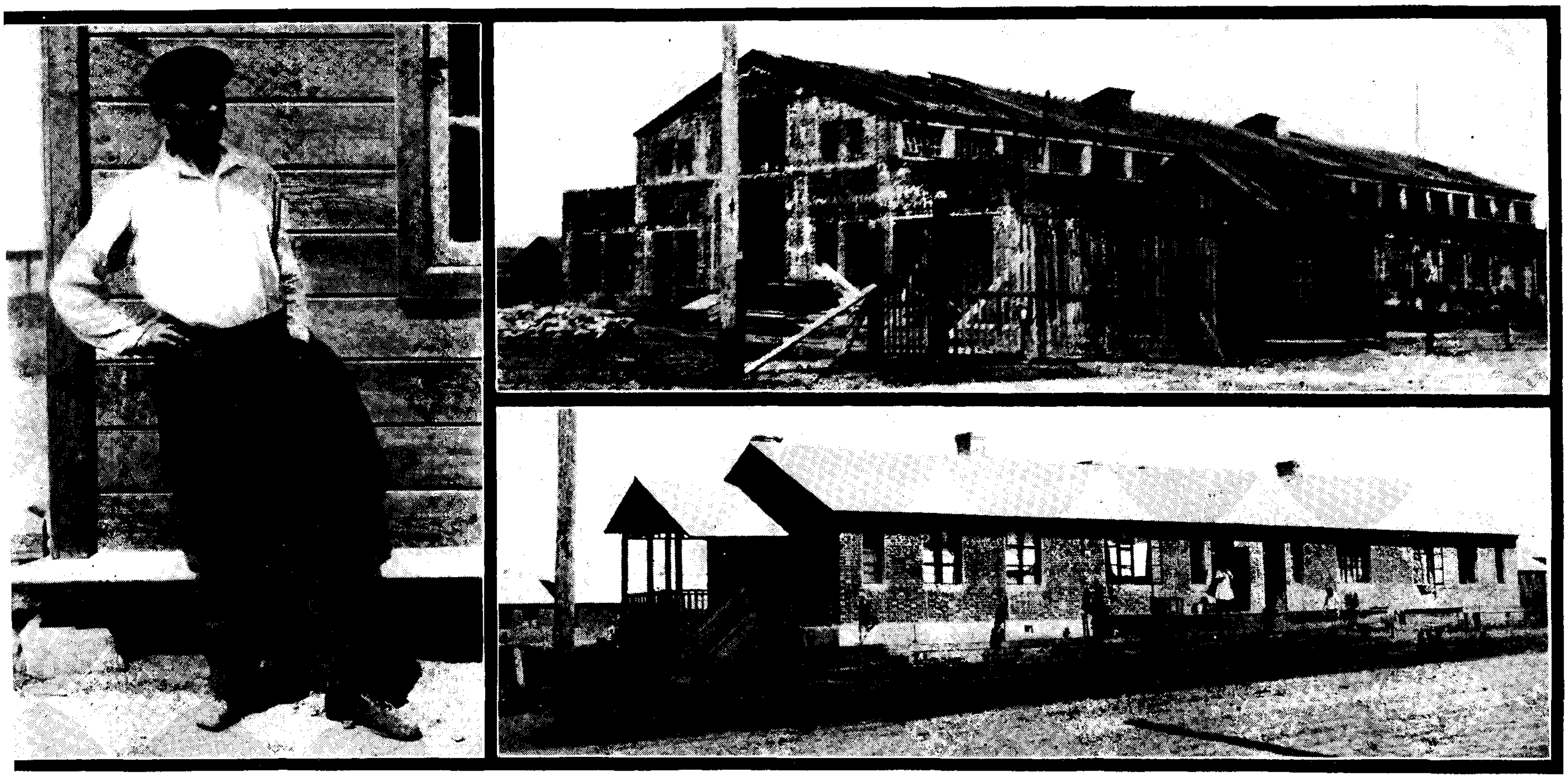
"It began, of course, with the revolution in 1917 when the peasants who up to that time, although they had been terribly oppressed for ages, had managed to produce huge crops, rose up in a great wrath engendered by the World War and overthrew their landlords. They did this, thinking when peace came they would become the owners of the land they had worked for generations, but it didn't turn out that way. After several years of hard struggle the millions of Russian peasants gradually came to see that all they had done for themselves was to change masters. Nor was the change at all beneficial. Under the new order of Communism then being established in Russia nothing was planned for the well-being of the peasants except that, as they were the source of the national food supply, they had to be 'conciliated.'

"In other words, the plan of the master minds in Moscow called for the formation of a government under the dictatorship of the industrial city workers, in which everything, including the land farmed by the peasants as well as the products thereof, was potentially the property of the state. This was too much. For generations the peasants had been working for nothing and with nothing ahead and so, with the same hopeless prospect again laid out before them, they went on a strike and refused to till the soil. It was the most smashing strike the world has ever seen, and the world knows the history of it. Famine stalked through a productive land; the cities were put on rations; and then on smaller rations; hundreds of thousands of people died of starvation; the open-handed charity of the world kept other hundreds of thousands from going the same way, until finally, as it had to do because no entire race of people will voluntarily starve itself to death to defend a principle, the strike broke and the bewildered peasants went back to work.

New Masters for Old

"And what had anybody gained by all of this? Absolutely nothing. After years of misery and suffering the country was still on a starving basis while Communism was still sticking to its guns and maintaining that the peasant class, in a land where class distinction had been officially wiped out, was a lower order of human beings to be tolerated only because food for the workers who were to industrialize and mechanize Russia was an imperative necessity.

"It was a necessity, though, that was not immediately forthcoming. There were several reasons for this. To begin with, the peasants worked for their new



The foreman of the machine shop shown above, where implement repairs for a 500,000-acre farm are centralized. Below is one of the sixteen-room, four-family houses built by the Soviet government for housing the workers on its large coöperative wheat farms

An interview with Thomas D. Campbell By Owen P. White

masters even more grudgingly and sluggishly than they had toiled for the old; then, as an after effect of the war and the strike, most of them were without implements and livestock, while on top of that, as a cap-rock to all their other ills, there now arose among them, out of their own ranks, a new line of oppressors known as the *kulaks*.

"Generally speaking, these kulaks were the more prosperous of the peasants, who, happening to own livestock or even farm implements, let them out to their poorer brethren in return for an exorbitant share of the crops. This system had the result naturally to be expected. Within a short time the kulaks had practically replaced the dethroned landlords of pre-revolutionary days; they controlled almost everything in the agricultural communities, and had a tight grip on the bulk of the national grain supply, which resulted in serious conflict with the government.

The Genesis of State Farming

"There was really nothing, however, that the government, already formulating its great industrialization scheme, could do about it. There was a reason for this inability. The age-old antagonism between town and country caused the peasants to hate the kulaks, who, although they were their oppressors, were of their own kind, considerably less than they hated the city-bred Communists, and hence to have suppressed or banished these newly-arrived agrarian overlords would have led to another strike. With the nation just beginning to eat again after years of hunger, this was something to be avoided at all hazards, and so in order to carry out their industrial program the leaders in Moscow were forced to adopt the idea of creating huge state farms for the production of foodstuff for their cities.

"Of course it was an experiment, but it was the biggest one of its kind the world has ever seen, and after it had been under way for about a year and didn't seem to be going so well, I was asked by the Soviet government to come over there and give Russia the benefit of the experience I had acquired in handling my own piece of ground up in Montana."

"What did you find when you went over there the first time?"

"Agricultural chaos. That's about the best way I can describe it. Under the domination of the kulaks more than a hundred million peasants on countless miniature farms, mostly using wooden plows, were endeavoring to scratch a living from the soil, while the state, on the huge areas which it had set out to cultivate, was likewise backward in that the soil and seed were not being scientifically treated and the machinery in use was entirely too light for the magnitude of the job."

"And what did you do about it?" I inquired.

"I can't say that I actually *did* anything," answered Mr. Campbell. "As far as the peasant situation was concerned I certainly didn't. That problem was too big and complicated for any one man to try to settle, although as you will see in a few minutes it finally settled itself. I did, however, do all I could to assist the government agricultural experts who were in charge of the state farms. I gave them my best advice in connection with soil preparation, planting, harvesting and the kind of machinery and equipment I thought they should use."

"And has Russia benefited?" I inquired.

"Yes," replied Mr. Campbell. "Much in excess of my expectations. I have just come back after another visit to Russia and I assure you the agricultural situation has undergone a most amazing change. The state farms, for instance, represent undertakings that are simply staggering: stupendous. But before I tell you about them, and also to keep the chronology of the agricultural movement as straight as possible, I must give you the story of what happened to the peasant farmers during the two years that intervened between my two visits.

"As you will recall, I said that when I first went to Russia the peasants were practically all working for almost nothing for the kulaks, who in turn were having trouble with the government. Well, that went on for another harvest season and then something happened. In my opinion it was this: Through its new method of operating its industrialized farms the government harvested a huge crop of wheat at a production cost far below any previous calculations and a natural result followed. Being now in the grain business themselves, and knowing a good deal about costs, the Communist leaders began to whittle down the prices they were paying to the kulaks, who in turn passed the cut on to the peasants, who were already getting almost nothing at all. The peasants objected. Tremblingly and with their hats in their hands, they went to the Soviet government to complain that grain prices were too low, whereupon they were met with the answer—and right here I'll say that the same answer applies to the American farm problem—that the solution of their difficulty lay not in higher prices but in coöperative production on large acreages at a reduced cost. And at the same time the government also made a statement telling the peasants that if they would form collective groups it would send organizers out to work with them, and, as rapidly as possible, provide them with good seed and adequate machinery and livestock.

A coöperative farm manager, elected to the job by the workers

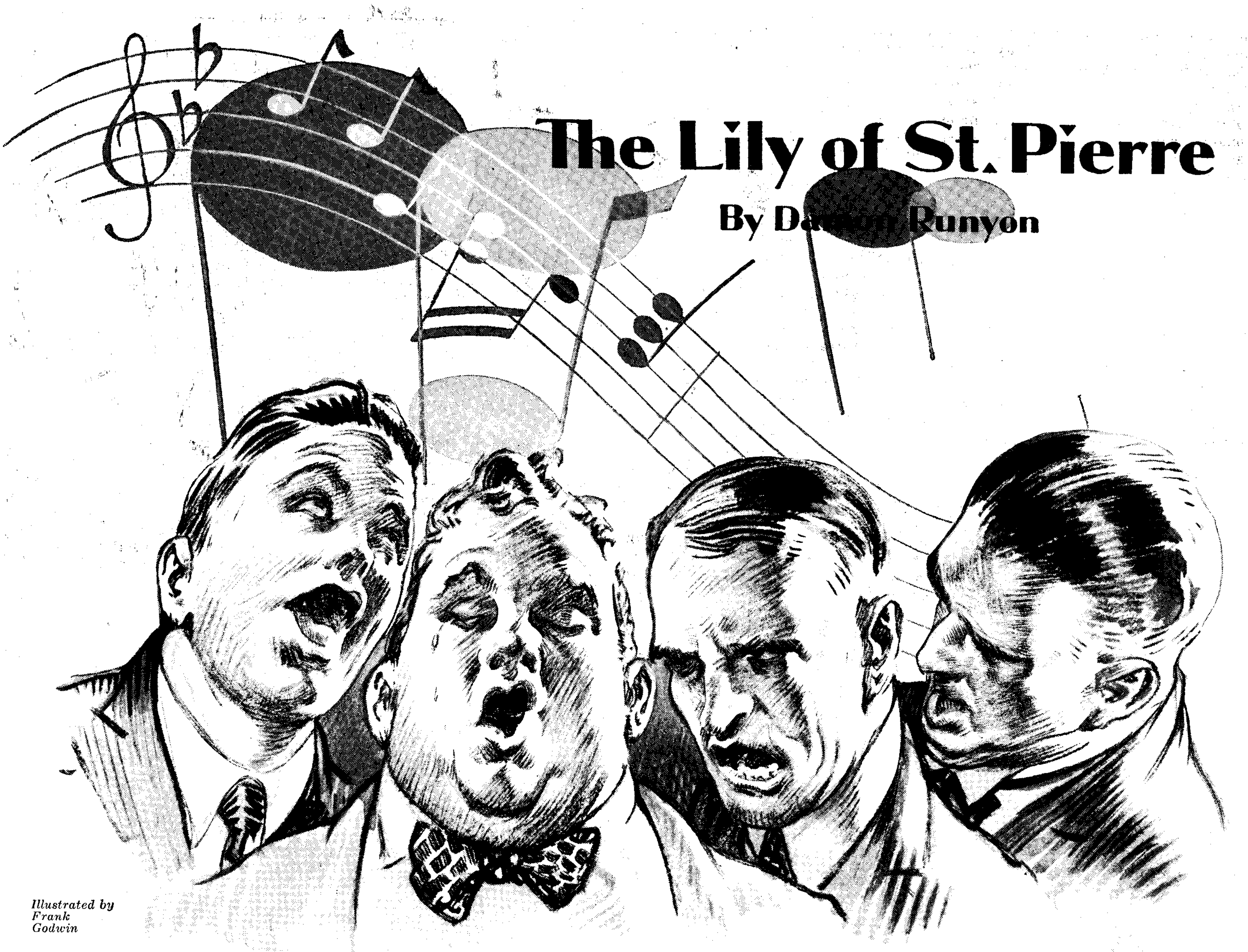
Swamped with Enrollments

"In its most optimistic moments the government had estimated that possibly at the end of five years the peasants, with government aid, might be producing twenty or twenty-five per cent of the grain supply of Russia, and so the leaders were totally unprepared for what happened. It literally swamped them. The invitation to enroll—because it was not at all compulsory—was issued in December, 1928. By the end

(*Continued on page 63*)

The Lily of St. Pierre

By Damon Runyon



Illustrated by
Frank
Godwin

There are four of us in Good Time Charley Bernstein's little joint, doing a bit of quartet singing

How the guy who now sings tenor at Good Time Charley's broke into the quartet—a story of love and loyalty in the rough—quite rough

THERE are four of us sitting in Good Time Charley Bernstein's little joint in Forty-eighth Street one Tuesday morning about four o'clock, doing a bit of quartet singing, very low, so as not to disturb the copper on the beat outside, a very good guy by the name of Carrigan, who likes to get his rest at such an hour.

Good Time Charley's little joint is called the Crystal Room, although of course there is no crystal whatever in the room, but only twelve tables, and twelve hostesses, because Good Time Charley believes in his customers having plenty of social life.

So he has one hostess to a table, and if there are twelve different customers, which is very seldom, each customer has a hostess to talk with. And if there is only one customer, he has all twelve hostesses to gab with and buy drinks for, and no customer can ever go away claiming he is lonesome in Good Time Charley's.

Personally, I will not give you a nickel to talk with Good Time Charley's hostesses, one at a time or all together, because none of them are anything much to look at, and I figure they must all be pretty dumb or they will not be working as hostesses in Good Time Charley's little joint. I happen to speak of this to Good Time Charley, and he admits that I may be right, but he says it is very difficult to get any Peggy Joyces for twenty-five bobs per week.

Of course I never buy any drinks in Good Time Charley's for hostesses, or anybody else, and especially for myself, because I am a personal friend of Good Time Charley's, and he will not sell me any drinks even if I wish to buy any, which is unlikely, as Good Time Charley figures that anybody who buys drinks in his place is apt to drink these drinks, and Charley does not care to see any of his personal friends drinking drinks in his place. If one of his personal friends wishes to buy a drink, Charley always sends him to Jack Fogarty's little speak down the street, and in fact Charley will generally go with him.

So I only go to Good Time Charley's to talk with him, and to sing in quartet with him. There are very seldom any customers in Good Time Charley's until along about five o'clock in the morning after all the other places are closed, and then it is sometimes a very hot spot indeed, and it is no place to sing in quartet at such hours, because everybody around always wishes to join in, and it ruins the harmony. But just before five o'clock it is okay, as only the hostesses are there, and of course none of them dast to join in our singing, or Good Time Charley will run them plumb out of the joint.

IF THERE is one thing I love to do more than anything else, it is to sing in quartet. I sing baritone, and I wish to say I sing a very fine baritone, at that. And what we are singing—this morning I am talking about—is a lot of songs such as Little White Lies, and The Old Oaken Bucket, and My Dad's Dinner Pail, and Chloe, and Melancholy Baby, and I do not know what all else, including Home, Sweet Home, although we do not go so good on this because nobody remembers all the words, and half the time we are all just going ho-hum-hum-ho-hum-hum, like guys nearly always do when they are singing Home, Sweet Home.

Also we sing I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby, which is a very fine song for quartet singing, especially when you have a guy singing a nice bass, such as Good Time Charley, who can come in on every line with a big bum-bum, like this:

I can't give you anything but luh-huh-vuh,
Bay-hay-bee!
BUM-BUM!
That's the only thing I've plenty uh-huv,
Bay-hay-bee!
BUM-BUM!

I am the one who holds these last words, such as love, and baby, and you can hear my fine baritone very far indeed, especially when I give a little extra roll like bay-hay-ay-ay-BEE! Then when Good Time Charley comes in with his old bum-bum, it is worth going a long way to hear.

Well, naturally, we finally get around to torch songs, as guys who are singing in quartet are bound to do, especially at four o'clock in the morning, a torch song being a song which guys sing when they have the big burnt-up feeling inside themselves over a battle with their dolls.

When a guy has a battle with his doll, such as his sweetheart, or even his ever-loving wife, he certainly feels burnt up inside himself, and can scarcely think of anything much. In fact, I know guys who are carrying the torch to walk ten miles and never know they go an inch. It is surprising how much ground a guy can cover just walking around and about, wondering if his doll is out with some other guy, and everybody knows that at four o'clock in the morning the torch is hotter than at any other time of the day.

Good Time Charley, who is carrying a torch longer than anybody else on Broadway, which is nearly a year, or ever since his doll, Big Marge, gives him the wind for a rich Cuban, starts up a torch song by Tommy Lyman, which goes as follows, very, very slow, and sad:

Gee, but it's tough
When the gang's gone home.
Out on the corner
You stand alone.

Of course there is no spot in this song for Good Time Charley's bum-bum, but it gives me a great chance with my fine baritone, especially when I come to the line that says Gee, I wish I had my old gal back again.

I do not say I can make people bust out crying and give me money with this song like I see Tommy Lyman do in night clubs, but then Tommy is a professional singer, besides writing this song for himself, so naturally he figures to do a little better with it than me. But I wish to say it is nothing for me to make five or six of the hostesses in Good Time Charley's cry all over the joint when I hit this line about Gee, I wish I had my old gal back again, and making five or six hostesses out of twelve cry is a fair average anywhere, and especially Good Time Charley's hostesses.

Well, all of a sudden who comes popping into Good Time Charley's by way of the front door, looking here and there, and around and about, but Jack O'Hearts, and he no sooner pokes his snozzle into the joint than a guy by the name of Louie the Lug, who is singing a very fair tenor with us, jumps up and heads for the back door.

BUT just as he gets to the door, Jack O'Hearts outs with the old equalizer and goes whangity-whang-whang at Louie the Lug. As a general proposition, Jack O'Hearts is a fair kind of a shot, but all he does to Louie the Lug is to knock his right ear off. Then Louie gets the back door open and takes it on the lam through an areaway, but not before Jack O'Hearts gets one more crack at him, and it is this last crack which brings Louie down half an hour later on Broadway, where a copper finds him and sends him to the Polyclinic.

Personally, I do not see Louie's ear knocked off, because by the second shot I am out the front door, and on my way down Forty-eighth Street, but they tell me about it afterwards.

I never know Jack O'Hearts is even mad at Louie, and I am wondering why he takes these shots at him, but I do not ask any questions, because when a guy goes around asking questions in this town people may get the idea he is such a guy as wishes to find things out.

Then the next night I run into Jack O'Hearts in Bobby's chophouse, putting on the hot meat, and he asks me to sit down and eat with him, so I sit down and order a hamburger steak, with plenty of onions, and while I am sitting there waiting for my hamburger Jack O'Hearts says to me like this:

"I suppose," he says, "I owe you guys an apology for busting up your quartet when I toss those slugs at Louie the Lug?"

"Well," I say, "some consider it a dirty trick at that, Jack, but I figure you have a good reason, although I am wondering what it is."

"Louie the Lug is no good," Jack says.

Well, of course I know this much already, and so does everybody else in town for that matter, but I cannot figure what it has to do with Jack shooting Louie's ear off. If a guy is going to go around shooting off ears in this town for such a reason, by and by there will be very few people left with ears.

"Let me tell you about Louie the Lug," Jack O'Hearts says. "You will see at once that my only mistake is I do not get my shots an inch to the left. I do not know what is the matter with me lately."

"Maybe you are letting go too quick," I say, very sympathetic, because I know how it annoys him to blow easy shots.

"Maybe," he says. "Anyway, the light in Charley's dump is no good. It is only an accident I get Louie with the last shot, and it is very sloppy work all around. But now I will tell you about Louie the Lug."

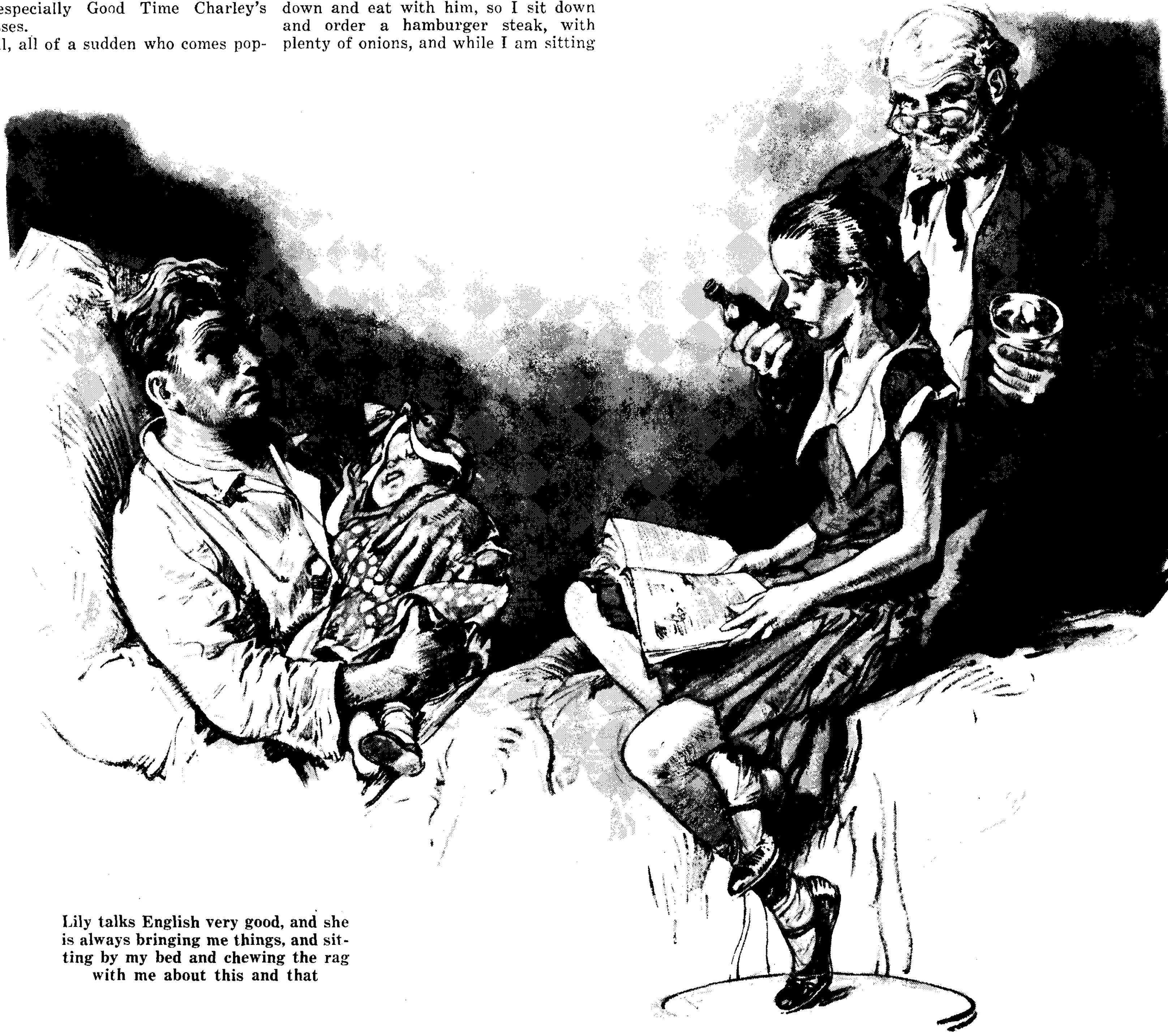
* * *

It is back in 1924 [Jack O'Hearts says] that I go to St. Pierre for the first time to look after some business matters for John the Boss, rest his soul, who is at this time one of the largest operators in high-grade merchandise in the United States, especially when it comes to Scotch. Maybe you remember John the Boss, and the heat which develops around and about when he is scragged in Detroit? John the Boss is a very fine character, and it is a terrible blow to many citizens when he is scragged.

NOW if you are never in St. Pierre, I wish to say you miss nothing much, because what is it but a little squirt of a burg sort of huddled up alongside some big rocks off Newfoundland, and very hard to get to, any way you go. Mostly you go there from Halifax by boat, though personally I go there in 1924 in John the Boss' schooner by the name of the Maude, in which we load a thousand cases of very nice merchandise for the Christmas trade.

The first time I see St. Pierre I will not give you eight cents for the whole layout, although of course it is very useful to parties in our line of business. It does not look like much, and it belongs to France, and nearly all the citizens speak French, because most of them are French, and it seems it is the custom of the French people to speak French no matter where they are, even away off up yonder among the fish.

(*Continued on page 32*)

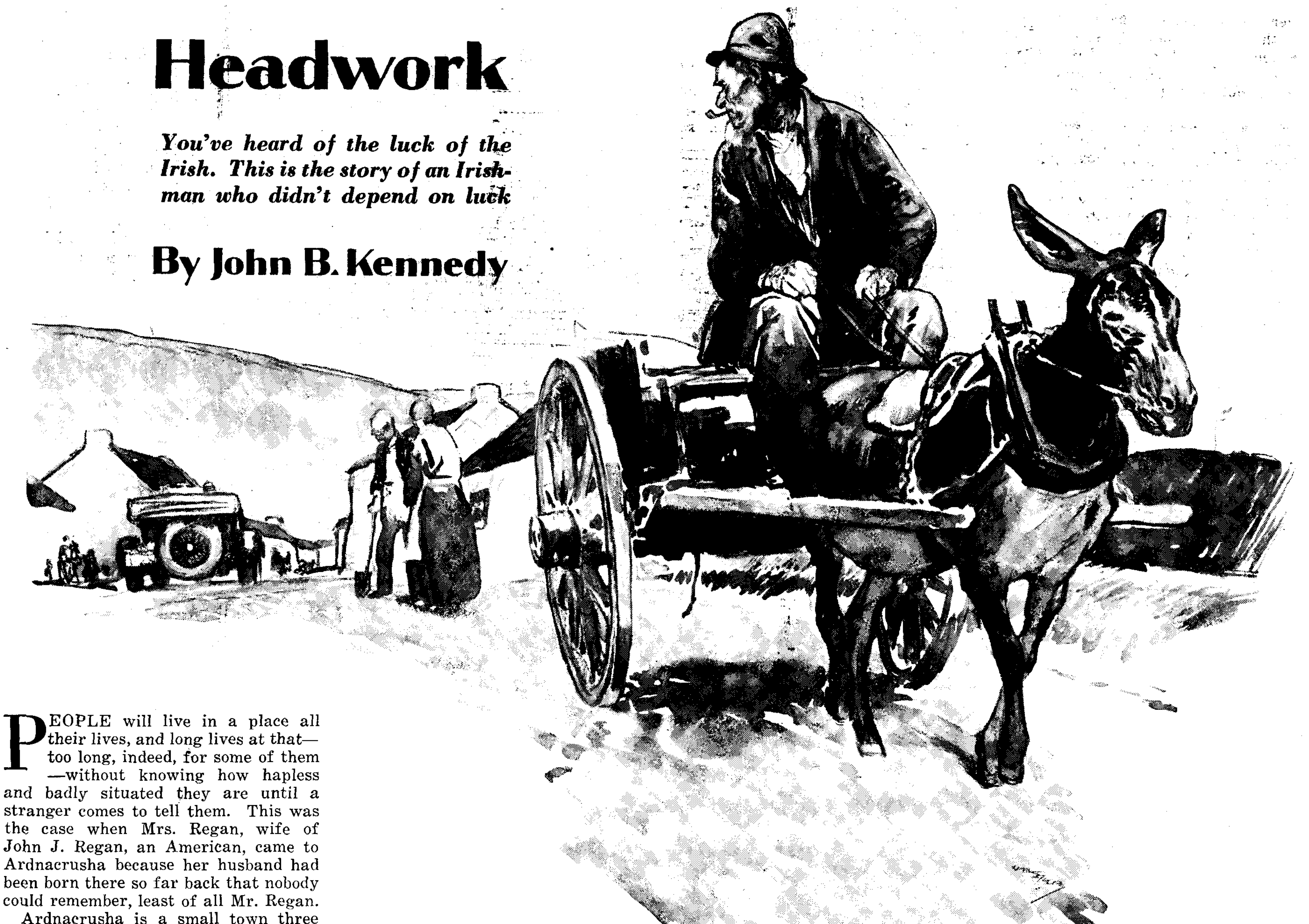


Lily talks English very good, and she is always bringing me things, and sitting by my bed and chewing the rag with me about this and that

Headwork

You've heard of the luck of the Irish. This is the story of an Irishman who didn't depend on luck

By John B. Kennedy



PEOPLE will live in a place all their lives, and long lives at that—too long, indeed, for some of them—without knowing how hapless and badly situated they are until a stranger comes to tell them. This was the case when Mrs. Regan, wife of John J. Regan, an American, came to Ardnacrusha because her husband had been born there so far back that nobody could remember, least of all Mr. Regan.

Ardnacrusha is a small town three miles south from Merelly on the western shore of the Shannon. It sits above the river like a simple old lady liking the sun and fond of a bit of color in her clothes.

When Mr. and Mrs. Regan came to the town it was for him to fish salmon and for her to make the manor house of the Tierneys a place of call for the gentry during the summer she occupied it.

The people of Ardnacrusha welcomed the chance to profit by the coming of an American of great wealth. But they were a little disappointed. Mr. and Mrs. John J. Regan entertained, and generously; but their trade went chiefly to the licensed victualers in Limerick—and the entertainment to the haughty Kavanaghs and Dreidalles and other families that were closer to the Irish peerage than to prosperity.

There were murmurs in the town about them. At a meeting of the co-opters to fix the taxes, Jeremiah Cashin, who is always a bold man with his opinions, made a motion that the town should put a heavy tax on foreigners who came there merely to visit with the gentry and to give their trade elsewhere. Judge Carmody, who is sage at all times, even at midnight when occasionally Seumas Flaherty or some other man of disrepute is brought before him for rioting or other misdemeanors, quieted Cashin by quoting the law of the Free State, which alone has the right to fix taxes on aliens.

In the uproar that always follows such a quieting when a man speaks his mind, indignation was expressed against the American Regan, some saying he was a lace-curtain Irishman that had made a fortune in oil in the wild west of the United States, and others that he had fled to Ireland to be away from an investigation by the government that would surely land him in prison if he remained in America.

"These are wild speculations," said Judge Carmody, when his heavy voice could finally be heard. "Nobody has a right to slander this gentleman. He is a stranger among us, although he was born here and left us as a child. I shall commit any man who insults him to a trial for an action.

"You have heard me, Jeremiah Cashin," said the judge, and sat down.

In the back of the hall there were murmurs and mockeries, to which the judge paid no heed, for he was bidding Peter Ryan, the chairman of the town council, to read a letter that had been received. This was from Mrs. Regan, so the judge showed good sense in bringing it before the meeting at that moment.

"I'll read this letter," said Peter Ryan, scowling over the top of his glasses that made him look like an old tailor, "and any man that interrupts before I have finished with the letter will be treated as a disturber of the peace."

A SNICKER from far back in the hall marked where Seumas Flaherty was sitting; but Judge Carmody, knowing that Seumas cared little about a public rebuke, motioned Ryan to proceed.

"This letter is from Mrs. John J. Regan, the American lady. She has been riding through the streets of the town here and been struck by the tidiness of some of the cottage gardens and by the untidiness of others." Peter Ryan paused and scowled over his spectacles at Seumas Flaherty and others at the rear of the hall—all of them known for the carelessness of their appearance anywhere at any time.

"'To promote an interest in the beauty of the home,' she says—" Peter read the letter, "'I beg to offer the council the sum of two hundred pounds in prizes for the best cottage-front flower gardens to be found in Ardnacrusha in midsummer, the only condition being that I may serve as one of three judges. The council may apportion the prizes as it sees fit.'"

Peter Ryan took off his spectacles with an air of importance, and sat down as if the gift were his own. Leaning across the table, Judge Carmody explained:

"The council has decided to accept this gift and we have divided it into four prizes—the first of one hundred pounds, the second of fifty pounds and two prizes of twenty-five pounds each. And I move the council to thank Mrs. John J. Regan for her munificence and public spirit, for surely this should impel the people of Ardnacrusha to beautify their homes."

"A civic benefactor she is," put in Peter Ryan, who seconded the judge's motion. There was a murmur of assent, and the judge spoke again:

"Besides Mrs. Regan, the judges for this contest will be his reverence the vicar of Merelly, a fine man though a Protestant, and Father Roche."

Everybody delayed to talk over the garden prizes offered to the town by Mrs. Regan, the American. Naturally there were some to oppose her as a foreigner patronizing the people, but Judge Carmody boomed that if the people profited in more ways than one what complaint was there to be made?

Nobody grieved over the going of Seumas, and there were some who openly wished something might happen to him on his long ride

Almost at once there were signs of activity among the cottagers of Ardnacrusha—and that included everybody but two or three fellows who, like Seumas Flaherty, derided the plan, saying they had doubts that the prizes would be paid. But Judge Carmody and Peter Ryan threatened to punish any such slander.

IT WAS noticeable as the weeks passed that Mrs. Regan's plan was benefiting Ardnacrusha. Before they went to their work in the morning, and after they came home at night, men occupied themselves in their front gardens, laying out neat patterns and designs. A thriving business in seeds was done by Jeremiah Cunningham, the hay and feed man.

The nearer midsummer came, the harder the cottagers worked. People came over from Merelly, Halgan and other towns to see the gardens. Seumas Flaherty and his cronies ridiculed the other cottagers whom they met in Cahil's, although not many were met, or those met for long—the desire for the prizes being great.

One morning Seumas drove ostentatiously down the cobbled high street of Ardnacrusha in his donkey-cart, his ragged whiskers sprayed by the breeze,

(Continued on page 49)

My Poor Wife!

By Groucho Marx

Although Mr. Marx doesn't say so, this article is really a warning to any young woman who thinks she would like to marry a comedian—any comedian

Photographs by George P. Higgins

Comedians' wives have to laugh at their husband's wisecracks. But back of that dutiful mask lies a most charming personality, as proved by Mrs. Marx

THE lady—a new acquaintance—tittered as she was leaving our house. Turning to my wife, she said:

"If laughing makes people fat, how do you manage to keep your figure? Why, you must spend most of the time in hysterics, having a comedian for a husband."

My wife smiled, or rather tried to smile, and I felt ashamed. I knew how many times Ruth had heard the jests, wisecracks and puns that I had uttered during the evening, and I wondered how long her beautiful patience could last.

How often (I couldn't help thinking), how often she must have wished she had married a plumber or an undertaker, who, although he might talk shop at home, would hesitate to work at it after hours! I had seen my wife wince when I told the story (again) about the Scotchman who painted red stripes on his son's thumb so the child would think he had a peppermint stick. She had heard the story five (possibly six) times before, even though it was, I still hope, new to our guests. She had even laughed a little during the second and third recitals of the anecdote. And the second time she had actually directed the conversation to small talk about thrift.

But there are limits to human endurance. . . . Oh, I know that a theater usher has to hear the same jokes as often as two and three hundred times a year (when the show's a hit); but then that's the usher's *job*. And I doubt that my wife could have been happy as an usher.

Then why, you ask (and it's about time you were taking an interest in what I'm saying), why do I tell and retell these trifling japes and nifties? Why don't I become a quiet, unclownish husband like Mr. Smith, the grocer, or Mr. Jones, who delivers our coal?

Dear, dear reader, you are now going to hear about the curse of my profession. When a man is in the comedy business, people expect him to be comical at all times. A violinist can leave his fiddle at home; a pianist can forget to bring his music; but a comedian has no excuse. If he isn't conspicuously funny, he's regarded as a rather dull and disappointing fellow.

Let a stage clown go to a party and completely forget his profession, and people will say: "Oh, he's all right behind the footlights, but isn't he uninteresting when you meet him? I suppose he just isn't a *natural* comedian." Whereupon the poor man develops a first-class inferiority complex and begins slinking down alleys for fear that a mad critic will bite him.

There are, of course, a few men—men braver than I—who are in the business of being funny and yet will not hesitate to indulge in a quipless evening, no matter how many eager auditors are around them, hopefully waiting for something to laugh at.

Ring Lardner, for example, is one of the wittiest men in America; certainly he is the most humorous. But when away from his typewriter, Ring is content to be as solemn and unfunny as a New England preacher dedicating a new funeral chapel. I have spent evenings with Lardner when he didn't say one funny thing. I have spent evenings with him when he didn't say anything at all.

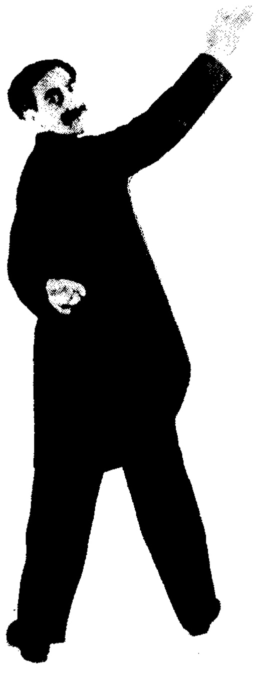
George Kaufman is another of America's First Wits; and he, too, is considered a grave gent by people who meet him for the first time. "Great playwright," they say of George, "and a funny writer, but he didn't say one amusing thing all evening."

And I ought to cite Ed Wynn, too, among the heroic gentlemen in the comedy business who can (when away from the theater) puff at their pipes and ask whether Radio is likely to go up a few points during the next day and how do you think the Giants will hit the old apple around next season?

Courageous men, Lardner, Kaufman and Wynn. How my wife must envy their wives!

Not, of course, that she wasn't sufficiently warned before our marriage. Ruth was a dancer (I might add, a *good* dancer; in fact, I'd *better* add a good dancer) in our vaudeville act when we met; and, although I tried to keep her from hearing me repeat my off-stage comedy in our courtship days, I wasn't altogether successful. You see, we were almost constantly together. And I was weak. I couldn't always resist making fresh use of a good anecdote, or what I considered a snappy bit of repartee, whenever there was a new listener to hear it.

The wedding itself might have changed Ruth's mind, but it didn't. It was the only comical wedding I have ever attended.



We were married in Ruth's home in Chicago; and of course my brothers (also in the comedian business) were present. Harpo was in a particularly mirthful mood.

Just as the clergyman—he was a most dignified old gentleman—began to say the words that were to make Ruth my wife and permanent audience, he coughed and made a funny noise with his throat.

Unfortunately, it was just such a sound as that which served as a signal for a comedy bit in our show. On the stage, when the straight man did an "er-r-r-r," Harpo would pretend to become frightened and would quickly fling himself under the carpet.

Yes, it happened at the wedding. The clergyman had no sooner cleared his throat than Harpo was under the carpet; the wedding became giddier than any skit I have ever seen in the revues. Everybody but the clergyman laughed.

Matrimonial Monkeyshines

As Harpo left his hiding place under the rug, Chico began wishing me luck in Italian dialect, and Zeppo asked the preacher if it would be bad taste for him to sing a little ditty about his yearnings for Alabammy.

I, of course, had no part in these monkeyshines. It was my wedding, a solemn day in my life. A day of dignity. And it's only because Ruth's memory isn't as good as mine that she says I answered the preacher in Moran-and-Mack fashion. Oh, I might have walked up to the altar doing a modified fox trot (I was rather proud of my dancing in those days) but I did not—I most certainly did not—talk like Moran and Mack.

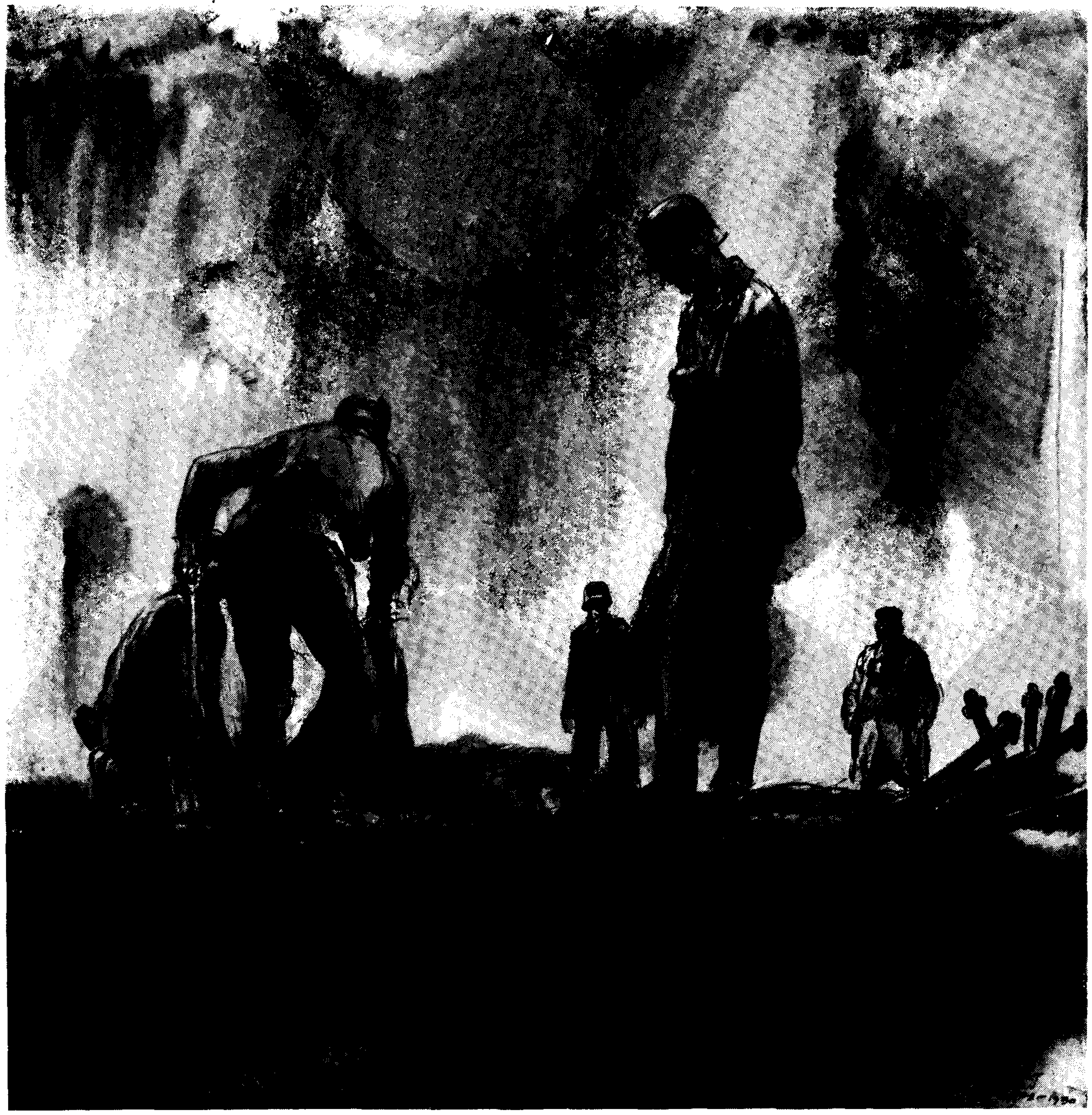
For my part, I can only wish that my comedy during our married years had been easier for Ruth to bear. To be sure, she has never once complained. More often than not, in fact, she has encouraged me.

I can remember (with no pride at all) remarking that I could tell the age of a chicken by the teeth. "But a chicken *has* no teeth," Sam Harris—I think it was Sam Harris—said, and I replied: "No, but *I* have." There was a round of laughter in the room.

Personally, I thought this a pretty terrible crack, but the Marxes believe that the customer is always right.

The next time we had chicken for dinner, and a few friends at the house,

(*Continued on page 59*)



In a quiet voice Ludwig repeated a Paternoster. Weil was whispering, "You shall be avenged"

The Road Back

By Erich Maria Remarque

The Story Thus Far:

GRAY columns marching wearily homeward; behind them the ripple and flash of sunlight on American bayonets; about them the bright foliage of fall; and in front the uncertainties of a strange new world.

One group lags behind. It is the tattered remnant of a company of five hundred men. Ernst, who tells the story, is among them. The red-headed giant Willy Homeyer is there, and Bethke, Ledderhose, Bröger, Trosske. They are *all* fast friends: they come from the same German city and they have fought together. Several have fresh wounds, wrapped with paper bandages; Ludwig Breyer has dysentery. Their progress is slow.

Suddenly they are confronted by an advance patrol of Americans. For a moment consternation reigns. But the Americans are friendly. The spirit of barter flares up. The Americans want souvenirs; the Germans are eager for food and cigarettes. They make their trades and then march on. . . .

In Belgium they are fired on from within the houses. Heinzmann is hit and lies dying in the street. On the march he has been tight-lipped and grim; he was going home to take vengeance on his wife, who has been unfaithful to him in his absence. As he dies his friends gather round him and swear they will punish her for him.

News comes of the Kaiser's flight and the revolution. For the most part they are too tired to care. Lieutenant Hehl, company commander, takes off his shoulder straps and braid. In the night they hear him crying.

The company disbands. Ernst and his friends board a train. It is already crowded, and they have to break the windows to get in. There are men riding on the roof, and during the night some of these are crushed as the train plunges through a tunnel. Ernst adopts a dog that belonged to one of these victims; he *calls him Wolf.*

A violent thunderstorm breaks as the train enters the city. In the uproar and confusion the thought flashes into Ernst's mind: "What will it be, home or an abyss?"

Then he leaps onto the station platform. And Wolf follows him out into the storm.

II

IN FRONT of the station we scatter like a bucket of water pitched out on the pavement. Kosole and Bröger and Trosske set off at a sharp pace down Heinrich Street. With Ludwig I turn rapidly into Station Avenue. Without wasting any time in farewells Ledderhose and his rag and bone shop have already gone like a shot; Tjaden gets Willy to describe hastily the shortest route to the moll-shop, and Jupp and Valentin alone have any leisure. No one awaits their arrival, so they take a preliminary saunter round the station on the off chance of finding some grub. Later on they intend to go to the barracks.

Water drips from the trees along Station Avenue; clouds trail low and drive swiftly over. Some soldiers of the latest class called up approach us. They are wearing red arm bands. "Off with his shoulder straps," yells one of them, making a spring at Ludwig.

"Shut your mouth, you war baby!" I say as I shove him away.

Others press on and surround us. Ludwig looks calmly at the foremost of them and goes on his way. The fellow steps aside. Then two sailors appear and rush at him.

"You swine, can't you see he is wounded?" I shout and fling off my pack to have freer play with my hands. But Ludwig is down already; with the wound in his arm he is as good as defenseless. The sailors trample on him, rip at his uniform. "A lieutenant!" screeches a woman's voice. "Kick him to death, the dirty bloodhound!"

Before I can come to his assistance I get a blow in the face that makes me stagger. With all my weight I plant my boot square in my assailant's stomach. He sighs and topples over. Immediately three others fall on me and drag me down. "Lights out, knives out," cries the woman.

Between the trampling legs I can see Ludwig with his free left hand throttling a sailor whom he has thrown by giving him a crack behind the knees. He still hangs on, though the others are hoeing into him with all their might. Then someone swipes me over the head with a buckle and another treads on my teeth. We are unable to rise; they knock us down again every time and mean to tread us to pulp. Wild with rage I try to get at my revolver. But at that moment one of the attackers crashes to the pavement beside me. A second crash—another fellow unconscious—and straightway a third—this can only mean Willy Homeyer on the job.

HE CAME storming up at top gallop, flinging off his pack as he ran and is now standing over us, raging. He grabs them in twos by the nape of the neck, one in each hand, and bashes their heads together. They are both knocked out on the instant; when Willy gets mad he is a living sledge hammer. We break free. I jump up but the others make off. I just manage to land one of them a blow in the small of his back with my pack and then turn to look after Ludwig.

But Willy is in full pursuit. He saw the two sailors make their attack on Ludwig—one of them is now lying in the gutter, blue and groaning—and like a red hurricane with flying hair Willy is now hot on the heels of the other.

Ludwig's bandage has been trampled on and blood is oozing through. His face is smeared with mud and his forehead torn by a heel. He wipes himself down and rises slowly. "Hurt much?" I ask him. Deathly pale, he shakes his head.

In the meantime Willy has captured the sailor and is lugging him along like a sack. "You bloody cow," he storms, "you've been sitting in your ship there taking the summer air all the war and have never so much as heard a shot fired; and now you think it is time for you to open your beer-trap and start attacking front-line soldiers, do you? You let me catch you— Kneel down, you shirking goat! Ask his pardon!"

He thrusts the fellow down in front of Ludwig and looks ferocious enough to put the fear of death into a man. "I'll massacre you," he snarls, "I'll tear you to bits; down on your knees!"

The fellow whimpers. "Let him alone, Willy," says Ludwig, picking up his things.

"What?" says Willy incredulously. "Are you mad! After they have trampled all over your arm?"

Ludwig is already about to go on. "Ach, let him go—"

For a moment Willy continues to stare at Ludwig; then with a shake of his head he releases the sailor. "Right you are. Now run!" But he cannot resist letting fly at the last moment and giving him a kick that makes him turn a double somersault.

WE GO on our way. Willy curses; he must talk when he is in a rage. But Ludwig is silent.

Suddenly we see the gang of runaways coming back round the corner of Beer Street. They have gathered reenforcements.

Willy unslings his rifle. "Load and prepare to fire," says he, his eyes narrowing. Ludwig draws out his revolver and I also put my gun in readiness to open fire. Until now it has merely been a free-for-all fight; but this time it is going to be in earnest. We do not intend to let ourselves be attacked a second time.

We spread ourselves out across the

street at intervals of three paces in order not to form a single compact target; then we advance. "At twenty paces we fire," threatens Willy.

The crowd facing us moves anxiously. We advance farther. Rifles are pointed at us. With a click Willy slips his safety catch and takes from his belt the hand grenade that he still carries about as an iron ration. "I count up to three—"

Then an older fellow, wearing an N. C. O.'s tunic from which the badges of rank have been removed, steps out from the gang. He advances a few paces and calls out: "Are we comrades or not?"

Willy gasps; he is outraged. "Well! I'll be damned! That's what we are asking you, you white-livered calf," he retorts indignantly. "Who was it started attacking wounded men?"

The other man stops short. "Did you do that?" he asks of the fellows behind him.

"He would not take off his shoulder straps," answers one of the group.

He turns toward us again. "Where have you come here from, then?"

"From the front, where else do you think?" snorts Willy.

"And where are you going?"

"Where you have been all the war—back home!"

"Comrade," says the man, lifting up an empty sleeve, "I did not lose that at home."

"So much the worse," says Willy, unmoved; "in that case you ought to be ashamed to be seen in company with this push of mushroom soldiers."

The sergeant comes nearer. "It is revolution," he says calmly, "and whoever is not for us is against us."

WILLY laughs. "Bloody fine revolution, no mistake, with your Society for the Removal of Shoulder Straps! If that is all you want—" He spits contemptuously.

"Right enough," says the one-armed man and goes quickly toward him, "we do want more! We want an end of war, an end of hounding on! An end of murder! We want to be men again, not war machines!"

Willy lowers his hand grenade. "That was a mighty fine beginning, no doubt, my front-line soldier," he says, pointing to Ludwig's trampled bandage. Then with a few bounds he makes for the mob. "Men?" he roars at the mob as it gives back before him. "Men? You aren't even soldiers yet. The way you hold your rifles, it makes a man afraid you will be breaking your fingers! Just you cut along home, you snotty-nosed kids."

The gang starts to run. Willy turns round and stands before the sergeant. "And now I have something to say to you. We have had as much of a bellyful of this business as you, and there is going to be an end of it, too, that is certain. But not that way. What we do we do of ourselves, and it is a long time now since we have taken orders from any man. But see now!"

Two rips, and he has torn off his shoulder straps. "I'm doing this because I myself wish it, not at all because you wish it. It is my affair, see? But that fellow," he points to Ludwig, "he's our lieutenant and he is keeping his, and God help anyone who says he is not."

The one-armed man nods. Something in his face quickens. "I was there, too, friend," he stammers. "I don't need to be told where to draw the line. Here . . . " he shows his stump excitedly, "Twentieth Infantry Division, Verdun."

"So were we," says Willy laconically. "Well—good luck."

He adjusts his pack and slings his rifle once more. We march on. As Ludwig passes him the sergeant with the red arm band suddenly springs up and clicks his heels, and we understand his meaning. He salutes not a uniform, not the war—he is saluting his comrades from out there.

Willy's home is the nearest. But when we propose to wait he refuses. "We shall see Ludwig home first," he says, spoiling for a fight. "I'll be getting my potato salad and curtain lectures quite soon enough."

On the way we halt for a while and spruce ourselves up so that our parents will not see we have just come fresh from a free-for-all fight. I wipe Ludwig's face and we loosen his bandage to cover up the traces of blood, so that his mother may not be alarmed. Later of course he will have to go to the hospital and have his bandages renewed.

We arrive without further disturbance. Ludwig shakes us by the hand and goes in.

"I only wish I knew what has been wrong with him the last few weeks," I say to Willy.

"It will be the dysentery, no doubt," he suggests. "For otherwise Ludwig—do you remember, in the attack at Langemark?"

I nod. "He'll be right again soon," he adds. "Well, good luck, Ernst. Now I will go and see what the Homeyer family has been doing the last six months. One hour of fuss and then full steam ahead with the moral training. My mother—boy, what a sergeant major she would have made! A heart of gold the old lady has—in a casing of granite."

I GO on alone, and suddenly the world has changed. There is a noise in my ears as if a river ran under the pavement, and I neither see nor hear anything until I am standing in front of our house. I go slowly up the stairs. Over the door there hangs a banner: "Welcome Home," and beside it is a bunch of flowers. Already they have seen me coming and are all standing there, my mother right at the front on the steps, my father, my sisters—beyond them I can see into the dining-room, there is food on the table and everything is gay and jubilant. "What is this nonsense you have been up to?" I say. "Flowers and everything—what's that for? It is not so important as all that—but, Mother, why are you crying?—I am back again—and the war is ended—surely there is nothing to cry about. . . ." Then I feel tears trickling down my own nose.

We have had potato cakes with eggs and sausages—a wonderful meal. It is two years now since I last saw an egg, and potato cakes, God only knows.

Comfortable and full, we now sit around the big table in the living-room. The lamp is burning, the canary sings, the stove is warm, and under the table Wolf lies asleep. It is as lovely as can be.

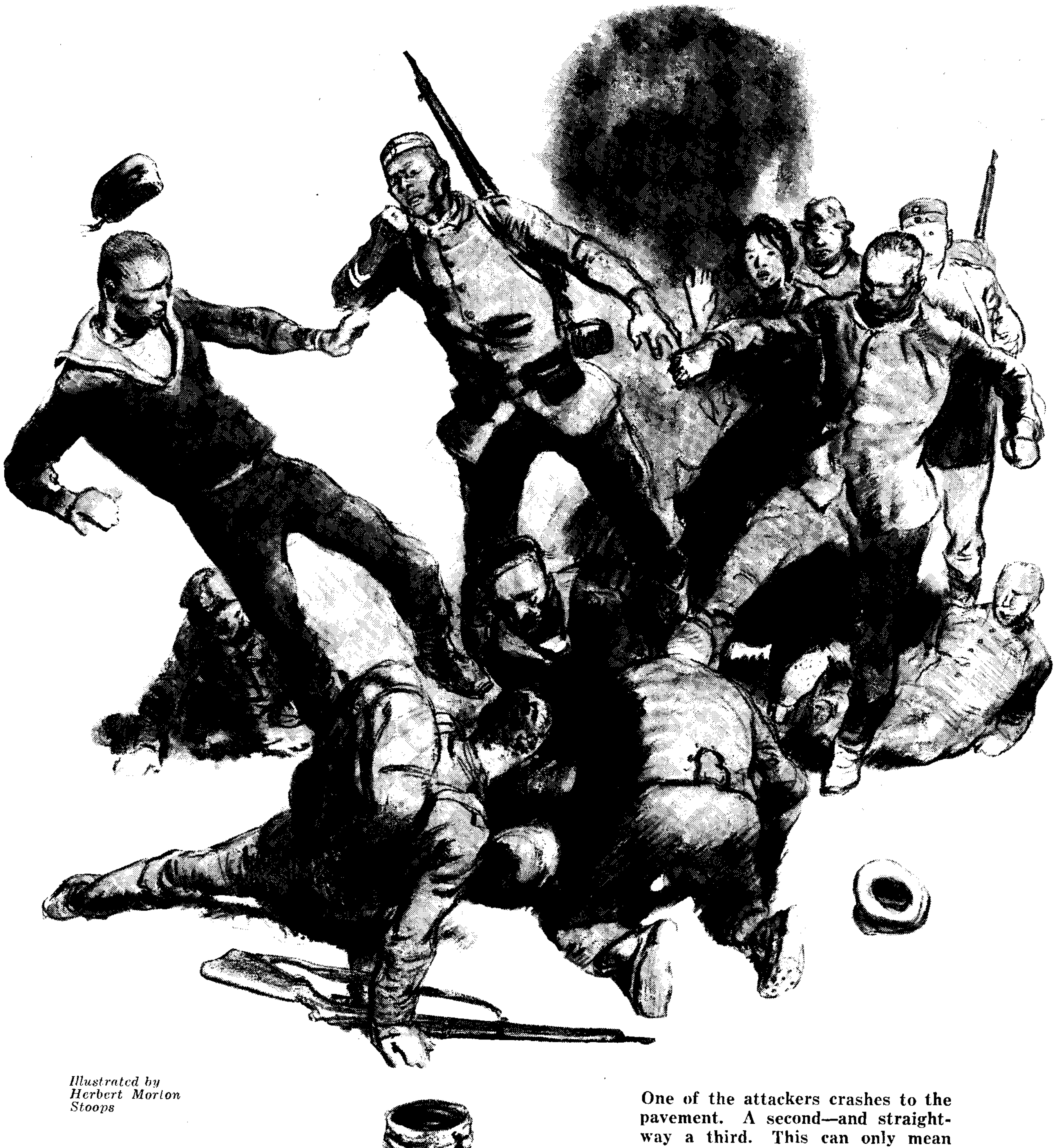
"Now tell us all about your experiences, Ernst," says my father.

"Experiences—" I repeat, and think to myself: "I have not experienced anything. It was just war all the time; how should a man have experiences there?"

No matter how I rack my brains nothing suitable occurs to me. A man cannot talk about the things out there with civilians, and I know nothing else. "You folk here have really experienced much more," I say by the way of excusing myself.

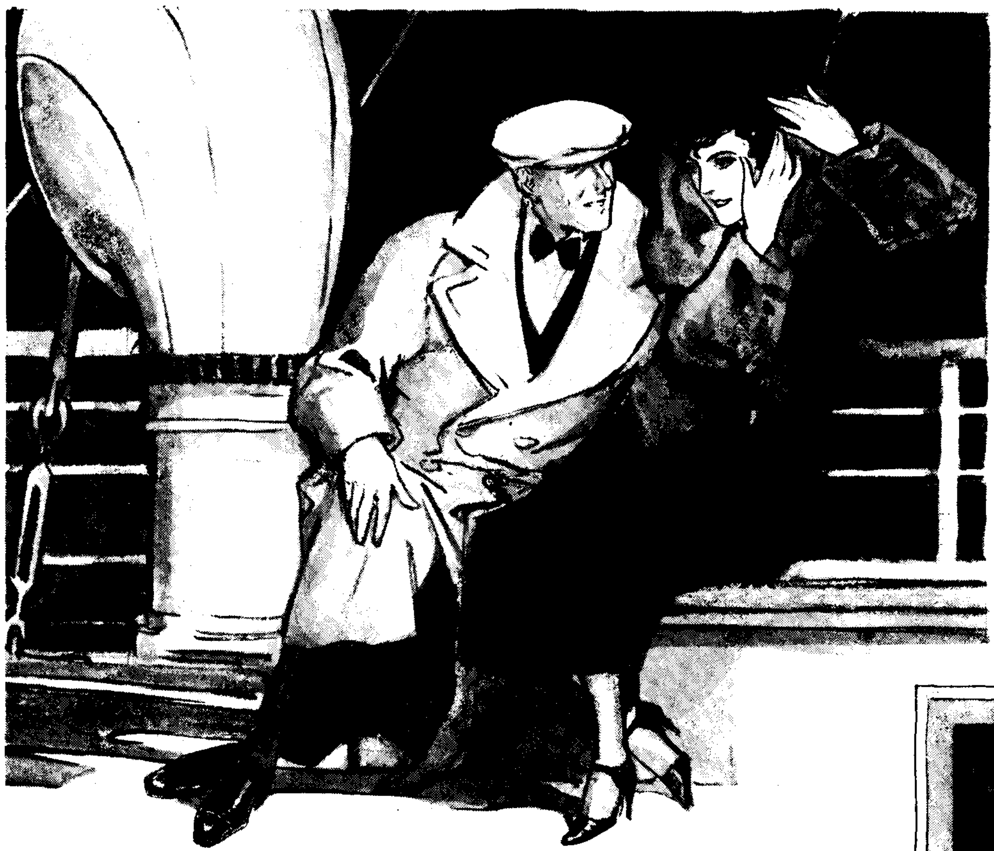
That they have indeed. My sisters tell how they had to scrape to get the supper together. Twice the police took everything from them at the station. The third time they sewed the eggs inside their cloaks, put the sausages in their blouses and hid the potatoes in pockets inside their skirts.

(*Continued on page 52*)



Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

One of the attackers crashes to the pavement. A second—and straightway a third. This can only mean Willy Homeyer on the job



They found a place where they could be alone on the foredeck

The most Beautiful Girl in the World

Being the adventures of a hero with an eye for beauty, a villain with an eye for beauty—and a beauty

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

Illustrated by Fred Chapman

CROSBY FELLOWES first saw Chantal in that grand though inaccurate frame of mind thought proper by one's Paris friends for boarding boat trains bound for home and hard labor. Like a flower among cobbles, she stood weeping the dew-pearl tears of parting in the gloomy clatter of the Gare St. Lazare, surrounded by a pile of scraggly bags, bunchy brown-paper parcels and a collection of French brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, *grandpères* and poodles.

"Wait!" begged Crosby, as he was herded along the platform. "I've decided not to go. I've just begun to like France. Well, then, let me go back and look at her once."

But they wouldn't wait. They wouldn't listen. They seemed not to understand. "We offered you the rarest vintages and the prettiest girls in Paris," they said bitterly. "But you turned up your particular nose. You're *going* home *and* you're going now." With the warning of the boat train's whistle they hustled their resisting victim into the first empty compartment they could find. "And you'd better stay there. If the line discovers your condition before you reach Cherbourg you will probably be put aboard ship in irons."

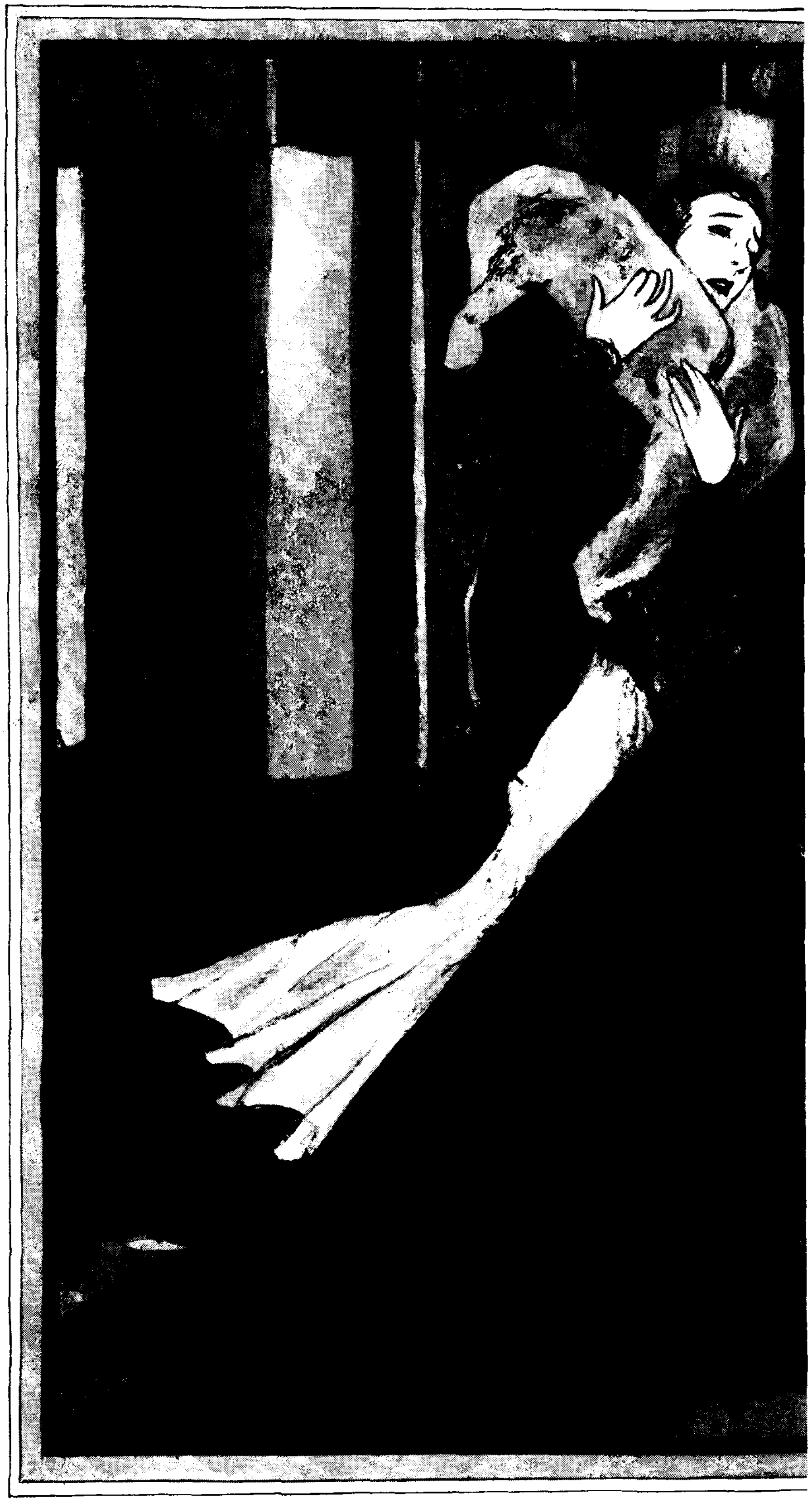
In a way, it was unfair to Crosby because he had a professional interest in pretty girls. They were his business. He drew them. He drew them peach-blown and wide-eyed for the covers of magazines, and suave and sloe-eyed as the lady of mystery in a forthcoming story, and golden-brown, smooth and black-eyed to lure by poster to the sunlit beaches of distant lands. "A fellow can't keep his mind on his career," complained Tommy Converse, the young newspaperman who shared his Fifty-seventh Street apartment and loitered in the studio above it. "Our home is a perpetual beauty pageant."

So far, a matter of regret to the little ladies who posed for him and who thought it unfair for a lanky, passable-looking and certainly successful bachelor of near thirty to go scot-free that long, they had remained for Crosby only something to paint. Perhaps they knew too little, or too much. Perhaps he was waiting and searching for something *without* knowing quite what it was, and perhaps he'd found it.

At any rate he sat huddled and muddled in the corner of his boat train compartment trying to recapture his one momentary vision of Chantal, the snow-white brow of one born to be a little white-robed saint and the gray eyes and the tremulous lips which must deny her the chilly privilege. Somehow he thought of Normandy, a village spire half hidden beyond the roll of green hills. It was a peaceful thought and his eyelids drooped, and forty-seven varieties and combinations of Chantal's features began a dervish dance through the dark caverns of his mind.

All through the long hours of his slumber, until the evening shadows crept down the headland slopes and a salt clarity of air warned of the approach to Cherbourg, Crosby was somehow aware of rustle and movement and the soft-voiced rising inflection of French which went so well with the images of his dreaming. But it was fully three minutes after he opened his eyes, pushed the brim of his hat off his nose and gazed across to the opposite seat of the compartment upon Chantal's face before he made a move. He did not believe it. He blamed the farewell party. He thought he was still asleep. "I know perfectly well you aren't there," he said, straightening up. "Nevertheless, I see you clearly." He reached uncertainly over and touched her on the knee. By George, she was there!

THE girl drew back, frightened at first, although not very badly frightened. She might have even been amused if the tiny, stiff-backed and vehement old lady who sat beside her spluttering French with the speed and sting of hailstones had been less ferocious. Two bright blue eyes burned upon Crosby from the little old lady's weather-brown face, but they only reminded him of his Nor-



Crosby had considerable venom behind his punch and Mr.

mandy village again and made him wonder how she would look with lace cap and ribbons in place of her black traveling bonnet. "What is your sweet little grandmother so excited about?" he asked.

"Grandmother? She is not my grandmother but my Aunt Héloise."

"Is she as dangerous as she sounds? What does she say?"

"My Aunt Héloise tell me to pay you no attention, monsieur. She say I cannot expect to go to America and be called the most beautiful girl in the world without getting trouble by wicked young men."

"Do you expect to be called the most beautiful girl in the world?"

"I do not wish it nor expect it, monsieur, but Monsieur Billings does."

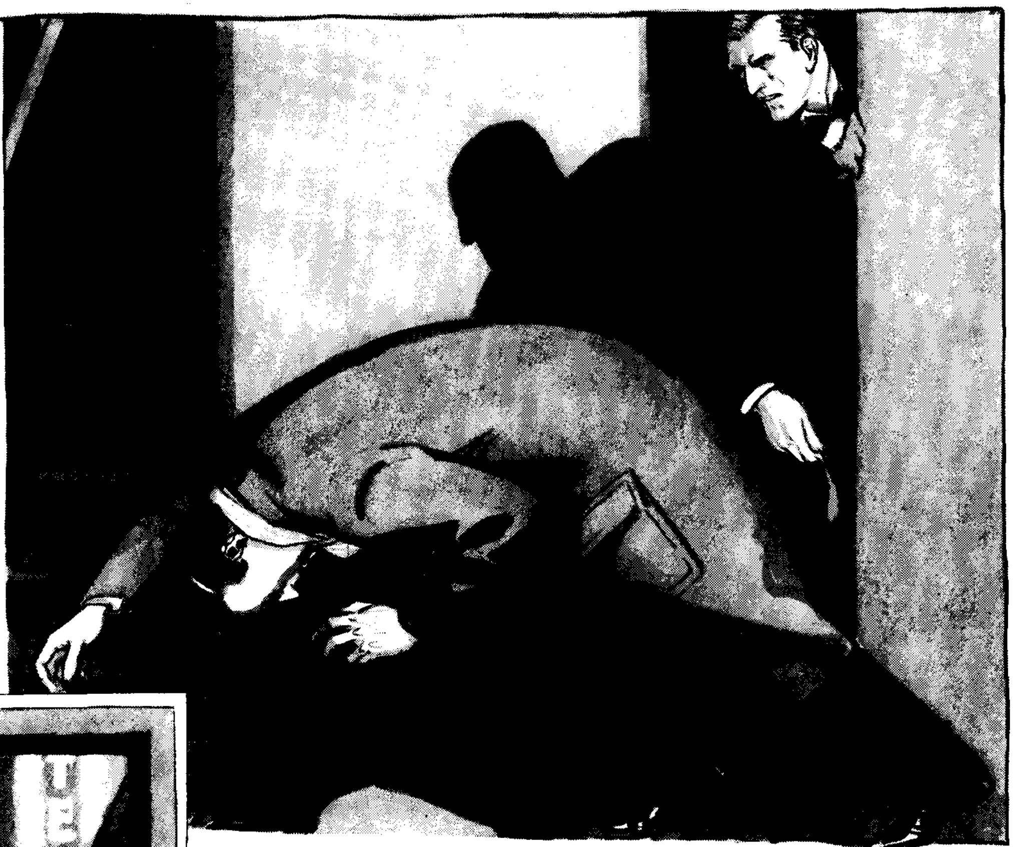
"I agree with Mr. Billings," said Crosby, "but I have a feeling that I do not like him. What else does Aunt Héloise say?"

"She say that if I do not cease to speak with you, monsieur, she shall call Monsieur Billings, who remains in the next compartment."

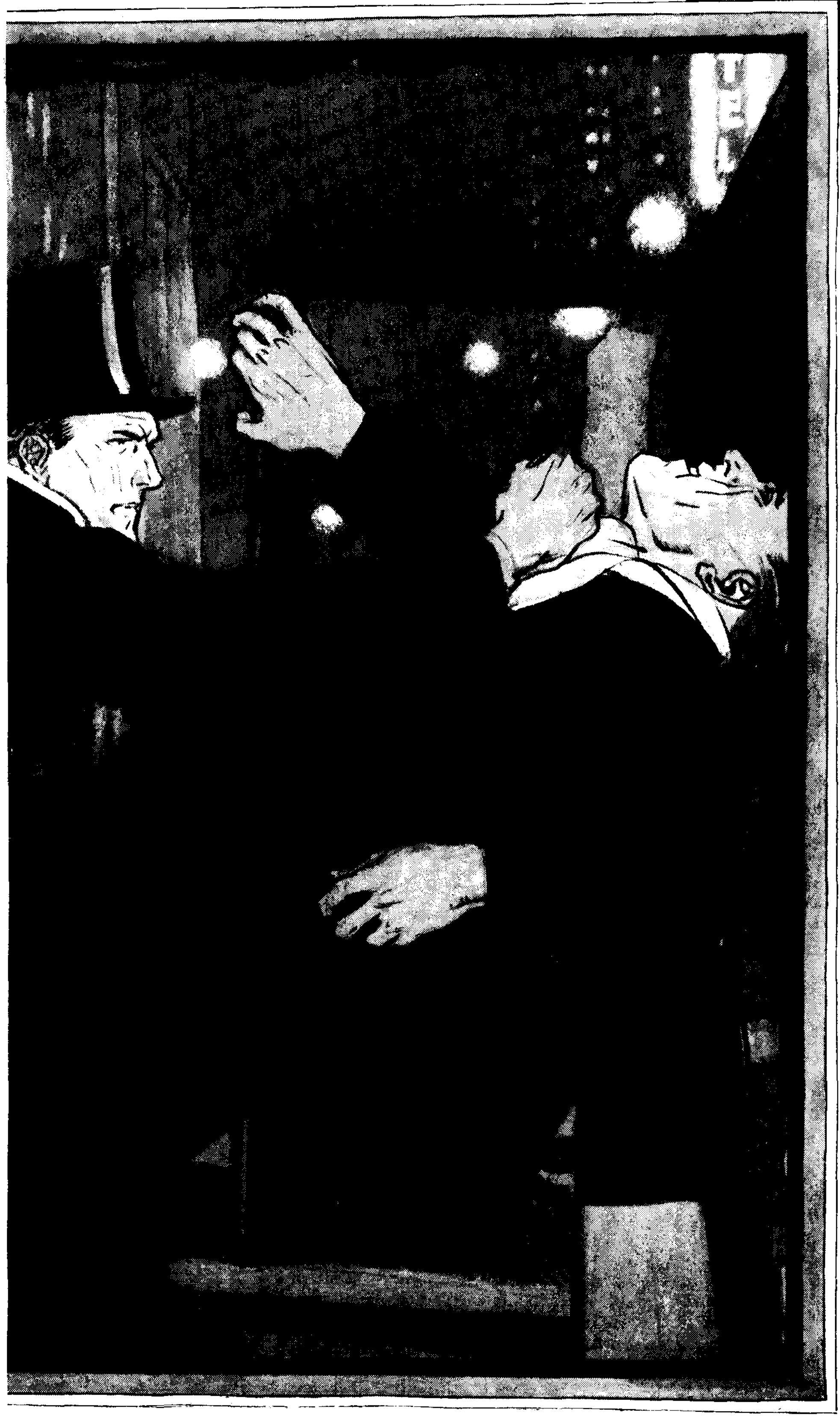
"Tell her not to bother," said Crosby. "I can do as much for her as Mr. Billings can. I'll get her anything she wants."

"But none can get her what she want now, monsieur," said the girl with a little gesture of despair. "It is too late. My Aunt Héloise is desolate because we leave behind her magpie, Clemence, which she has instruct to sing, to talk, to laugh. Aunt Héloise will say Clemence can also dance, but that is not true."

It was all too much for Crosby's hazy and insecure state of mind. He was wondering what delightful human imperfection it was that saved this girl's face from divinity, and fumbled in his pocket for an envelope upon which he might sketch her profile. And she was talking apparently about a bird. It was just as well that the train slackened speed, jolted, and then rolled quietly into its siding in the yards at Cherbourg.



"All right, my boy, you wanted it and you got it"



Billings catapulted back upon the floor of the taxi, arms flung wide

DURING his first two days at sea, sleep, salt-water baths, early morning walks on the sun-washed decks, and boxing workouts in the gymnasium with a genial, older man who, considering his bulk and power, hit rather harder than necessary, kept Crosby very much to himself. But the bon voyage party with which his Paris friends had honored him seemed altogether expiated. He felt renewed, a little ashamed and repentant, and somewhat pleasantly relaxed. Also he felt more like food and, when his cabin steward came for his luncheon order the third morning, he announced his intention of going to the dining-saloon.

From his small table on the balcony he searched the entire room with careful scrutiny until he finally discovered a little, brown-faced old lady, whose eyes burned like twin blue stars on a cold night, sitting opposite a powerful, dark man of something under fifty years. Crosby recognized Aunt Héloise and he recognized the man. So that was Monsieur Billings! And that was also the genial fellow who had coaxed him into a friendly boxing bout, smiled at him blandly, and then had put a pile driver against his eye. Crosby was glad now that he had retaliated under Mr. Billings' floating ribs.

He did not like Mr. Billings nor any other man who so apparently had something important to do with Chantal. He wondered what. Maybe Mr. Billings was going to marry her. Maybe he was going to marry her to somebody else. Maybe there wasn't going to be any marriage.

She sat between Mr. Billings and Aunt Héloise and with her back turned to Crosby. She was in white, with a short, black jacket, and he wished she would turn around. In fact, he missed most of his luncheon, being on the alert lest she do it when he wasn't looking, but he would have felt repaid if he could have determined whether or not his boat train enthusiasm for "the most beautiful girl in the world" had been merely the effervescence of champagne bubbles.

He had no opportunity to check up this reasonable doubt, however, before evening of that day, and he ended up by lounging in his deck chair in the Atlantic twilight, forming new theories as to what Mr. Billings was going to do with her in America. At one moment Mr. Billings was a scout for musical revues, or for the movies, returning to New York with a prize. The next he was something more sinister. In any event, in Crosby's opinion, he was no proper influence for a field flower like Chantal.

There was a pause in the straggle of promenaders past his chair, and then he started forward at sight of her. "Chantal!" He knew no other name.

SHE hesitated, as if undecided whether to run or not. Then she smiled. "You are better, monsieur? Are you not the young gentleman who was so ill on the train?"

"Don't speak of it," said Crosby, getting to his feet. "I was not ill and I was not a gentleman. I was tight—for the last time—and I was unpardonably rude. But I hope you and Aunt Héloise will pardon me nevertheless. How is she getting on without her magpie?"

Chantal laughed softly, declining the chair he offered her. "Alas, monsieur, Aunt Héloise has not yet reconcile herself. . . . Now, I must promenade because Monsieur Billings wishes that I not gain nor lose a single gram of myself before we reach America."

Crosby regarded her in frank bewilderment. "I don't quite understand you. What has Monsieur Billings to do with it, anyway? Do you mind my asking—what is this expedition of yours all about?"

(Continued on page 60)

Early Birdmen

When you fly in a great passenger airplane today with safety and comfort over model airways there's a gay company of ghosts riding the skies with you. They are the men who flew when flying wasn't safe and there were no airways. Here are the stirring tales of their leaders—Bleriot, the first to fly over open water; Rodgers, the first to cross our continent; Beachey, the first genius of the joystick; Robert Collier, the first sportsman flyer. And all the rest

By W. B. Courtney

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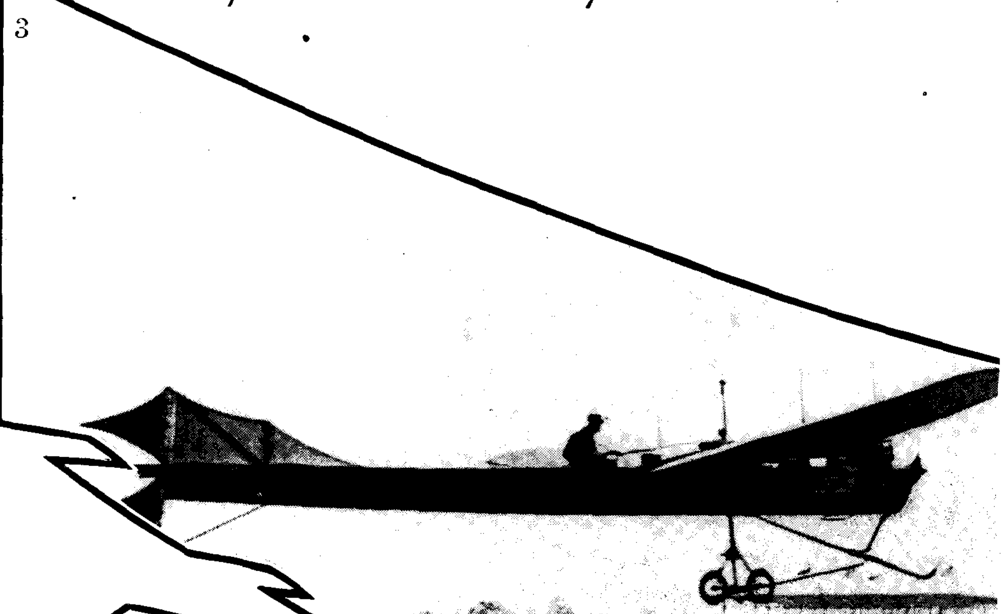
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THE band in Overland Park, Denver, Colorado, played through its repertoire of ragtime on the brief afternoon of November 17, 1910, with indifference to its surroundings.

The occasion was a demonstration of airplane flying by three daredevils of the Wright Brothers Exhibition Company; and 10,000 people were suffering from a malady new in the entertainment world then—a crick in the neck. Word had reached Denver in advance of the flyers that between two of them—Ralph Johnstone, the world's altitude champion, and Arch Hoxsey—there existed a rivalry which did not stop short of flirting with death. Walter D. Brookins, cross-country flyer particularly noted for his ability to fly over cities without decimating the inhabitants thereof, completed the trio.

Though the best of friends out of the air, Hoxsey and Johnstone had prima-donna temperaments; their desperate competition had begun the day both were employed by the Wright Company.

Consequently the Denver crowd told itself that now there was going to be "something doing" when, after some preliminary flying, it was seen that the rivals were preparing to take the air together.

Once aloft, Johnstone headed toward Fort Logan on the outskirts of the city, seeking altitude. Hoxsey remained circling in front of the grandstand. He had just set a new altitude record for that region. The next bid was Johnstone's. And the eyes of all the spectators followed Johnstone because there was an air of desperate promise riding the skies with him that afternoon.

Directly above the field Johnstone did some sharp banks. The crowd fell strangely silent. Reaching a point over the north end of the park, Johnstone now threw his ship down on one wing and began a sharp, tight spiral descent.

EVIDENCE taken from contemporary accounts seems to indicate that Johnstone permitted his ship to sideslip excessively until it was in a tail spin. He realized his maneuver had gone wrong, but, in common with flyers of his time, he knew nothing about spins. He tried to lift up the low wing with his stick. It broke. A strut crumpled; then a wing, and the ship was completely out of control.

Hoxsey was flying safely, far above, but no one saw him. The band played on, but no one heard it. In plain sight of every person Ralph Johnstone—so young, so strong, with a wife and a five-year-old son waiting for him at home—calmly prepared to fight to the end. As if they impeded his freedom of movement, he took off his helmet and tossed it aside, then removed his goggles and slipped them into his pocket.

He stood up, seized the control wires in his bare hands and tried by main strength to warp the wing tips and check his descent. Such was the power of his struggle that he actually broke the spin, and the ship went over on its back in a half-roll. He was too close to the ground to escape, but even now he did not lose his head. He was seen to scramble upon the upturned bottom of the ship, as if seeking to avoid burial under the engine. Then the ship struck, in Delaware Avenue, just outside the park and close to a cluster of spectators' automobiles.

Poor Johnstone's broken body was not left to draw its last breath in peace before hundreds of Denverites fought the police and each other to seize pieces of the wreck for souvenirs. A splintered strut which had pierced Johnstone's breast was wrenched out by a man who ran off triumphantly. When physicians reached Johnstone they found him stripped of his gloves and other small articles, bits snipped from his clothes and his plane picked to a skeleton.

To Ralph Johnstone and his mates flying was merely a new and more interesting method of risking one's neck in exchange for coin of the Republic. It paid better than looping the loop on a bicycle—Johnstone's former occupation.

You all know the stories of the Wrights and of Glenn Curtiss. The glamour of history surrounds the work done by the devoted brothers in their bicycle shop in Dayton and on the sand dunes of North Carolina. But what you perhaps do not know is that there were others who contributed: others without whose support and work the inventors would have been sorely hampered. There were the sportsmen, like Robert J. Collier, who took aviation to their hearts and their purses; and there were the gay lads, those mad early birds, who gave us most of our knowledge of flying by their fatal mistakes.

The early birds became aviators as they might have become steeplejacks. They liked equally the smack of danger against their palates and the big rewards lumped in their pockets. They were paid from $100 to $1,000 a day, depending upon their reputations for recklessness, for outdoing and outdaring their handful of colleagues. They took no mental or physical tests. Many of the famous pilots of 1910 would have been rejected by modern flight physicians and psychologists.

Daily in our times leviathans of the airways rush bored passengers by the score across the English Channel from London to Paris and a dozen farther points on the Continent. But in 1909 Lord Northcliffe, a pioneer patron of aviation, stirred the world to derision when he offered a prize of $5,000 for the first man to fly over the Channel. Louis Bleriot and Hubert Latham promptly shipped their spindly little machines to the sunny flats behind the Artois coast of France, near Calais; and the newspapers settled down to front-page treatment, half skeptical excitement, half frank amusement, over a race that in many respects was to be recalled eighteen years later on Long Island when the transatlantic derby fever was running high.

Bleriot, the originator of the monoplane, met with a severe accident to his foot and Latham got away first, in the dawn of July 19, 1909. He was fished out of the Channel, providentially calm that morning, by a warship, seven miles offshore. He secured a new plane in Paris and hustled back to his base to have another go.

A tense week passed, with Bleriot earthbound by his injured foot and Latham baffled by the strong winds. The airplanes of those days, with their frailty and their small horse power, and their highest speed of only forty to forty-five miles an hour, stayed on the ground except on windless days if their pilots cherished any notion of going some place.

WHEN Bleriot went to bed on the night of July 24th his foot was more painful than usual. At two-thirty in the morning he abandoned his fevered attempts to sleep; he dressed and sought relief outdoors.

He found that the wind had died down and it flashed upon him that—injury or no injury—his hour of destiny was about to break in that still-dark eastern sky. By 4:30 A. M. he was ready. Ten minutes later he was 200 feet above the sand dunes, heading for the open water, while Latham still slept.

For a time Bleriot was able to guide his course by a French destroyer which he knew was steaming toward Dover. But his speed was twice that of the warship, which soon faded in the distance. Then fog closed down on him. Minute after minute he flew blind, and to add to his uncertainty a strong wind began to blow from the southwest. He now had no accurate method of telling whether he was heading for the chalk cliffs of Dover, back to France, in a circle, or north toward the open North Sea. But he kept his head, nursed his motor and flew resolutely by what later flyers have found to be a most unreliable guide—"instinct." Suddenly there was a long and glistening line in the murk, dead ahead. Bleriot strained his eyes anxiously. It was England.

The only eyewitness to the conclusion of one of the great adventures of human history was a Dover policeman. This wasn't for lack of friendly admiration. That came later, when Dover got up to hear the news; then it took all the soldiers from the garrison to protect Bleriot and his "vessel 'Monoplane' "—as the puzzled English customs officers wrote it down—from the cheering throngs. Bleriot was one of those who welcomed Lindbergh to Le Bourget.

There are interesting elements for comparison in the two flights. Many authorities—looking askance at Bleriot's kite—will tell you that the Frenchman's flight was the more daring and the more important "to the cause." Bleriot was a real pioneer in the sense that he was facing unknown perils. The Atlantic had been flown several times before Lindbergh's smartly calculated trip.

Bleriot knew nothing about flying, and fifty crashes, in most of which he had been injured, had taught him that it wasn't safe. Lindbergh knew by careful plotting, by every aid of science and meteorology, by laboratory block tests of his motor type, precisely what he would have to contend with at any given stage of his trip. His cockpit was crowded with marvelous instruments to supplement his marvelous flying skill. His element of chance was reduced to a minimum. Bleriot had none of these; his flight was all chance.

Another of Lord Northcliffe's prize offers—$50,000 for the first man who could fly from London to Manchester, 185 miles—brought on the first cross-country airplane race in history. Claude Grahame-White, an English sportsman, came to grief in a premature attempt on the twenty-third of April, 1910. His plane was hauled back to Wormwood Scrubs, in suburban London, and pinned together for a second try.

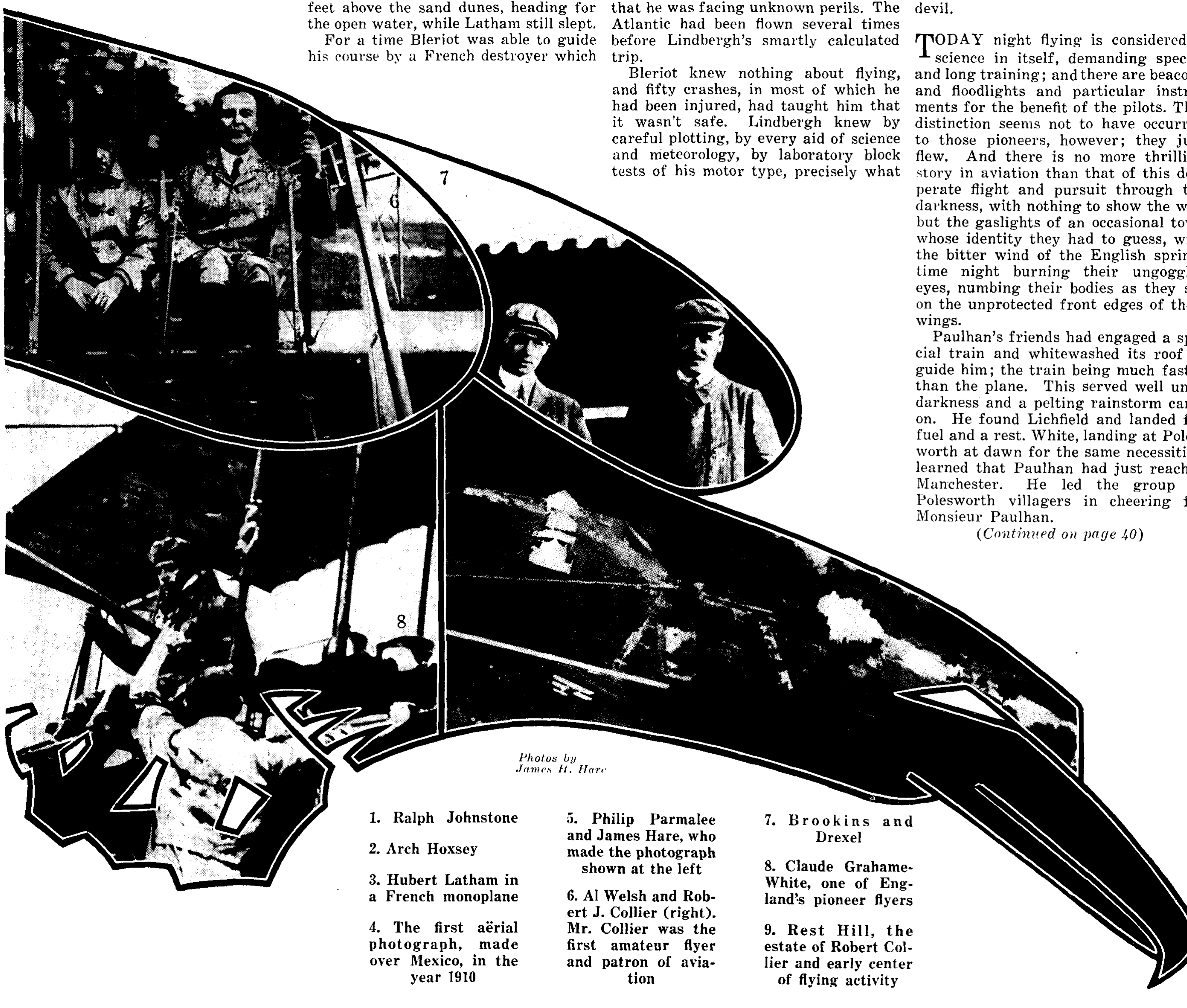
But in the early morning of April 27th the matter took on an international flavor and became first-page stuff even in the United States, when Louis Paulhan arrived at Hendon, also within London's limits, with his monoplane in a packing case. All day he calmly occupied himself knocking the box apart and the plane together. At 5:30 in the afternoon he was off for Manchester.

When word of this reached Wormwood Scrubs, neither the approach of nightfall, nor the gusty wind still eddying around his field, nor the entreaties of his friends could dissuade Grahame-White from hastily tying the last bit of string, driving the last tack, and going aloft in pursuit of the French daredevil.

TODAY night flying is considered a science in itself, demanding special and long training; and there are beacons and floodlights and particular instruments for the benefit of the pilots. This distinction seems not to have occurred to those pioneers, however; they just flew. And there is no more thrilling story in aviation than that of this desperate flight and pursuit through the darkness, with nothing to show the way but the gaslights of an occasional town whose identity they had to guess, with the bitter wind of the English springtime night burning their ungoggled eyes, numbing their bodies as they sat on the unprotected front edges of their wings.

Paulhan's friends had engaged a special train and whitewashed its roof to guide him; the train being much faster than the plane. This served well until darkness and a pelting rainstorm came on. He found Lichfield and landed for fuel and a rest. White, landing at Polesworth at dawn for the same necessities, learned that Paulhan had just reached Manchester. He led the group of Polesworth villagers in cheering for Monsieur Paulhan.

(Continued on page 40)



Photos by James H. Hare

1. Ralph Johnstone

2. Arch Hoxsey

3. Hubert Latham in a French monoplane

4. The first aërial photograph, made over Mexico, in the year 1910

5. Philip Parmalee and James Hare, who made the photograph shown at the left

6. Al Welsh and Robert J. Collier (right). Mr. Collier was the first amateur flyer and patron of aviation

7. Brookins and Drexel

8. Claude Grahame-White, one of England's pioneer flyers

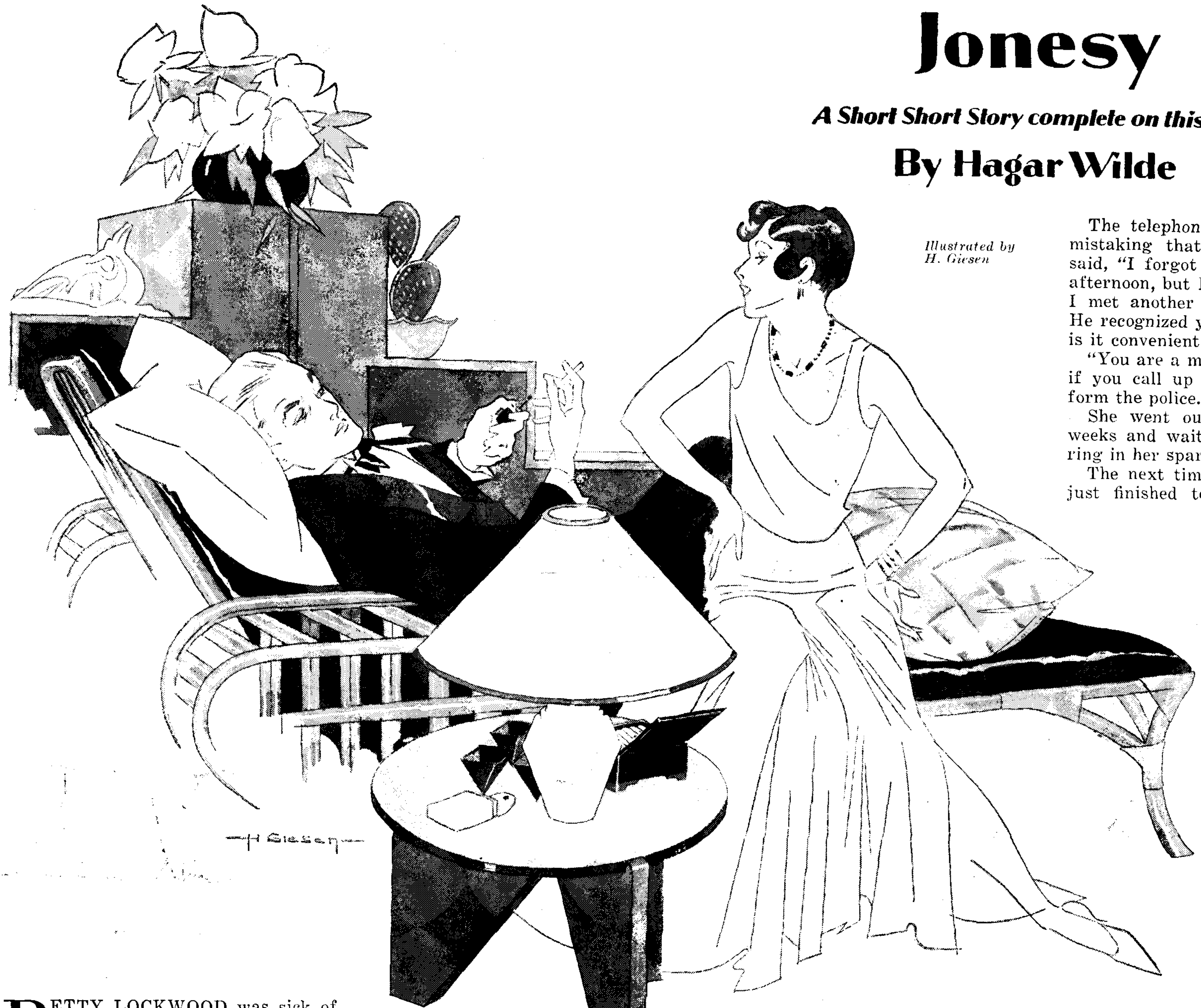
9. Rest Hill, the estate of Robert Collier and early center of flying activity

Jonesy

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Hagar Wilde

Illustrated by H. Giesen



"I think I may marry you," he said. Then he closed his eyes, leaned back and went to sleep. Betty waited around hopefully

BETTY LOCKWOOD was sick of the party and ready to go home until Jonesy came. He was tall, blond, excruciatingly sure of himself and generally captivating.

Betty fluffed her hair out on the sides and waited for him to notice her. He noticed her almost immediately, made a bee line for her, dragged her out on the terrace and kissed her and then sat back to regard her.

"Horrible party," he said. "I'm wretchedly tired. You have the most insolent and kissable mouth I have ever seen. I'm already in love with you. I think I may marry you." Then he closed his eyes, leaned back and went to sleep.

Betty waited around hopefully for a while. She wished that he would wake up and kiss her again, but he didn't, so she went home. She needed her sleep too. He did not know her name but he would find her. She knew his kind. Messengers to Garcia, they were.

Three days later, she saw him again at Myra Benson's.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," he said, with a pleasant smile.

Brooks Latimer, who was standing beside him, said, "Have you two met?"

Betty curled her insolent and kissable mouth entrancingly.

"I don't believe so," Jonesy said, with another pleasant smile. "It's a nice party, isn't it?"

"Is it?" Betty said, and went straight home, leaving him in the middle of a sentence. She was pretty mad. Men were beasts, and she didn't want to get married anyway. She was having a perfectly swell time being Betty Lockwood, and Jones was a horrible name to lug through life. Jones, indeed!

So, every night for two weeks, she went out and had a perfectly swell time being Betty Lockwood, and ended up by crying every night when she got home. . . .

On the fifteenth day, while driving her roadster up Fifth Avenue, she heard a wild whoop from a town car beside her and Jonesy piled out of it. He jumped on her running board. "Adorable," he said, "you walked out on me. I've asked sixteen million people if they knew a girl with a straight nose and an insolent mouth and red hair and they all said no."

"The light's changing," Betty said distractedly. Her heart was beating much too fast. A lady's heart shouldn't beat that fast over a gentleman on a running board.

"Let it change. My car will follow us. I have to talk to you. I'm going to a tea. It's horrible. There's a girl in my car."

"ARE you going to marry her too?" Betty said.

"No, darling, I'm going to marry you. Do you still love me?"

"I'm going to a tea too," she said. "Yes."

"Damn," Jonesy said, "she's going to turn this corner. She's jealous. Kiss me." He leaned over and planted a fervent kiss on Betty's nose, jumped from the running board of the roadster and disappeared in the maze of traffic.

Well, Betty Jones wouldn't be such a bad name. She'd heard worse. Betty Lockwood Jones. Quite an aristocratic name, in fact. Betty stopped for a traffic light and fluffed her hair out under her hat. He was still ignorant of her name. It was all very confusing.

There was a polite, conversational hum coming from the apartment where she went for tea. She greeted her hostess, turned around, and jumped sharply.

He was leaning against the mantel, staring soulfully into space. Presently, she went over to him. "Hello, Jonesy," she said.

"Oh, hello there."

"Funny, it being the same tea," she said.

"I don't," he said, "think so."

"You didn't expect me, did you?"

"Well, no, but we know the same crowd. Didn't I see you at Alice's a couple of weeks ago?"

"I wish you'd make up your mind," Betty snapped. "About meeting me before, I mean."

"Of course I've met you before. I remember it as plain as anything."

"I think you're insane," Betty said, "and I don't think I shall marry you after all. It would be horrible to have a husband who only recognized one three nights out of seven. I'd be in a frightful state of suspense when we had guests."

"I can't marry you anyway," Jonesy said. "I'm already married."

Betty left precipitately, in a state of mental chaos, and went home.

The telephone rang. There was no mistaking that voice. "Darling," he said, "I forgot to ask your name this afternoon, but I found out by accident. I met another man who's kissed you. He recognized you immediately. When is it convenient for you to marry me?"

"You are a maniac," Betty said, "and if you call up here again, I shall inform the police." Then she hung up.

She went out every night for two weeks and waited for the telephone to ring in her spare time. It didn't.

The next time she met him she had just finished tea with a dark-haired young man who talked about stocks and bonds. Jonesy was coming down the stairway. He marched over, ignoring the dark-haired young man, and took hold of her arm. He dragged her, protesting, down the stairs. "I'm going to marry you whether you like it or not," he said. "I've been miserable and unhappy, and you've no right to go around with men like that. That one behind us, I mean. He's a worm."

"He's not insane, at any rate," Betty said, jerking free.

She was recaptured in a split second. "Now look," he said, "I can't waste my time arguing. I'm going to a party, and I'm late. We're going to be married tomorrow. Be ready. I'll call you at eight o'clock."

"What are you going to do with the wife you have now?" she said.

"What wife?"

"If you don't go away and leave me alone," she said, "I'll be as crazy as you are!"

"Stop making cracks about my sanity," he said. "I'm good and sick of it."

"I should think you would be!"

A TALL, blond, excruciatingly sure of himself and generally captivating young man rose from a near-by divan and joined them. "I've waited long enough," he said, "and I'm going to the party. If you two want to make fools of yourselves in a hotel lobby, it's all right with me, but I don't. I have friends who come here."

"Listen," Betty said, reeling slightly, "who is *this?*"

"You've met me twice," the blond gentleman said. "Once at Alice's and once at Myra's and both times you walked out in the middle of one of my sentences. I don't like it."

"That's my twin brother," Jonesy said, "and he's *got* a wife. Pay no attention to him."

Betty curled her insolent mouth entrancingly.

"I won't, *darling,*" she said.

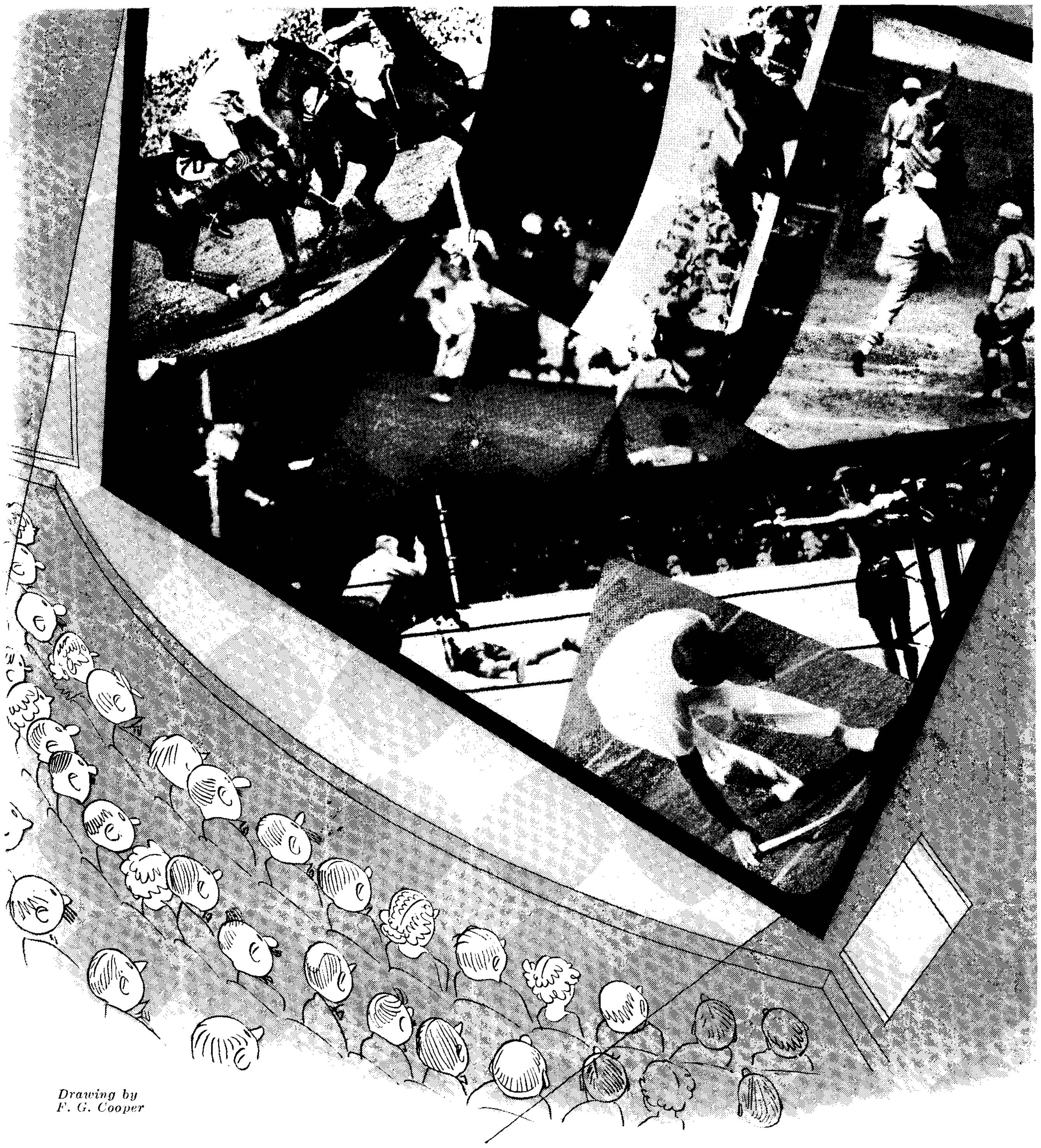
Jonesy looked at his watch. "I *have* to tear," he said. "I'm five hours late now. I'll call you. . . ."

Betty watched them as they left. Two tall, blond, excruciatingly sure and completely captivating gentlemen.

Just a Moment

By Grantland Rice

It's much easier to remember a thrilling moment in sport if you actually have witnessed it. Here are a few choice bits of excitement enjoyed by Mr. Rice during the past year. Possibly you have seen some of them yourself



Drawing by F. G. Cooper

SPORT, for the spectator, has a double return. First, there is the thrill of the moment as some sensational play happens before one's eyes, and later the memory of such outstanding deeds recalls their thrills.

There was that May afternoon at Churchill Downs when Gallant Fox had to prove his place as a great champion. He had already won The Preakness, but the Kentucky Derby was to be the real test, since so few horses in racing history had won both classics.

It was not so much the closeness of the contest on this day as it was the decisive answer to all doubt when Sande and Gallant Fox came sweeping down the stretch. Then seventy thousand race fans from all sections of the country paid their vocal tribute to the new racing king who later was to break all financial records for prize money earned through speed and stamina.

And do you remember the final day at Interlachen in the Open Golf Championship play when Bobby Jones was after his third big title of the year, facing his tallest barrier? MacDonald Smith, veteran of twenty-one campaigns, stood seven strokes back of the brilliant Georgian when the last round started and it was Smith who furnished most of the drama of the last day.

At the thirteenth hole in the afternoon round he had cut the big lead from seven strokes to one and he was moving along with mechanical precision.

Few pace-setters could have shaken off such a pursuer. But instead of weakening Bobby Jones tightened his play. He took the direct route over a group of maples and oaks to the sixteenth green, 360 yards away, and by putting everything he had into this swing Bobby got close enough to lay a chip shot dead and get his birdie 3. But Smith still hung doggedly on until Jones closed out his act with a remarkable 40-foot putt for another 3.

If one had to name a single act as the most spectacular of the year he might have to divide his selection between two men—Frank Shields and Jimmy Foxx. Shields was in the midst of a desperate contest with Johnny Doeg at Forest Hills in September for the tennis championship of the United States. Doeg had won two sets and Shields had only one, but it was evident that if Shields could get safely by this fourth set he had a fine chance to win. Doeg was leading in games, 15-14, and needed but one point to close out the melodrama. With his big chance at hand the tall Californian rapped one down the line, far beyond Shields' reach. Shields saw that it would be impossible to reach the ball along the ground, so he took the air route, dived headlong and in some impossible fashion whipped the return across for a scoring point as he fell heavily to the ground, so heavily that he was partially stunned for several seconds. It was one of the most spectacular strokes, under such circumstances, ever seen in a championship.

A few weeks after this Jimmy Foxx of the Athletics made his greatest contribution to the year's thrills. The Athletics had mopped up with their first two home games. But the Cardinals had evened up the series. The fifth game was then the pivotal point.

Burleigh Grimes, the veteran, was holding the Athletics at bay through a scoreless battle into the ninth. It was anybody's game at this point. The big crowd was a packed-in mass of roaring, fanatical home supporters. And then with one man on base and Foxx up, Grimes whipped one across the plate and Foxx took his swing. At the crack of his big bat forty thousand local clients seemed to realize immediately that the knell had been sounded. There was little doubt as to where the ball was going as it left the bat—far and deep into the home-run seats back of center.

The Year's Biggest Thrill

Football opened early with its thrills when Downs, the Georgia quarterback, ran back the first kick-off from Yale for a touchdown. Yale was leading 14 to 6 in the third quarter before the Southerners began their drive. Three times they took the ball for gains of nearly fifty yards, only to lose it twice at the Blue goal line on fumbles and a third time on a penalty that disallowed a touchdown. Their fourth march went across and Yale was then leading 14 to 12.

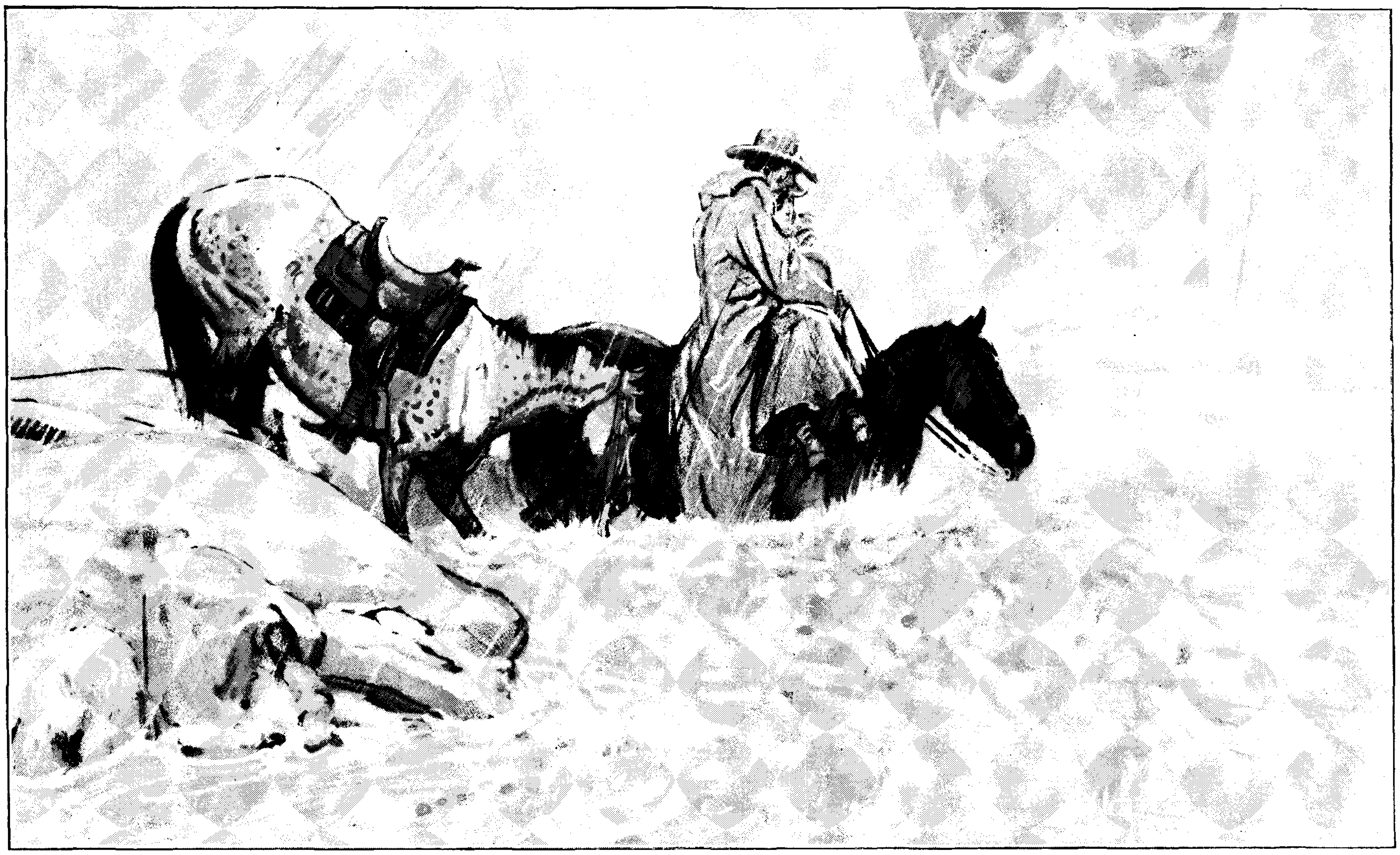
In the final quarter the Eli cause again seemed safe, with Yale hammering away at Georgia's one-foot line. But the final Yale drive was rolled back, and four minutes later Georgia was ripping across for the winning count.

Another outstanding feature was the offensive power which Notre Dame and Southern California hurled at strong rivals in a season featured by defensive strength. There had rarely been so many scoreless or low-score games. It was being said that the defense had come into its own again.

And then Notre Dame and Southern California broke loose. With the first string in action Notre Dame scored eighty-eight points against Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania in less than sixty minutes of actual play. And both Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania had previously beaten strong teams.

In just as effective fashion Southern California put on drives against Stanford and California that these institutions will never forget. Southern California piled up 115 points in these two games, something unheard of in West Coast football. Here were more than two hundred points scored by these two great teams in four games over opponents of first-class strength.

One of the biggest thrills I picked up this fall was watching for the first time Notre Dame's great backfield in action in the game against Pennsylvania. Out they came—Carideo, Brill, Savoldi and Schwartz—big, quick, fast. I had thought the Four Horsemen of several years ago the smoothest ball-carrying quartet I could ever expect to see, but this 1930 quartet gave you an impression, at their best, of almost as much speed with far greater driving power.



They made it, with the splendid horse staggering under his double burden, just in the nick of time

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

The Story Thus Far:

GIVING his name as Jim Wall (which it is not), a young cowboy gets a job at the Star Ranch, in a wild section of Utah.

Believing Wall is a desperado, ready for any villainy, Hank Hays, superintendent of the ranch, tells him the amazing truth: A gang of gunmen and cattle rustlers—employed by Bernie Herrick, who owns the ranch—is plotting to steal all the cattle, sell them and depart; and the leader of the gang is none other than Superintendent Hays!

Wall likes Herrick. But feeling he is helpless he merely awaits developments. Helen Herrick, Bernie's beautiful sister, comes out from England to visit the ranch. Wall falls in love with her. He discovers that Hays, a conscienceless scoundrel, is likewise interested in Helen!

Penniless, uneducated, Wall knows he can never hope to marry the cultured English girl. So, when Herrick's cattle have all been stolen and disposed of, he rides off with the gang, only to discover that Hays and Sparrowhawk Latimer, a vicious aide, have kidnapped Helen, in order to hold her (so they say) for ransom!

Excitement follows—beginning with a battle with a rival band, led by Bill Heeseman, a desperado who had likewise planned to steal the girl. Hays leads the party into "Robbers' Roost," deep in a maze of canyons and quicksand beds. . . . Latimer, wounded, dies. With his last breath, he informs Wall that Hays had robbed both Helen Herrick and her brother; that he has no intention of dividing the money or collecting a ransom; that he wants Helen Herrick—for himself.

Learning the truth, the bandits grow rebellious; and Wall resolves to kill Hays at the earliest opportunity. . . . Heeseman's men succeed in reaching the "Roost." A sanguinary fight ensues. When it ends—with the attackers withdrawing—all the defenders are dead—except Wall and Hays; and matters quickly come to a showdown between these two mortal enemies, alone in the vast desert with the girl. Wall, after rejecting Hays' offer of a partnership and half of the spoils, goads Hays into a gun fight and, in keeping with an old resolution, kills him.

A storm is raging. But Heeseman's men may return—and Helen must make her escape.

"*Come*," says Jim, and they start—for what great adventure?

Robbers' Roost

By Zane Grey

XI

THEY rode up out of the oval, driving the pack horses ahead. The rain was now falling heavily, great spattering drops that kicked up a smell of dust. Over the low wall the trail led up and down, across the hummocks. On the gravel ridge to the west Jim saw a dead man lying prone. Soon they entered the wide, shallow wash, in the sand of which Jim espied footprints filling with water. Behind, the lightning ripped and the thunder crashed. They rode out of the tail of the storm and into a widening of the wash, where it reached proportions of a small valley. Scrub cedar and brush and cactus began to show, and patches of sunflowers on low, sandy knolls. They passed the cove where the raiders' horses had been left. Broad and deep was the trail to the south.

"Are you all right?" Jim queried.

"Oh, I did not know I could feel rapture again. Yes, I am."

"You're dizzy just the same. You sway in the saddle. Ride closer to me, while you can. . . . Give me your hand. Don't talk. But look—look! You might see what I do not see."

They rode at length to a canyon head, down which the hoof tracks turned.

"We came this way by night, but I remember," she said. "Do you dare to follow them?"

"We must not."

"But that is the way to Star Ranch!"

"Yes, on the trail of desperate men, and across that Dirty Devil River. These summer rains. It will be in flood. I would not be able to get you through."

"You know best. But just to be free . . . to see my brother, Bernie! It is unbelievable."

Jim Wall looked away across the brakes. Presently he said, "I will try to find a way out of this hole. The country is strange. I'll be lost soon. But somewhere up out of here—we'll find a lonely canyon where there is grass and water. I must not run into cattlemen; robbers are not my only enemies. I don't want to be hanged for—for saving you."

"Hanged! Oh, you frighten me!"

"I DIDN'T want to tell you. It is no sure thing that I can safely elude the rest of Heeseman's outfit, if I try to get out through the brakes. It'd be far safer to hide you a while—south of here, out of the way of riders."

"Take me where you think best," she said tremulously.

"When you get out, you must go home to England."

"I have no home in England. Bernie is my only kin, except very distant relatives who hate the name of Herrick."

"Then go to a country as different from this naked, stony wilderness as day from night. Say, Minnesota, where it snows in winter, and in spring there are flowers, birds, apple blossoms. . . ."

"No, I shall not—leave Utah," she replied positively.

A flash of joy leaped up in Jim at her words, but he had no answer for her. He led on, away from that broad, fresh trail, into an unknown region. And it seemed that this point of severance had an inscrutable parallel in the tumult within his heart.

The sun set in an overshadowed sky and storm threatened all around the horizon. Far north the thunder rolled, and to the south faint mutterings arose. Jim could not hold to a straight course. He wandered where the lay of the land permitted. Rising white and red ground, with the mounds of rock falling, and green swales between, appeared endless and forlorn. He began to look for a place to camp.

At last, as twilight darkened the distant washes and appeared creeping up out of them, Jim came to another little valley where scant grass grew and dead cedars stood up, spectral ghosts of drought, and on the west side a low caverned ridge offered shelter. He led over to this and, dismounting, said they would camp there. Her reply was a stifled gasp, and essaying to get out of her saddle she fell into his arms.

To Jim Wall it seemed a miracle that he did not snatch Helen to his breast. Like a wind-driven prairie fire his blood raced. But it was her unexpected little laugh, her dependence upon his strength, her relaxing to his clasp that compelled his restraint. He set her upright on the ground.

"Can you stand?" he inquired.

"I think so. But my legs feel dead."

"Then you'd better walk a little."

She essayed to, and, letting go of him, plainly betrayed her spent condition. Jim helped her into the shallow hollow under the rock and sat her down with shoulders and head raised against the slant of wall.

"My spirit is willing but my flesh is weak," she said.

"You did wonderfully. It was a hard

ride, after a tough day," he replied. "I'm afraid I did not have thought enough for you. . . . Rest here while I unpack. Then I'll soon make you comfortable."

Jim flew at the task, his rush of physical action a counterirritant to his agitations. In the quarter-hour before dusk he had unpacked, hobbled and fed the horses, built a fire and put water on to boil. He had brought three canteens full of water and one canvas bag. Rainstorms, he reflected, would be good for the horses and bad for travel. He would take any chance before attempting to cross the Dirty Devil. Through his mind ran recollection of Hays one night telling about a marvelously fertile valley far up this river—a place once cultivated by Mormons and then deserted. Jim would find that valley if he could.

He carried his bed under the shelf and unrolled it, changed and doubled the blankets and folded the tarpaulin so that it could be pulled up in case rain beat in. That was likely to happen, for the rumble of thunder had grown closer and the cavern was not deep enough for shelter unless the storm came from behind.

The fire sent a ruddy light into the cavern, and all at once Jim discovered that the girl was watching him with wide, dark, unnaturally bright eyes. In that deceiving light the ravages of the past weeks did not show so plainly in her face. It seemed to have an unearthly beauty.

"Are you able to get up and walk a little?" he asked. "And you must eat and drink, too, or we'll never escape."

"I'll try."

He helped her up, and out of the cumbersome slicker, and led her a few steps, after which she managed it alone.

"Fine! You've got spunk, Helen. Now you walk up and down while I cook supper."

"Are we safe here?"

"God only knows! I think so—I hope so. It's a lonely desert. Our enemies have gone the other way. Don't worry. They're more scared of us than we are of them. But Morley got away with at least one of his men. The others belonged to Heeseman's outfit. They know they nearly wiped out Hays, and they'll try again with reënforcements. They knew Hays had a fortune in cash—and *you*."

"Morley? . . . I remember the name, but not the connection. Hays was always telling me stories of love—what *he* called love—and hate, revenge, death. . . . Would this Morley try to capture me to hold for ransom, too?"

"Helen, that ransom idea of Hays' began in sincerity, but . . . lonely, hunted men in this hard country are wild dogs," ended Jim, gloomily.

HE DID not look up from his tasks, and she passed on with her light, dragging step. Rain had begun to fall, sputtering on the hot coals, and the iron oven. He did not need to bake biscuits, for he had packed a sackful, a few of which he warmed. With these, and fresh meat, sugar and coffee, and canned fruit he felt that they fared well. Now and again he was aware of her passing, but he never looked around at her. No matter where they camped or what the peril was, she must be free to come and go at will. But he would caution her that because he was a fugitive, so was she. At last he called her, only to discover that she sat behind him, watching.

To his concern and discomfiture she ate very little. She tried, only to fail. But she did drink her coffee.

"That is more than I've had for long," she said. "Perhaps if I wasn't so excited I'd have more appetite."

"You'll pick up," he replied, hopefully. "Sleep, though, is more necessary than food."

"Sleep! Oh, when have I really slept? . . . But now it will be different."

Jim stared thoughtfully into the camp fire. Paling, flowing, opalescent embers hissed when the raindrops fell upon them. He must remember to collect dry wood and put it under shelter for the night and see that the horses did not stray.

"Jim, I can't pull off my boots," she said. "Please help me."

"Better sleep in them, as I shall in mine."

"But my feet hurt so. I'm afraid they are swollen."

She was sitting on the bed when Jim took hold of the boot she elevated. It did not come off easily. The other one, however, was not hard to remove.

"There are holes in your stockings," he observed. "Have you another pair?"

"One other. . . . My feet are so sore. They burn. What a luxury a bath would be! The few I've had were stolen. Hays would fetch me hot water and then sneak around to watch me, so that it was always cold before I could use it."

"Shut up about Hays, please," replied Jim, sharply.

"I'm sorry. But he has so hung over my days and nights, like the weight of a mountain," she murmured in explanation, startled by his abruptness.

"Look to see if you have any blisters," he said. "I'll bathe your feet in a little cold water and salt."

"Cold water? And have ice blocks for feet all night?"

"I have a stone heating for you. I'll wrap it in a sack. That will keep you warm."

BRINGING a pan of water, he knelt before her; and to look at her then was to find the past destroying weeks hard to believe.

"I never had any gentleman bathe my feet," she said, with a flash of humor which Jim was almost too perturbed to notice.

"Don't stand on ceremony, Helen. Stick out your foot. . . . My dear woman, this is purely kindness on my part. I really don't want to do it."

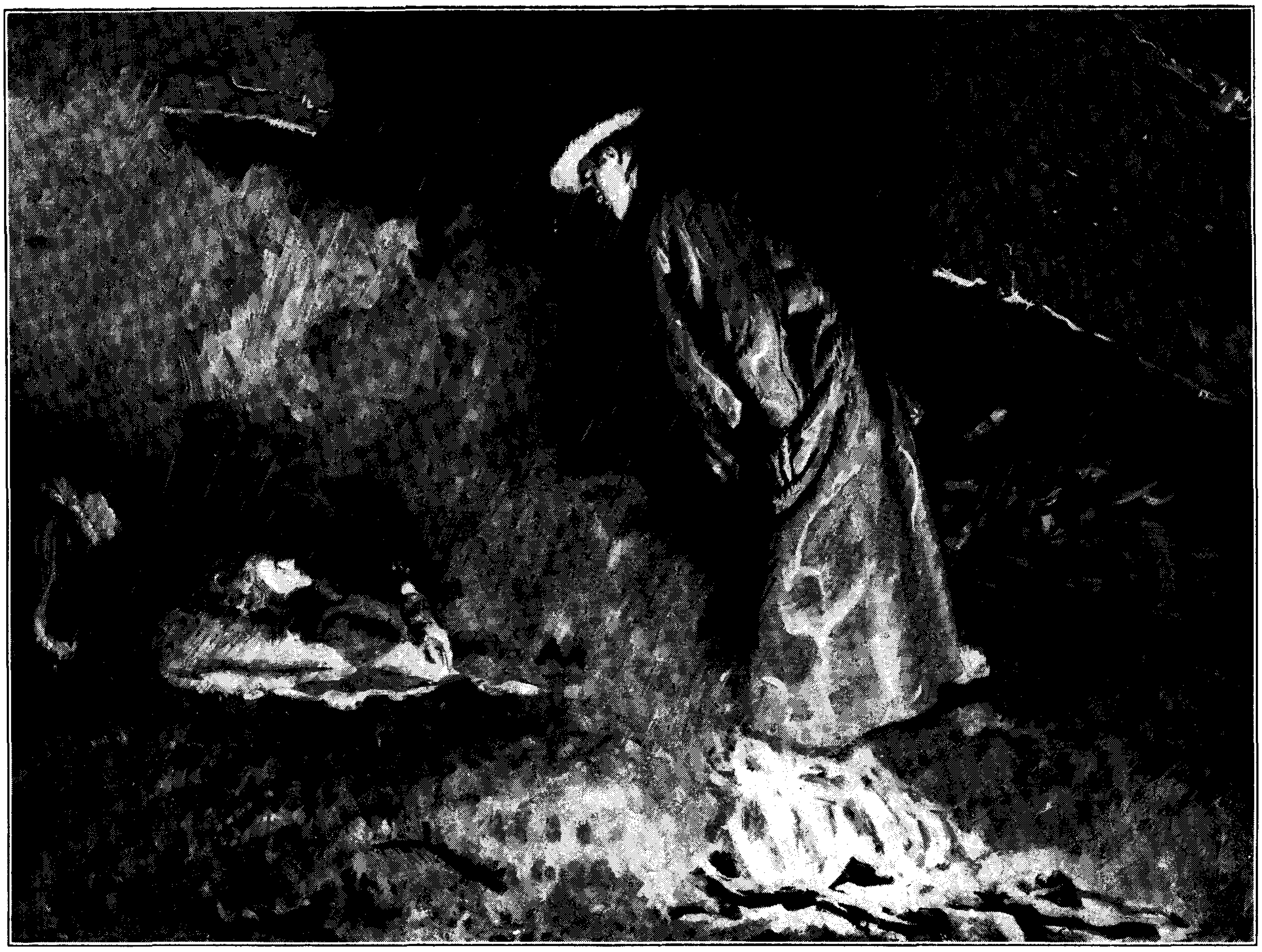
"You've changed somehow since Star Ranch," she mused. "Very well, thank you." And she put out her small feet.

Jim lost no time in pressing them down into the cold, salt water, which made her cry out, and what he lacked in gentleness he made up for in effectiveness. And he had to use his scarf to dry them because he had no towel and hers was in her bundle. Then he rubbed her feet until they were red, during which operation she did not exactly squeal, though she emitted sounds which were similar to squeals.

"Put your stockings back on and sleep in your clothes," he said. "Before you crawl in, I'll bring the stone."

He kicked the round rock out of the fire and, wrapping it in burlap, he laid it under her blankets. "Push that down."

"Ooooo!" She stretched out with a slow, final movement and pulled the blankets up under her chin. Her eyes



Softly Jim took a step closer, to peer down. Deep in slumber as any child!

were purple pools, unfathomable with emotion and thought.

"Go to sleep," he said, gazing down at her, conscious that these involuntary words were not what he thought he wanted to say. "I can't swear we're safe or that I'll get you out alive. But if we're caught I'll kill you before they do me."

"In any case you are my savior. I grew hopeless back there. I could pray no more. But I shall tonight. God has —not—forsaken—me."

And it appeared that almost instantly she fell asleep with the flickering firelight upon her face and her white hands clasped over the edge of the blankets.

MUCH of Jim Wall's life, since he was sixteen, had been spent in the open around camp fires. But there had never been any night comparable to this. He could not understand the oppression upon his heart. His moods changed in a trice.

He walked out to find the horses close to camp and making out fairly well on the grass. Rain was falling steadily now, though not copiously. No stars showed. Far off down the desert fitful flares of lightning ran across the horizon, revealing black, weird buttes and long, level escarpments. In the south thunder still rumbled. Probably tomorrow the storm would set in. The place appeared more desolate than the Roost because there rustling leaves and tinkling water seemed to break the solitude, while here there was nothing. Even the rain fell silently.

Jim paced to and fro, unmindful of it. He put another billet upon the fire and some bits of dry brush. The flame licked up through the twigs and brightened the shadow and appeared to cast a halo round the girl's white face. But that was the gold sheen of her hair. Softly Jim took a step or two closer, to peer down. Deep in slumber as any child! Strangely his mother's face stood out of the dim years—as she had looked when she lay dead. Fugitive from the law, he had risked liberty to see her once more. A sad and heartbroken face it was, yet not as this sleeping girl's, helpless, in his power, trusting him as she would have trusted her brother.

He patrolled his beat between the flickering fire and the sleeping girl, up and down from shadow to shadow, bowed, plodding, heedless of the rain, sleepless for hours, on guard, almost as ruthless to himself as he would have been to marauders of the night. And after that when he slept it was with one eye open.

Toward dawn he got up and rolled his bed. The air was raw and cold, blowing a fine rain in his face. It was still too early to begin preparations for breakfast and too dark to look up the horses. So he strode again the beat of the preceding hours, which seemed farther back in the past than one night.

TWO days' travel, sixty miles, without delay, ought to take them out of the brakes. Would the girl be able to make it? He had to choose between a serious breakdown for her and the possibility of being held up in the brakes by the rainy season. His decision was instant. He could carry her in his arms, if she gave out, but if the floods came their predicament would be deplorable. All this region, except the rock, when it got thoroughly wet became what the riders called gumbo mud, and by the time breakfast was cooking daylight had broken. The rain had ceased. There were breaks in the gray canopy of cloud, but no blue showed. The air seemed to be pregnant with storm. Finding a thin, flat rock Jim placed Helen's breakfast upon it and carried it to her bedside. Then he called her. No answer! A second call did not pierce her deep slumber; whereupon he had to give her a little shake. At that her eyes opened. Jim recoiled from the purple depths. She had awakened as on mornings past. Then as he knelt there came a transformation in her gaze, which, when he realized the absolute reversal in it, flayed him more bitterly than had the other. No help for him! He seemed at the mercy of uncontrollable vagaries of feeling.

"You were hard to awaken," he said. "I've brought some food and strong coffee. You must get it down somehow."

"I heard you call. I felt your hand. I thought—" She broke off and struggled to sit up. "I'll eat if it tastes like sawdust."

Jim repaired to his own breakfast, after which he wrapped up biscuits and meat to take on the day's ride.

"Did you steal my boots, Mr. Robber?" she called.

He made haste to get them from the fire, where he had placed them to dry.

"I am more of a robber than you think," he replied.

"You've dried them. Thank you. . . . Play your strange part, Jim Wall, but I know what I know. . . . Oh, I'm so stiff and sore. My bones! But I'll do or die."

She pulled on her boots, and crawling out and straightening up with slow, painful effort she asked for a little hot water. Jim fetched it and also the bundle that contained her things.

Free then to pack, Jim applied himself with swift, methodical hands, his mind at once both busy and absent. At length all was ready except her bundle, which he turned to get. He saw her coming along the shelving wall, walking slowly; her hat shading her features.

"I did better this morning," she said, presently, as she reached him.

"Let's see if you can get on your horse," he replied, and led the gray up. "You can put on the slicker after you're up."

She did mount unassisted. Jim helped her into the long slicker, and tucked the ends round her boots.

"It'll be a tough day," he went on. "But we're starting dry and if you don't fall off in a puddle you'll stay dry. Hang on as long as you can. Then I'll pack you, if necessary. We absolutely must get out of these brakes."

With that he tied her canvas bundle back of his saddle, and donning the slicker that had been Smoky's he lined up the pack animals, and they were off.

Beyond the ridge the country looked the same as it had to the rear—hummocks of rotting shale, ridges of brush and gravel, swales and flats and little valleys on each side, with the difference that they enlarged to the west and to the east they roughened up into the dark red, irregularly streaked brakes. Jim traveled as best he could, keeping to no single direction, though the trend was northerly and following ground that appeared passable. The pack horses led, and one of them scented water or knew where he was going, possibilities not lost upon Jim. He followed them, and Helen brought up the rear. Watching her at first Jim lost something of his anxiety. For the present she would not retard their progress.

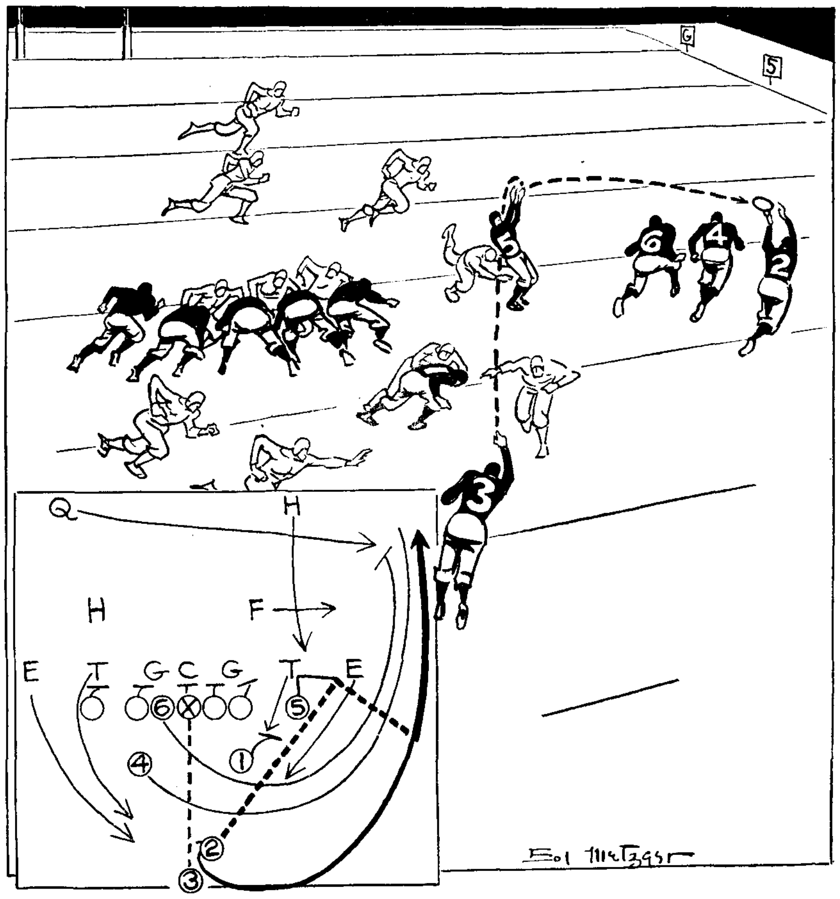
IT BEGAN to rain, and Jim could not see more than half a mile to the fore. Dim mounds stood up in that cloud that overhung the whole country. Jim conceived the idea he was swinging to the west, but for the time being could not make sure.

The rain fell all morning and let up at intervals. Then black clouds gathered, and a storm, with thunder and lightning, burst upon them. The thirsty horses soon had opportunity to drink. Water ran in shoots off the rocks, where Jim, without dismounting, filled the empty canteens.

Soon down every gully and wash rushed a muddy torrent. The lead pack horse knew his business and earned Jim's respect. Jim was sure now that he had traveled this way before. The rain slackened, but the floods increased. At length the fugitives came to a veritable river at which the lead horse balked. Bay, however, did not show any qualms. The flood was fifty yards across, evidently a shallow gully, down which rocks bumped and rumbled in the current. All about was desolation. No shelter or wood or grass was in sight. So he put Bay to the task. The big horse made it easily, with water coming up to his flanks. Whereupon Jim rode him back, after which the pack horses, intelligent and sensible, essayed the ford. The one with the heavier load was all but swept away. Luckily he kept his feet and lunged out in a great splash, snorting his terror.

Then Jim returned for Helen.

(Continued on page 29)



Flea Flicker Football

By Sol Metzger

BOB ZUPPKE, coach of championship Illinois teams, gave to football the famous flea flicker play. What a name for a masterpiece! Blame the college press agent.

Zuppke is a genius of gridiron strategy, sound and masterful, cocky but triumphant. The flea flicker, one of the great plays of all time, is proof.

Two weeks ago attention was here directed to the change in forward-pass defense necessitated by combining forward and lateral passes. Research reveals that Zuppke was the first to spring this novelty.

If you doubt it ask Nebraska, Minnesota, Chicago and Penn. Upon these elevens the flea flicker has visited great unhappiness since it first appeared in 1914.

The idea was born a quarter-century ago. But Zuppke never whipped it into practical form until 1911. Then his Oak Park high-school team in Chicago used it so effectively that Illinois just had to have Bob as its coach.

The play starts from any kick formation. I saw it when Illinois made its Eastern début against Penn in 1925. A year before it had gained a tie with Chicago. Now it was sprung during that rain-soaked third quarter, when the Westerners had been stopped on Penn's 28-yard line.

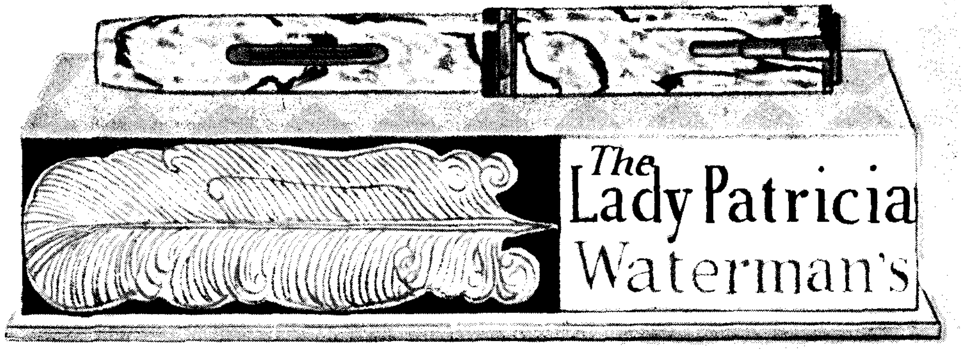
Fourth down, goal to gain! Britton (3), ten yards back, ostensibly to place-kick, received the snap. The kneeling Grange (2) jumped up and ran to the right. Britton passed the ball forward to Kassel (5), who caught it two yards beyond the line of scrimmage. Penn's defensive left half sprinted forward to tackle him. Whereat Kassel tossed the ball to his rear and right to Grange, ten yards away and running like the wind behind two interferers. Penn's defense was so off-balance that Grange scored before any opponent could get near him.

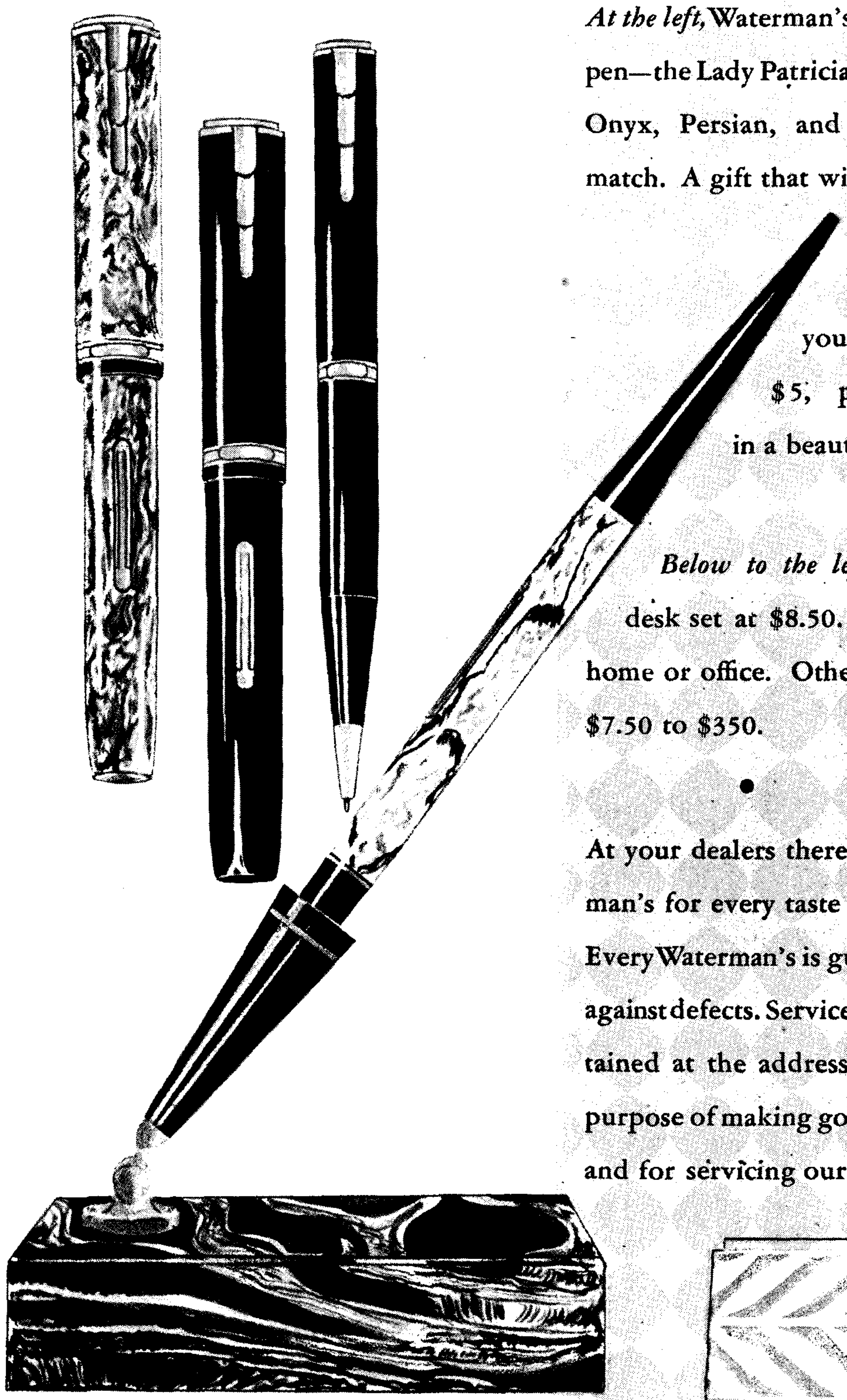
The 66,000 spectators saw two shows for one admission—Grange and the workings of the brilliant mind of Zuppke. Were they thrilled? Later, a friend of mine said, "That play beat the Dempsey-Firpo fight!"

What better play to close this series? For sixteen years it has been successful. Other coaches have applied its principle to their attack—the tribute extraordinary. And it has been a great factor in keeping offense, the thrill of the game, far, far ahead of defense. As long as that is done football will pack stadia and throb hearts as no other sport.

For Christmas – it should be a **Waterman's**

Below, Waterman's finest man's pen — the Patrician. Shown in Nacre, Turquoise, Emerald and Onyx. Also made in Jet. A wonderful gift when you want the best. Pen $10, pencil $5, gift set $15.





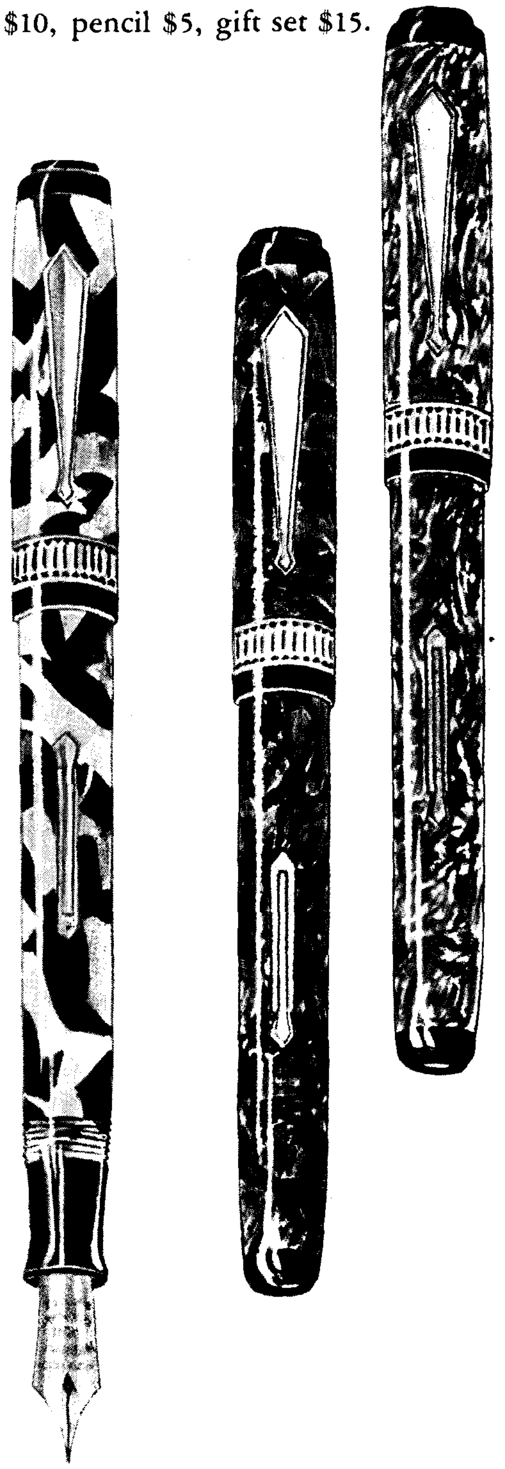
At the left, Waterman's newest woman's pen—the Lady Patricia. In three colors: Onyx, Persian, and Jet. Pencils to match. A gift that will be appreciated and enjoyed by any woman, young or old. Pen $5, pencil $3; both in a beautiful gift box, $8.

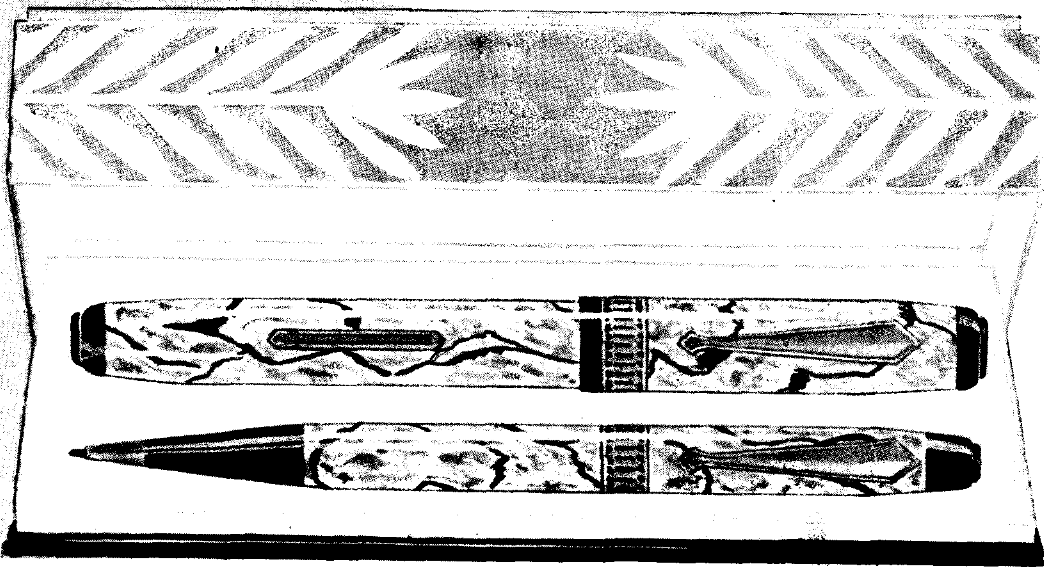
●

Below to the left, French Onyx desk set at $8.50. Most useful for home or office. Other desk sets from $7.50 to $350.

● ●

At your dealers there are other Waterman's for every taste and every purse. Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects. Service Stations are maintained at the addresses below for the purpose of making good our guarantee and for servicing our pens as required.





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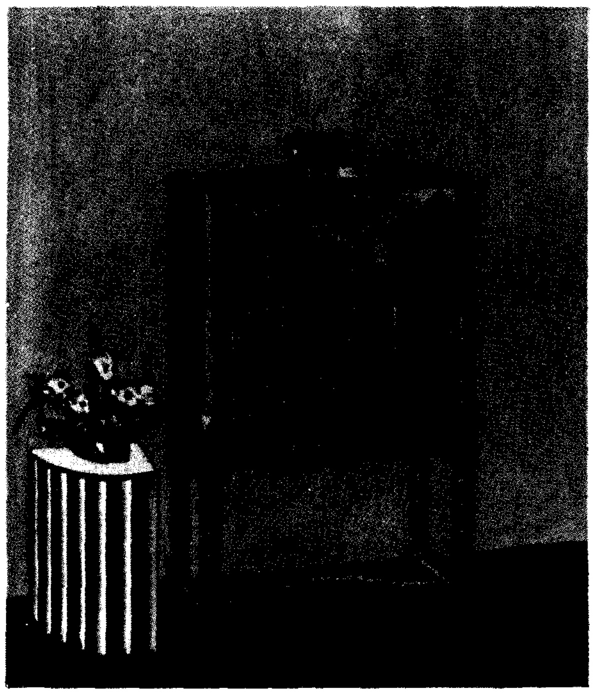
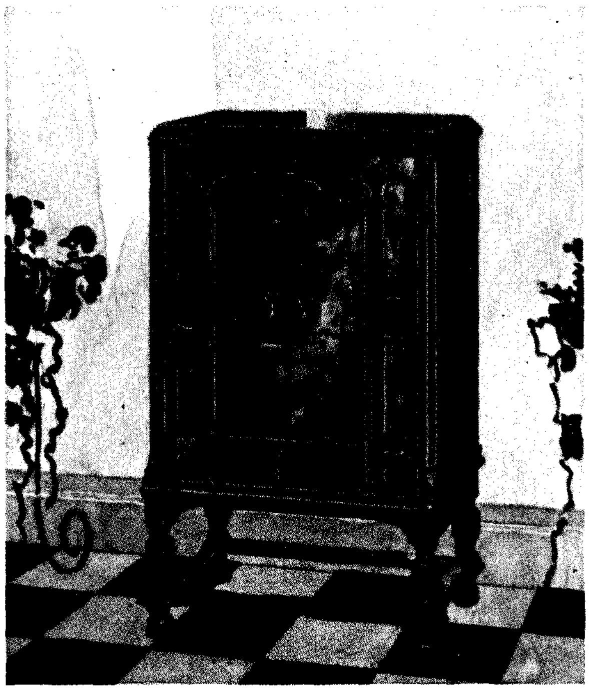
This Christmas

IT SHOULD BE AN

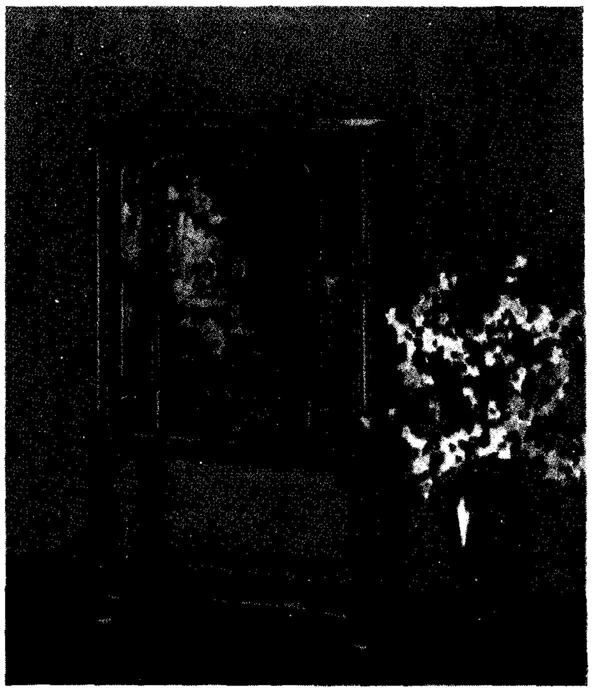
RCA RADIOLA



Model 80—*Super-Heterodyne, Screen-Grid, 9 tuned circuits, new precision dial, magnified and illuminated, improved volume control, local-distance switch, push-pull amplification, improved electro-dynamic speaker, handsome walnut veneer cabinet. $142.50, less Radiotrons.*



Model 86—*combination radio with newest electric phonograph. Equipped for home recording, enabling you to make records of your own voice. Also has tone color control. Available with remote control. Gorgeous walnut veneer cabinet with brass worked handles. $285, less Radiotrons.*



Model 82—*all the advantages of the "80" plus tone color control which enables you to adjust tone quality to suit your own taste. Beautiful highly finished walnut veneer cabinet with folding doors. $179.50, less Radiotrons. Also available with remote control at nominal extra cost.*

What a perfect gift ... enduring ... a joy to all the family . . . every day of the year! For so little money you simply cannot buy more lasting enjoyment!

What an amazing instrument—this sensational new Radiola Super-Heterodyne! So highly perfected that the inventor of radio—Marconi himself—has called it "a great advance in radio."

Here is the finest home instrument that ever carried the RCA trademark ... the most highly perfected instrument that the world's greatest radio engineers and RCA's vast resources can build . . . the result of a 7-year development of the Super-Heterodyne by the recognized leader of the industry.

The new Radiola meets modern broadcasting conditions perfectly. The government has assigned to each broadcasting station a broadcasting channel of a standard 10-kilocycle width. The new Radiola is so expertly designed that it receives all of the program in the full width of the channel—no more—no less. Hence the remarkable tone quality, the startling realism, the exceptional freedom from overlapping, interference, noise and distortion . . . no wonder that this sensational instrument is the fastest selling radio in RCA Radiola history!

$112.50, less Radiotrons. *Despite its low price, the new 48 is the finest tuned radio frequency instrument in Radiola history... in a trim, compact cabinet... ideal for homes where space is particularly valuable... a charming design..."trigger-touch" sensitivity... gorgeous tone... sharp selectivity... tremendous power ... screen-grid, 4 circuits, 7 tubes.*

Unless it bears this famous mark, it is not a Radiola.

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The new Radiola models offer all the latest features for home entertainment.

The combination radio-phonograph model affords all the fun of home recording—allows you to make actual records of your own voice! Remote control enables you to change stations from your favorite chair! Tone color control permits you to adjust tone to suit your own taste!

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Four years ago a Radiola Super-Heterodyne cost $570. Today you can have a far superior, infinitely more beautiful model for $142.50, less Radiotrons.

And then at $112.50 there is the new screen-grid model 48—a full fledged, screen-grid radio cleverly contained in a compact cabinet.

See your Radiola dealer today. He's a dependable merchant selling the world's most dependable musical instrument—the Radiola. Look on the dial for the RCA trademark. Insist on this guarantee of satisfaction in the years to come.

RADIOLA DIVISION
RCA VICTOR COMPANY, Inc., Camden, N. J.
Subsidiary of Radio Corporation of America

Robbers' Roost

Continued from page 26

"I'll carry you while you hang on to your bridle," said Jim, riding close to the gray. "Slip your feet free and come on." He had to lift her sheer off her horse and around in front of him, where he upheld her with his left arm. "Here's your bridle. Hang on. . . . Get up, Bay, you old water dog."

They made it, with the splendid horse staggering out under his double burden just in the nick of time. A perceptible rise in the flood, like a wave, swelled by them. He let Helen down.

"Luck is with us!" exclaimed Jim.

"God and luck," Helen corrected.

"Are you afraid?" asked Jim.

"Not in the least. Under happier circumstances this would be an adventure. . . . I must move about a little. My legs are gone. And I have a terrible pain in my side."

"YOU are doing fine. We have come eighteen or twenty miles. But I don't like the look ahead. We're climbing all the time. I think I hear the Dirty Devil."

"That dull, distant rumble? . . . If we had gone down the way he—the way we came—we'd surely have been lost. Could those men have made it?"

"No. They might be marooned on some high bank, or they might have turned back. In which case they would see our tracks."

"Would they follow us?"

"I don't know. Not soon. But we can't afford to waste any time."

"We will get out safely. I feel it. Please help me up."

When once more they were on the way Jim gave her a biscuit and a strip of meat. "Eat. The rain will be on us soon."

And it was, a deluge that obliterated objects at a few paces. The lead pack horse did not show himself at fault. He had indeed been along there. Jim saw evidences of an old trail and this encouraged him. It must lead somewhere. That storm passed, leaving a drizzle in its wake. Wide pools stood on the flats and cataracts leaped off the rocks. But the washes were shallow.

Late in the afternoon there was a momentary brightening of massed clouds in the west. Dull red and purple gloomed over the dun hills.

They rode down out of these low gravel hills that had limited their sight, into a long, green, winding valley, from the far side of which came a sullen roar. A red river, surely the Dirty Devil, ran, ridged and frothy, under a steep wall of earth. As Jim looked an undermined section went sliding down with hollow crash.

The remnant of a trail hugged the base of the hills. The valley seemed a forbidding portal to even a harsher country.

"I can't hang on—longer," faltered Helen, faintly.

"I'll carry you. Why didn't you tell me sooner?" reproved Jim. He knotted her reins and dropped the loop over the pommel of her saddle. Then he lifted her off her horse onto his. She fitted in the narrow space in front of him, and he supported her with his left arm. "Come on, Gray."

So Jim rode on, aware that her collapse and the terrible nature of the desert and another storm at hand were wearing away even his indomitable spirit. It might well be that he was riding into a trap—on and on up this infernal river to where it boxed in a canyon, or widened into a morass of quicksand, either of which would be impassable. If he had to turn back to where would it be? There were foes behind, and, anyway, Robbers' Roost was unthinkable as a refuge. Still, he had faith in that lead pack horse. They plodded on, and the rain beat in his face. He turned Helen on her side so that her back was toward the storm, and though he spoke she did not answer.

When he weathered that storm he had traveled some miles and was approaching the head of the valley. Ragged, red bluff stood up all along his right, with acres of loose rock ready to slide. The base of these narrowed to a bank of earth, cut straight down on the outside, which fronted on a muddy flat now reduced to a width of scarcely a hundred yards by the river.

The lead pack horse kept plodding away, apparently not sharing Jim's growing apprehension about the abrupt turn under a huge beetling bluff. The Dirty Devil, however, swung away to the left again and could be seen sliding round a wall miles farther on. Night was not far away, being hastened by a sinister black storm.

They swung in behind the bluff, and then out again to the higher and narrower bank upon which the old trail passed around the corner. But for this lead animal Jim would never have attempted that. He knew when a horse was lost or indifferent. This horse was headed for some place with which he was familiar. He disappeared around the corner where the bank was scarcely ten feet wide, slippery and wet, with streams running down from the bluff above and rocks rolling. The second pack horse, sure of the leader, rounded the point.

"Whoa, Bay," called Jim, hauling up to wait for the gray. "I don't like this place. Don't look, Helen."

As she made no reply Jim leaned back to get a glimpse of her face. Asleep! If he had marveled at many aspects of this adventure what did sight of her thus do to him? For one thing it shot him through and through with a fierce something which excluded further vacillation.

"Come on, Gray," he called to the horse behind, and to Bay: "Steady, old fellow. If that narrows round there you want to step sure."

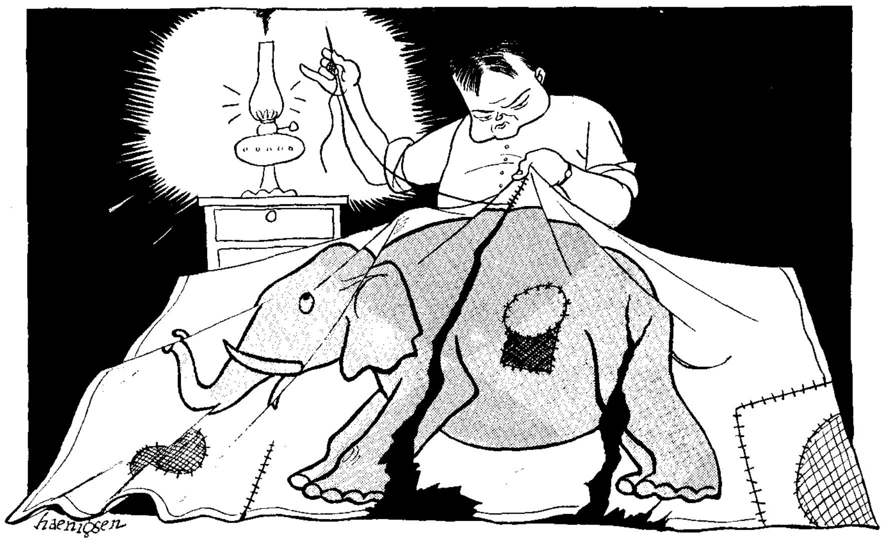
IT DID narrow. Eight feet, six feet—less! Bits of the steep bank were crumbling away. But the pack horses had gone round. A strange wrestling, lashing sound struck Jim's ears. Water running somewhere! He did not look up from the trail, but he sensed a fearful prospect ahead. It would not be safe to try to turn now. The drop on his left, over which he hung, was fifty feet or more straight down, and below an oozy flat extended outward from it.

Suddenly Jim encountered a still narrower point, scarcely five feet wide. The edge had freshly crumbled. It was crumbling now. Jim heard it slop, despite the growing hollow sound farther on.

Bay stepped carefully, confidently. He knew horses with wide packs had safely passed there. He went on. Jim felt him sink. One hind foot had crushed out a section of earth, letting him down. But with a snort he plunged ahead to wider trail.

Jim's heart had leaped to his throat. His tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He heard thud of hoofs behind, a heavy, sliddery rumble. Looking back he saw the gray horse leap from a section of wall, beginning to gap outwards,

(*Continued on page 30*)



Undoing the Split

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE result of the congressional election makes President Hoover's renomination by the Republicans in 1932 almost inevitable, for the very simple reason that only by his renomination can the Republican party maintain a semblance of unity.

If Mr. Hoover should not be a candidate for renomination in 1932 all the factions in the Republican party, the wets and the drys, the agrarians and the industrialists, would be at each other's throats in the next convention, each striving to name a candidate after its own heart. On the other hand, the tradition favoring the renomination of a President is so strong that it will be possible for the delegates to the next Republican National Convention to hold together and renominate Mr. Hoover, even though he is not satisfactory to any faction among them. So about the only way of avoiding an open split in 1932 is by maintaining the *status quo* and offering Mr. Hoover once more.

The election revealed two serious conflicts in the Republican party: the clash between its wet and dry members in such pivotal states as Massachusetts, New York, Ohio and Illinois, and the bitter resentment of the agrarian wing of the Republican party. This resentment brought such astonishing results as the election of Democratic senators in Kansas and South Dakota and it probably contributed to the amazing overturns in Indiana and Illinois.

Ever-Present Problems

These two sources of trouble are of a permanent nature. The protest against industrial conditions, which cost the Republicans votes generally, may disappear with improving business conditions by 1932, but the divisions in the party over prohibition and over farm relief are basic. The political managers of the party will be able to preserve a decorous appearance of unity only by giving Mr. Hoover the conventional nomination.

Moreover, the wets were deprived of a rallying point when Senator-elect Dwight W. Morrow declared in favor of Mr. Hoover's renomination. Mr. Morrow's refusal to allow his own name to be considered leaves the Republican wets without a candidate. There is no one else on whom they could unite with any hope of success. There is no other candidate the Republican party could offer with a better or even as good a hope of victory as President Hoover.

The wets, although they achieved striking successes in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Ohio and Illinois, have not yet proved that the balance of power is in their hands. Had the voters thought that by voting Republican they would be voting to maintain prosperity, many wet Republicans would have clung to their party and the results probably would have been different in some of these states. It is yet to be shown that even in these states wet Republicans will desert their party in a national election in which other issues may seem important.

Moreover, the wet victory, though remarkable, was not complete. Wet Pennsylvania elected a dry governor and a dry senator. Delaware defeated a wet and elected a dry senator. So did Montana, also a wet state. So, too, did Colorado. While they have given the politicians cause for anxiety, the wets haven't yet convinced the politicians that it is impossible to get wets to vote for a dry.

The White House Hopes

Mr. Hoover himself is a candidate for renomination. The evidence before me that his heart is set upon a second term is indisputable. Even the Democratic landslide in the congressional election, foreshadowing, as it well may, Republican defeat in 1932, will not deter him. It is human to be optimistic about one's own future. And it will be to the interest of a great many politicians to convince Mr. Hoover that the recent political catastrophe bodes nothing with regard to 1932. Business conditions may improve by that time.

The Democrats are not entirely free from divisions and troubles. It will be said that the Democratic party has got itself into the position where it must almost inevitably offer a wet candidate and a wet platform in 1932 and that this is still a dangerous experiment politically.

So I think it may be predicted that Mr. Hoover will not only be renominated but renominated as a dry candidate, or at least a near-dry candidate. Whatever shift the Republicans are likely to make toward the wet side will be slight. They will move no farther than the drys are willing to go with them.

They hope to split the Democratic party in the South, as they did in 1928, by making an appeal on other than prohibition grounds strong enough to win such Republican states as Illinois and Ohio, which have not broken completely with their dry tradition. The Republicans won without Massachusetts and Rhode Island in 1928. They may try to win without New York and New Jersey also in 1932.

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It may be that your fair provider gets Ipana for you. Hundreds of thousands of wives do. But, on the off chance that she doesn't, show these few simple statements to your wife.

1 Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.

2 If your tooth brush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.

3 Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!

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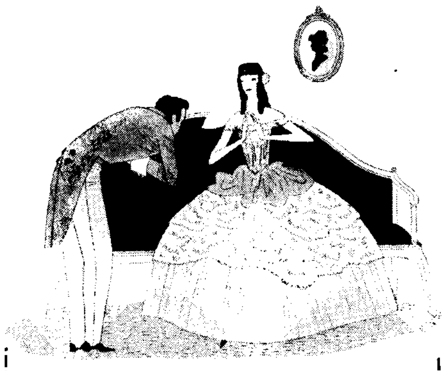
Ipana's success is a tribute to its modern formula—its scientifically sound protection for both teeth and gums. So hand the coupon below to your wife. Ask her to get it for you. She will never regret the good deed she does the family.



To My Shopping Guide—

When next the family tube of tooth paste needs replacement, will you please consider my request that we start to use Ipana?

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Signed..............................

(*Continued from page 29*)

to solid ground ahead. Next instant six feet of the trail, close up to the bluff, slid down in an avalanche.

"Close shave for us all!" cried Jim, huskily, and looked up to see what more lay ahead.

Right at his feet a red torrent rushed with a wrestling, clashing sound from out a deep-walled gorge of splintered, rocking walls. And the roar that had confounded Jim came from the leap of a red waterfall from the high rim-wall. Everywhere red water was pouring off the cliffs. Rocks were bounding down the stepped slope right in front of him, to hustle off the bank and plunge below. Slides of gravel, like the screech of pebbles in a tide, were running down.

This was an intersecting canyon, a tributary, a vicious child of the hideous Dirty Devil. It barred Jim's progress. Thirty paces to the fore, on the widest part of the bank, stood the pack horses. Jim forced his startled gaze to the rear. No rider would ever come or go that way again.

THE rain had slackened; otherwise Jim could not have seen far in advance. The girl, stirring in his arms, roused him out of his bewilderment.

He rode on to a huge section of cliff wall which had fallen from above and now leaned at an angle over the trail. It appeared to be a safe retreat unless the whole cliff slipped in avalanche, and as this consisted half of stone and half of red earth and gravel the possibility of such catastrophe was not remote.

Jim dismounted carefully with Helen and, stooping as he moved under the leaning rock, he set her down on dry dust.

"Where are we? What's that awful sound?" she asked, and her voice came to him in a whisper.

"We're held up by the storm. . . . Let me get this wet slicker off."

"Is it the end for us?"

He did not answer. Folding the slicker into a pillow he laid her head back upon it. She seemed hardly able to sit up without his support. He tried to avoid her eyes, but was not wholly successful. Scrambling up, he removed the saddle from Bay and dropped it under the shelter. Then, leading the horse, he stepped forward to where the gray and the pack animals had halted. The clatter of rocks, the screech of gravel, the thresh of strange waves in the torrent below, and the roar of the waterfall made an increasing din. If it rained any more this gorge would be a hell-hole compared with which any place on the trail back would seem paradise. But Jim did not waste time to look around.

The instinct of the horses had guided them to halt behind the only safe spot on the unsafe bank, and this was where several immense boulders had lodged at the widest part. The horses were tired, but not appreciably frightened. Jim removed their packs, leaving the saddles on. He had tied the sack holding the pieces of canvas and the grain so that he might get at it quickly. Without hesitation he poured out all of the grain, about two quarts for each horse. Lastly he jammed the packs under the edge of the boulders and left the horses free to take care of themselves.

Then he took stock of his surroundings and conditions. A sinister red twilight invested the gorge, which was about a hundred yards wide with the opposite wall low, and consisted of detached blocks and slides of rock on a background of red earth. Innumerable little streams were twisting, meandering, pouring from the walls. About one hundred and fifty yards up the gorge turned to the left. Here the waterfall leaped off from a crack in the high cliff and shot far out to roar down in the rocks. Already it was appreciably fuller. Most fearful, however, was the gigantic slope to the left, of which Jim now had his first clear view. It was very high and rugged, and sloped so far back that he could not see the top. Streams above were pouring together into a main torrent, the outlet of which he could not place, though he believed he heard it.

This slope was veritably a mountainside, unstable and treacherous as quicksand. Everywhere there was motion, not only of water, but of gravel, mud and small rocks of all sizes. In past storms thousands of tons of rock had slid off that slope, most of which jumble had been covered with earth and which formed the bank upon which he stood. This was fifty feet wide at its widest, and several hundred feet long, and the upper end sloped down to the bed of the gully where evidently the old trail ran. Lastly, this short gorge opened out into the valley of the Dirty Devil, whence came roar heavy enough to be heard above the nearer din.

Above this infernal trap a murky sky, partaking of the red hue that dominated the unstable earth, presaged more storm. Low down over the gorge rims black clouds showed tiny threads of zigzag lightning. But if thunder accompanied them Jim could not hear it. He had a growing thunder near at hand.

"If that storm breaks over the head of this gorge we're lost," soliloquized Jim, in dark solemnity. Had he endured the past weeks, had he made his desperate stand against the raiders and then Hays, had he saved the girl—only to have her drowned or crushed by rock or swallowed by avalanche? But for what had he endured—fought—saved? The very elements had combined to defeat him. Gloomy, weighed down by inscrutable events, he hurried back to the shelving rock.

He dreaded the coming hours—the night—the—he knew not what. But whatever time intervened between now and death or deliverance would be dreadful to live. He felt that.

Jim removed his slicker and folded it into a long pad. He was dry, except for his feet. As he crept closer the girl stirred again and spoke. He thought she asked if he was there. Many weary nights Jim had sat up to watch or wait, and he knew what it meant. He placed the slicker in the best available place and covered that with the drier of the two saddle blankets. He pulled the saddle closer. Then he lifted the girl over his lap and covered her with the dry blanket. He leaned back against the stone with her head on his shoulder and his arm supporting her. The sombrero he had removed. It was not only that he wanted to keep her dry and warm: he had to have her in his arms while he waited for the nameless terror he anticipated.

IN THE fast-darkening gloom he could see her wide eyes, black as holes in white parchment. Her lips moved.

"I can't hear you," he answered, bending low.

"You are afraid?"

"Yes, I guess it's that."

"For me?"

"Certainly not for myself."

"What really has happened?"

"I followed an old trail. The country is new to me. And so we've gotten stuck in a terrible place. We can't go on or back. You hear the flood—the slides—the rocks. . . . And there's a heavy storm about to break."

"You fear we've little hope?"

"One chance in a thousand."

She was silent a moment, then she raised her head so that she could speak close to his ear. He thought he felt a light hand touch his shoulder.

"For myself I'm not afraid. . . . But for you I am. You brave—splendid man! . . . To fight as you did for me—indeed you must have loved me. At Star Ranch I did not believe. . . . God bless you. You did—your best. I'll—pray—for you—with my last—breath."

Suddenly the earth under Jim trembled and a terrific boom momentarily drowned the other sounds. An avalanche or a falling rock! But this he had expected. It added not a tithe to his terror. That was not physical.

Staring out into the gathering darkness he pondered this thing. It had come from her last words. She had no fear at the prospect of death. A curling flame might have licked at the heart of Jim's manhood. Brave and splendid she had called him. Craven and ignoble he called his past. It was what Helen Herrick had said that had wrought this transformation in his feelings—this swelling, flaying reproach, this hate of that which allied him with the robber who had carried her off. Of course he had loved her, though he had not dwelt often or thoughtfully upon that. Up until now love in his crude opinion had been the hunger, the need of a woman, without regard to her mind, her heart, her spirit. But that was not what she had meant. . . . And again she besought God to bless him—and she would pray for him with her last breath.

A HARD pang clutched Jim's breast. It numbed his throat. And for the moment his mind became chaotic. Let that last breath of hers mingle with his last breath, drowned in that thrashing torrent or smothered under tons of crushing rock and earth. . . . It would have been nothing to die for her—that he had risked—but to die with her, to have her locked in his arms—that would be great. . . . What had he ever done with his life that he should want to prolong it? . . . A ne'er-do-well, a failure, a rolling stone, a robber, a killer! Could he pray to save it now, to go on being the same kind of hard, wicked, useless man? No, by the God she whispered of—he could not. He would not. . . . And now that she lay helpless, trusting, dependent upon him the truth of his monstrous past roared in his inward ear mightier than the storm and flood.

He relaxed his stiff frame against the wall. A shuddering spell or a demon of spirit seemed wrenched out of him and flung to the night. This free and wild life had been part of him; and the whole savageness of it seemed to have cumulated in the fury of the elements to cast his sin out, to change him while life was yet left to feel, to understand, to grovel in repentance.

The God she called upon and the Nature he knew had conspired to defeat him. The former he could only tremble before as One unfamiliar, never recognized until now when it was too late. But Nature he had lived with and now he welcomed her furies.

Thunder buried all the other earthly sounds and a red flare of lightning showed the appallingly black sky and the ghastly gorge. The heavens above appeared to burst and a deluge descended upon that place, so that no sound pierced the continuous, beating roar of rain.

Jim Wall gathered Helen up in his arms and drew her breast to his. He felt her warmth. But she was unconscious or so deep in slumber that she could not awaken. Now let the very firmament fall upon them! Two lost humans, inexplicably hounded into this desert, where fire and water and earth were hollowing a grave for them! The terror that Helen's acknowledgment of his heroism and his love had roused abided within him still, but was losing itself in the defiance he threw into the teeth of this cataclysm.

(*To be concluded next week*)

Why Go Through This?

Hurried breakfast . . . Out to garage . . . Get door open— . . .

Pull out choke . . . Step on starter . . . Cold-stiffened oil grips engine . . .

Give her the choke again! . . . Plenty . . . No results . . . Engine won't start . . .

Cylinders flooded . . .
Too much choke!

Try again . . . Starter groans . . . Anger rises . . . Keep pushing starter—

Final groan—starter refuses to work . . . Battery exhausted . . . What next?

The crank! . . . Try to spin her . . . Arm aches . . . Hope fades . . . Try hot water?

WHAT'S THE USE?

HARD cold weather starting may not always be due to an incorrect oil. But you can be certain of this. If you have a heavy summer oil in your crankcase, and temperatures go to freezing—32° F.—or below, that heavy *oil* is bound to become cold-stiffened. It cannot flow readily. It cannot reach moving parts. Of course starting becomes hard. And you know how that eats the very heart out of your battery. You realize what deadly engine wear it causes.

Why put up with it? Change to Mobiloil Arctic today! Then you'll play safe with your battery and engine. You'll play safe with your temper too.

Mobiloil Arctic is the world's leading cold weather lubricant. It is the most popular oil in the cold sections of the United States, in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland. In fact in all cold weather countries throughout the world — where oils meet their most severe test — Mobiloil Arctic leads.

Mobiloil Arctic has gone to the top among winter oils because it is unique. It gives *double-range* service. It flows freely at zero and below. This gives easy starting. But unlike many so-called winter oils, at hot running temperatures Mobiloil Arctic retains its rich lubricating quality and gives your engine complete protection.

Stop at your Mobiloil dealer's today, and ask for Mobiloil Arctic by name. While you are there, ask him to put Mobiloil "CW" in your gears. Mobiloil "CW" makes gears easy to shift on coldest days, follows them always and remains soft. It does not separate like ordinary lubricants.

With this two-fold Mobiloil protection, your car is safe from deadly winter wear.

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THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The Lily of St. Pierre

Continued from page 13

Well, anyway, it is on this trip to St. Pierre in 1924 that I meet an old guy by the name of Doctor Armand Dorval, for what happens to me but I catch pneumonia, and it looks as if maybe I am a gone gosling, especially as there is no place in St. Pierre where a guy can have pneumonia with any comfort. But this Doctor Armand Dorval is a friend of John the Boss, and he takes me into his house and lets me be as sick there as I please, while he does his best to doctor me up.

Now this Doctor Armand Dorval is an old Frenchman with whiskers, and he has a little granddaughter by the name of Lily, who is maybe twelve years old at the time I am talking about, with her hair hanging down her back in two braids. It seems her papa, who is Doctor Armand's son, goes out one day looking for cod on the Grand Banks when Lily is nothing but a baby, and never comes back, and then her mamma dies, so old Doc raises up Lily and is very fond of her indeed.

THEY live alone in the house where I am sick with this pneumonia, and it is a nice, quiet little house and very old-fashioned, with a good view of the fishing boats, if you care for fishing boats. In fact, it is the quietest place I am ever in in my life, and the only place I ever know any real peace. A big fat old doll who does not talk English comes in every day to look after things for Doctor Armand and Lily, because it seems Lily is not old enough to keep house as yet, although she makes quite a nurse for me.

Lily talks English very good, and she is always bringing me things, and sitting by my bed and chewing the rag with me about this and that, and sometimes she reads to me out of a book which is called Alice in Wonderland, and which is nothing but a pack of lies, but very interesting in spots. Furthermore, Lily has a big, blond, dumb-looking doll by the name of Yvonne, which she makes me hold while she is reading to me, and I am very glad indeed that the Maude goes on back to the United States and there is no danger of any of the guys walking in on me while I am holding this doll, or they will think I blow my topper.

Finally when I am able to sit up around the house of an evening I play checkers with Lily, while old Doctor Armand Dorval sits back in a rocking-chair, smoking a pipe and watching us, and sometimes I sing for her. I wish to say I sing a first-class tenor, and when I am in the war business in France with the Seventy-seventh Division I am always in great demand for singing in quartet. So I sing such songs to Lily as There's a Long, Long Trail, and Mademoiselle from Armentières, although of course when it comes to certain spots in this song I just go dum-dum-dee-dum and do not say the words right out.

By and by Lily gets to singing with me, and we sound very good together, especially when we sing the Long, Long Trail, which Lily likes very much, and even old Doctor Armand joins in now and then, although his voice is very terrible. Anyway, Lily and me and Doctor Armand become very good pals indeed, and what is more I meet up with other citizens of St. Pierre and become friends with them, and they are by no means bad people to know, and it is certainly a nice thing to be able to walk up and down without being afraid every other guy you meet is going to chuck a slug at you, or a copper put the cold sleeve on you and say that they wish to see you at headquarters.

Finally I get rid of this pneumonia and take the boat to Halifax, and I am greatly surprised to find that Doctor Armand and Lily are very sorry to see me go, because never before in my life do I leave a place where anybody is sorry to see me go.

But Doctor Armand seems very sad and shakes me by the hand over and over again, and what does Lily do but bust out crying, and the first thing I know I am feeling sad myself and wishing that I am not going. So I promise Doctor Armand I will come back some day to see him, and then Lily hauls off and gives me a big kiss right in the smush and this astonishes me so much that it is half an hour afterwards before I think to wipe it off.

Well, for the next few months I find myself pretty busy back in New York, what with one thing and another, and I do not have time to think much of Doctor Armand Dorval and Lily, and St. Pierre, but it comes along the summer of 1925, and I am all tired out from getting a slug in my chest in the run-in with Jerk Donovan's mob in Jersey, for I am now in beer and have no more truck with the boats.

But I get to thinking of St. Pierre and the quiet little house of Doctor Armand Dorval again, and how peaceful it is up there, and nothing will do but what I must pop off to Halifax, and pretty soon I am in St. Pierre once more. I take a raft of things for Lily with me, such as dolls, and handkerchiefs, and perfume, and a phonograph, and also a set of razors for Doctor Armand, although afterwards I am sorry I take these razors because I remember the old Doc does not shave and may take them as a hint I do not care for his whiskers. But as it turns out the Doc finds them very useful in operations, so the razors are a nice gift after all.

Well, I spend two peaceful weeks there again, walking up and down in the daytime and playing checkers and singing with Lily in the evening, and it is tough tearing myself away, especially as Doctor Armand Dorval looks very sad again and Lily bursts out crying, louder than before. So nearly every year after this I can hardly wait until I can get to St. Pierre for a vacation, and Doctor Armand Dorval's house is like my home, only more peaceful.

NOW in the summer of 1928, I am in Halifax on my way to St. Pierre, when I run across Louie the Lug, and it seems Louie is a lammister out of Detroit on account of some job or other, and is broke, and does not know which way to turn. Personally, I always figure Louie a petty-larceny kind of guy, with no more moxie than a canary bird, but he always dresses well, and always has a fair line of guff, and some guys stand for him. Anyway, here he is in trouble, so what happens but I take him with me to St. Pierre, figuring he can lay dead there until things blow over.

Well, Lily and old Doctor Armand Dorval are certainly glad to see me, and I am just as glad to see them, especially Lily, for she is now maybe sixteen years old and as pretty a doll as ever steps in shoe leather, what with her long black hair, and her big black eyes, and a million dollars' worth of personality. Furthermore, by this time she swings a very mean skillet, indeed, and gets me up some very tasty fodder out of fish and one thing and another.

But somehow things are not like they used to be at St. Pierre with this guy Louie the Lug around, because he does not care for the place whatever, and goes roaming about very restless, and making cracks about the citizens, and especially the dolls, until one night I am compelled to tell him to keep his trap closed, although at that the dolls in St. Pierre, outside of Lily, are no such lookers as will get Ziegfeld heated up.

But even in the time when St. Pierre is headquarters for many citizens of the United States who are in the business of handling merchandise out of there, it is always sort of understood that such citizens will never have any truck with the dolls at St. Pierre. This is partly because the dolls at St. Pierre never give the citizens of the United States a tumble, but more because we do not wish to get in any trouble around there, and if there is anything apt to cause trouble it is dolls.

Now I suppose if I have any brains I will see that Louie is playing the warm for Lily, but I never think of Lily as anything but a little doll with her hair in braids, and certainly not a doll such as a guy will start pitching to, especially a guy who calls himself one of the mob.

I notice Louie is always talking to Lily when he gets a chance, and sometimes he goes walking up and down with her, but I see nothing in this, because after all any guy is apt to get lonesome at St. Pierre and go walking up and down with anybody, even a little young doll. In fact, I never see Louie do anything that strikes me as out of line, except he tries to cut in on the singing between Lily and me, until I tell him one tenor at a time is enough in any singing combination. Personally, I consider Louie the Lug's tenor very flat, indeed.

WELL, it comes time for me to go away, and I take Louie with me, because I do not wish him hanging around St. Pierre alone, especially as old Doctor Armand Dorval does not seem to care for him whatever, and while Lily seems as sad as ever to see me go I notice that for the first time she does not kiss me good-by. But I figure this is fair enough, as she is now quite a young lady, and the chances are a little particular about who she kisses.

I leave Louie in Halifax and give him enough dough to go on to Denver, which is where he says he wishes to go, and I never see him again until the other night in Good Time Charley's. But almost a year later, when I happen to be in Montreal, I hear of him. I am standing in the lobby of the Mount Royal Hotel thinking of not much, when a guy by the name of Bob the Bookie, who is a hustler around the race tracks, gets to talking to me and mentions Louie's name. It brings back to me a memory of my last trip to St. Pierre, and I get to thinking that this is the longest stretch I ever go in several years without a visit there and of the different things that keep me from going.

I am not paying much attention to what Bob says, because he is putting the blast on Louie for running away from an ever-loving wife and a couple of kids in Cleveland several years before, which is something I do not know about Louie, at that. Then I hear Bob saying like this:

"He is an awful rat any way you take him. Why, when he hops out of here two weeks ago, he leaves a little

(*Continued on page 37*)

PLAY BILLIARDS

WHAT A Christmas PRESENT!

. . . AND ONLY $7.50 COMPLETE WITH ALL PLAYING EQUIPMENT

THE Brunswick Junior Playmate Pocket Billiard Table is the best juvenile Christmas investment you can make. Children and grown-ups alike, all love games. In Billiards you have one that affords healthful recreation . . . mental and muscular coordination . . . endless, tireless amusement . . . all-year, all-weather play.

It gives parents added control over the children by making the home more attractive . . . thus keeping them within the family circle during their most formative and impressionable years. Every member of the family will enjoy the game . . . *and Billiards is easy to learn.*

The Junior Playmate is strong . . . sturdily constructed . . . of quality materials. Children won't drop it in a week like a cheap toy but will play on it for years . . .

Five other sizes, $13.50, $18.50, $37.50, $60.00 and $100.00 (prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada).

For sale at leading department, hardware and sporting goods stores, everywhere. You'll identify it immediately by its rich mahogany finish and the gold and black Brunswick trade-mark on the rail, which is shown below.

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JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MF'D BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

A complete line of Junior Playmates and other home tables are shown in "The Home Magnet" catalog, which we will gladly send on request. The more expensive tables can be bought on a deferred payment plan from Brunswick Branches in all principal cities. Address

"GIVE CANDY AT CHRISTMAS - - - - as much of it and to as many as you can!"

SAYS EMILY POST

SHUT your eyes and think of Christmas—what do you see? Children's stockings bulging with toys and candy! Christmas trees glittering with chains and balls and clear-candy animals and peppermint canes and cornucopias weighing down the boughs with their loads of candy.

You see dinner tables embellished with flowers and pink-cheeked fruits and dishes piled high with Christmas-mixture candy!

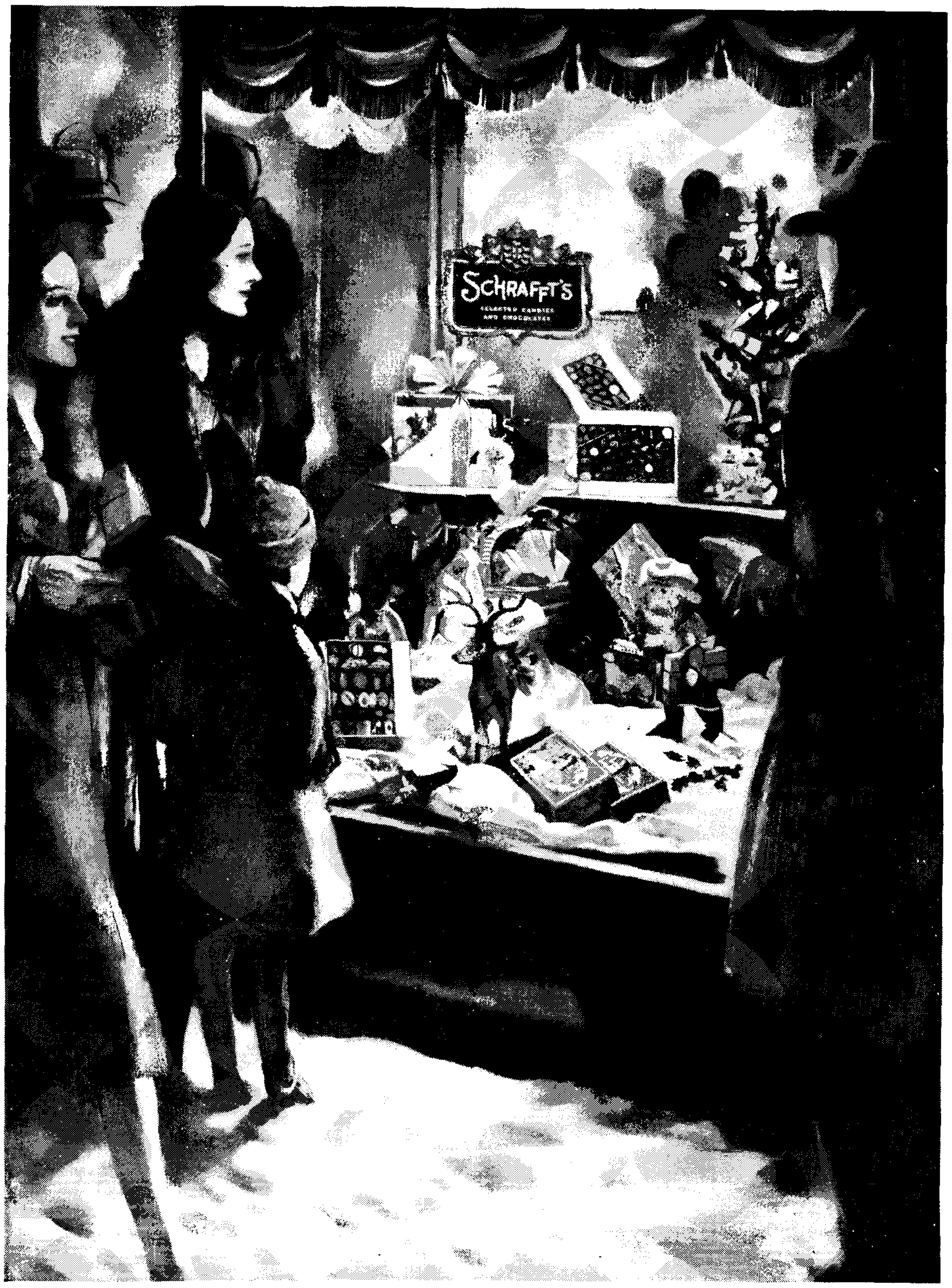
You see very young girls hurriedly undoing the wrappings of candy boxes from their boy friends; older sisters arranging this candy evidence of many beaux, in frank array.

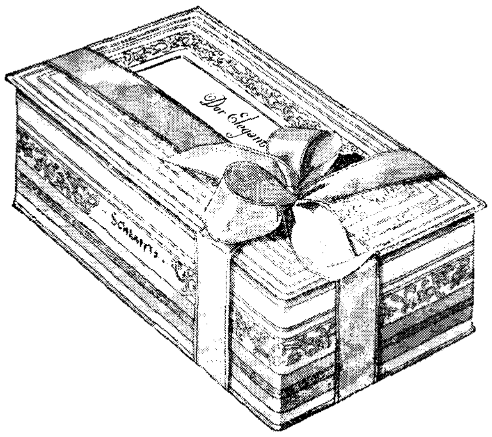
You see mothers, grandmothers and aunts proffering opened boxes delectably displaying candy of every variety!

In short, a box of candy is a gift of affection, of appreciation, or of neighborly friendliness. And since candy is to Christmas what firecrackers are to the Fourth of July, by all means send candy at Christmas—as much of it and to as many as you can!

EMILY POST is the author of
Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage and
The Personality of a House, etc.

SCHRAFFT'S selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package, at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.





SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION · *New York and Boston* · OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

Dec. 1930

The Lily of St. Pierre

Continued from page 32

doll he brings with him from St. Pierre dying in a hospital without a nickel to her name. It is a sin and a shame."

"Wait a minute, Bob," I say, waking up all of a sudden. "Do you say a doll from St. Pierre? What-for looking kind of a doll, Bob?" I say.

"Why," Bob says, "she is black-haired, and very young, and he calls her Lily, or some such. He is knocking around Canada with her for quite a spell. She strikes me as a t. b., but Louie's dolls always look this way after he has them a while. I judge," Bob says, "that Louie does not feed them any too good."

WELL, it is Lily Dorval, all right, but never do I see such a change in anybody as there is in the poor little doll I find lying on a bed in a charity ward in a Montreal hospital. She does not look to weigh more than fifty pounds, and her black eyes are sunk away back in her head, and she is in tough shape generally. But she knows me right off the bat and tries to smile at me.

I am in the money very good at this time, and I have Lily moved into a private room, and get her all the nurses the law allows, and the best croakers in Montreal, and flowers, and one thing and another, but one of the medicos tells me it is even money she will not last three weeks, and 7 to 5 she does not go a month. Finally Lily tells me what happens, which is the same thing that happens to a million dolls before and will happen to a million dolls again. Louie never leaves Halifax, but cons her into coming over there to him, and she goes because she loves him, for this is the way dolls are, and personally I will never have them any other way.

"But," Lily whispers to me, "the bad, bad thing I do is to tell poor old Grandfather I am going to meet you, Jack O'Hearts, and marry you, because I know he does not like Louie and will never allow me to go to him. But he loves you, Jack O'Hearts, and he is so pleased in thinking you are to be his son. It is wrong to tell Grandfather this story, and wrong to use your name, and to keep writing him all this time making him think I am your wife, and with you, but I love Louie, and I wish Grandfather to be happy because he is very, very old. Do you understand, Jack O'Hearts?"

Now of course all this is very surprising news to me, indeed, and in fact I am quite flabbergasted, and as for understanding it, all I understand is she gets a rotten deal from Louie the Lug and that old Doctor Armand Dorval is going to be all busted up if he hears what really happens. And thinking about this nice old man, and thinking of how the only place I ever know peace and quiet is now ruined, I am very angry with Louie the Lug.

BUT this is something to be taken up later, so I dismiss him from my mind, and go out and get me a marriage license and a priest, and have this priest marry me to Lily Dorval just two days before she looks up at me for the last time, and smiles a little smile, and then closes her eyes for good and all. I wish to say, however, that up to this time I have no more idea of getting myself a wife than I have of jumping out the window, which is practically no idea at all.

I take her body back to St. Pierre myself in person, and we bury her in a little cemetery there, with a big fog around and about, and the siren moaning away very sad, and old Doctor Armand Dorval whispers to me like this:

"You will please to sing the song about the long trail, Jack O'Hearts."

So I stand there in the fog, the chances are looking like a big sap, and I sing as follows:

> *"There's a long, long trail a-winding*
> *Into the land of my dreams,*
> *Where the nightingale is singing,*
> *And the white moon beams."*

But I can get no farther than this, for something comes up in my throat, and I sit down by the grave of Mrs. Jack O'Hearts, who was Lily Dorval, and for the first time I remember I bust out crying.

So [he says] this is why I say Louie the Lug is no good.

WELL, I am sitting there thinking that Jack O'Hearts is right about Louie, at that, when in comes Jack's chauffeur, a guy by the name of Fingers, and he steps up to Jack and says, very low:

"Louie dies half an hour ago at the Polyclinic."

"What does he say before he goes?" Jack asks.

"Not a peep," Fingers says.

"Well," Jack O'Hearts says, "it is sloppy work, at that. I ought to get him the first crack. But maybe he has a chance to think a little of Lily Dorval."

Then he turns to me and says like this:

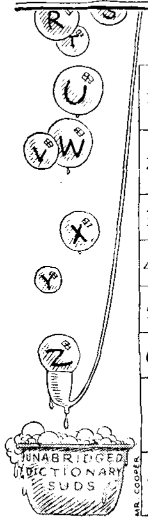
"You guys need not feel bad about losing your tenor, because," he says, "I will be glad to fill in for him at all times."

Personally I do not think Jack's tenor is as good as Louie the Lug's, especially when it comes to hitting the very high notes in such songs as Sweet Adeline, because he does not hold them long enough to let Good Time Charley in with his bum-bum.

But of course this does not go if Jack O'Hearts hears it, as I am never sure he does not clip Louie the Lug just to get a place in our quartet, at that.

A
B
C
D
E
F
H
I
J
K
L
M
N
O
P
Q
WORD
HUNT
TRADE MARK

In the English language there are exactly seven words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters A-D-V. One of them is ADVISED. You supply the others.



1	A	D	V	I	S	E	D	Given advice, counseled; warned. Apprised; informed. Also, judicious.
2	A	D	V					To move or go forward; to proceed. To promote. To propose; to show.
3	A	D	V					Opposed; contrary; conflicting. Unfavorable. Reluctant; loath.
4	A	D	V					(Rare) Action of advising; counsel.
5	A	D	V					One who advises.
6	A	D	V					Same as No. 5.
	None difficult so far but do you know this one? ☟							
7	A	D	V					The patron of a church office or benefice, who formerly protected its interests.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for December 13th

1. Condemn
2. Condyle
3. Conduct
4. Condone
5. Condign
6. Conduce
7. Condole
8. Conduit

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today—Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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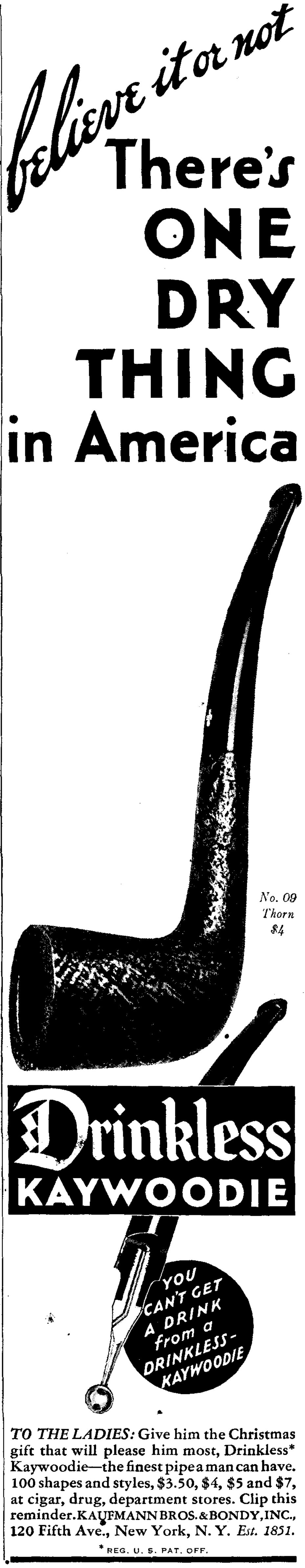

believe it or not
There's ONE DRY THING in America
No. 09 Thorn $4
Drinkless KAYWOODIE
YOU CAN'T GET A DRINK from a DRINKLESS-KAYWOODIE

TO THE LADIES: Give him the Christmas gift that will please him most, Drinkless* Kaywoodie—the finest pipe a man can have. 100 shapes and styles, $3.50, $4, $5 and $7, at cigar, drug, department stores. Clip this reminder. KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC., 120 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. *Est. 1851.*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Give your Family the whole

You own the world when you own a Westinghouse. The Prince of Wales speaks in London—and in your living room simultaneously. The Prince of Jazz plays "blue" music in New York and chases any blue mood right out of your home. A president speaks, a champion fights, twenty-two thousand old grads watch twenty-two under-grads tackle, shift and forward pass—and you're in a ringside seat—with a Westinghouse Radio.

wide World for Christmas

CHRISTMAS comes along...and you'd just about like to give that family of yours the whole wide world with a red and green ribbon around it.

Well...why don't you?

A new radio...in fact, the very last word in radio:..a new Westinghouse Radio.

The idea of a radio set as a gift, of course, isn't new. But this kind of a radio set *is* new. It's even *news!* For Westinghouse brings completely changed standards of clarity, sensitivity and selectivity. Here is a set that can do such things as capture the highest and lowest tones with perfect exactness, that has exiled hum, that never overlaps stations, that brings to your fingertips a new command in "tone-control."

If you want to be technical-minded for a moment...consider these features. Nine tube, screen-grid, super-heterodyne sets with four screen-grid tubes. Push-pull power amplifier. Improved power filter system (eliminating the hum). New electro-dynamic power speaker. Local-distant switch. Remote control on larger models. One radio-phonograph combination with home recording feature. Tone-control (on larger models).

Your nearest Westinghouse Radio dealer may never have owned a scarlet suit or long white whiskers in his life. Yet he is Mr. Santa Claus, himself, in his newest and most interesting version of this Christmas, 1930.

ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS LEFT TO ENTER THE WESTINGHOUSE RADIO $10,000 CONTEST

for the best ideas on the beautifying of radio cabinets

Here is your chance...your last chance...to send in any idea you have on beautifying radio cabinets, and, perhaps, win one of these rich prizes. You don't have to be an artist or a designer. You don't have to draw or diagram your idea unless you wish to. Merely write it in your own words.

Go to your nearest Westinghouse Radio dealer and get an entry blank and full information from him. It costs nothing to enter the contest, but you may win as much as a $5,000 trip to Europe...or the cash equivalent.

The prizes are:

- **1ST PRIZE**...a $5,000 trip to Europe...or the cash equivalent, if you prefer.
- **2ND PRIZE**...a $2,000 automobile...any make you choose. And here again, the cash, if you prefer it.
- **3RD PRIZE**...a check for $1,000.
- **AND 45 OTHER PRIZES**...Five prizes of $200 each...Five prizes of $100 each...Ten prizes of $50 each...Twenty-five prizes of $25 each.

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes December 24th. Ideas must be in the mails before midnight December 24th. Winners will be announced January 19th.
2. Anyone may compete except employees of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company or its associated companies.
3. Ideas may be submitted in writing. If sketches are submitted, explanatory letter must accompany them. You may submit as many ideas as you like, but each must be on a separate sheet of paper with your full name and address. No letters or sketches will be returned.
4. Prizes will be awarded for the best 48 original and acceptable ideas for beautifying radio cabinets. If a winning idea is submitted by more than one person the full prize will be awarded to each contestant.
5. All prize winning ideas become the property of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.
6. Leaflets giving helpful suggestions and Contest Entry Blanks can be had at any Westinghouse Radio dealer's store. Ideas must be mailed to Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Radio Department, 150 Broadway, New York City.

The judges of the contest are:

MISS HELEN KOUES, Director of Good Housekeeping Studio.

MISS NEYSA MCMEIN, famous artist.

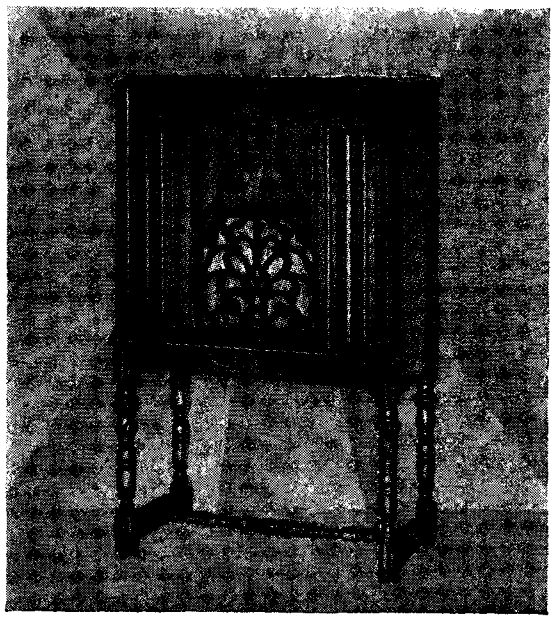
MISS ROSAMOND PINCHOT, prominent member of younger set.

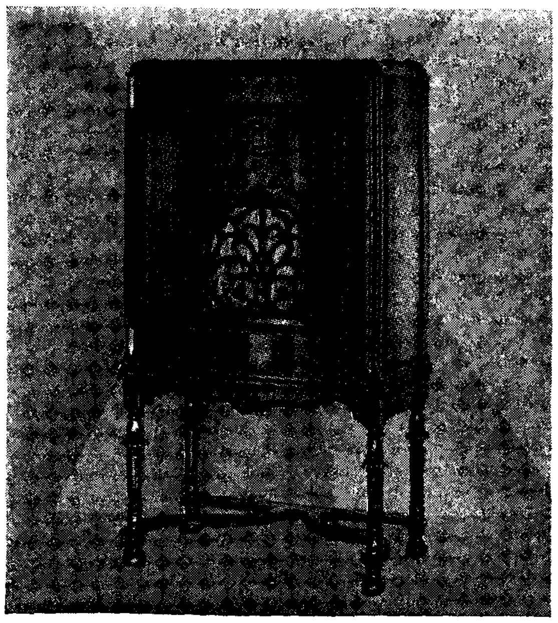
RAYMOND LOEWY, famed Parisian artist and designer.

E. B. INGRAHAM, Vice-President, Times Appliance Co., Inc., New York City.

A. W. ROBERTSON, Chairman of the Board, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Radio Department . . 150 Broadway, New York City





Westinghouse Radio

THE PIONEER OF RADIO IN THE HOME

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

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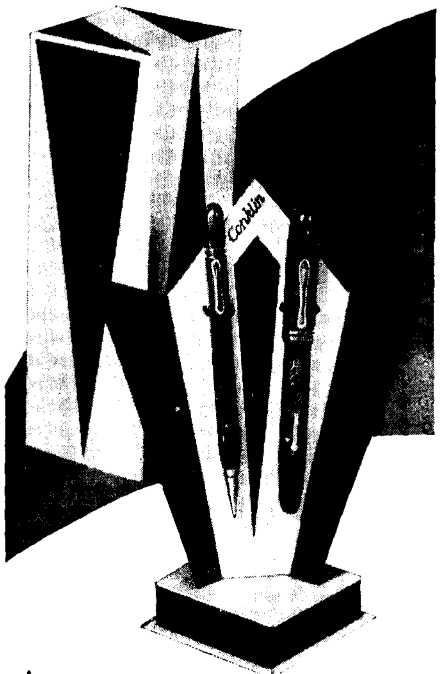
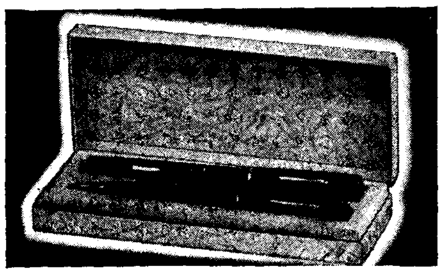
GIFTS...
THAT WRITE

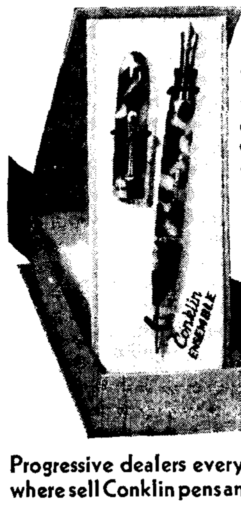


A Conklin Endura Symetrik pen and pencil set. Unconditionally and perpetually guaranteed. In a thrilling new modernistic gift presentation box. Four different color combinations . . . Black and Gold, Leaf Green and Black, Pearl and Black and Green and Pearl. Sets complete at $8.50, $10 and $12.50.



This genuine Conklin pen and pencil set complete, handsomely boxed, costs only $5. Two colors . . . Glossy Black and Green and Gold. Real Conklin quality at a popular price.

BOTH ENDS WRITE...



The Conklin Ensemble is a fountain pen and magazine pencil combined in one compact handy unit. Non-leakable. Complete, with eraser assembly. In four color combinations. Richly boxed. $7, $8.

Progressive dealers everywhere sell Conklin pens and pencils.

THE CONKLIN PEN COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO
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Conklin
PENS PENCILS SETS

Early Birdmen

Continued from page 21

It was on an afternoon in September of the following year, 1911, at the old Sheepshead Bay race track, near Coney Island, that Galbraith Rodgers sat himself down upon the leading edge of a Wright biplane's lower wing, drew his long legs up from the ground and grinned "Let 'er go" to his adoring mechanics. Gal was a happy-go-lucky soul; the hardest work he had ever done in his life was the begging, borrowing, and saving he had done to buy that plane. Gal was after the $50,000 prize which William Randolph Hearst had offered for the first flyer to cross the continent within thirty days' elapsed time. So Gal barged hopefully westward, having torn a comet's-eye view of the United States from his school geography book.

The Busy Beachey

He cracked up often and well. He didn't have as many teeth, knuckles, nor as much epidermis, when he arrived on the coast; and he had virtually rebuilt his ship en route. But he got there and he told the reporters he had had a fine time. When he came to count up he was nineteen days over the stipulated time and he didn't get any prize money. Furthermore, he didn't have the consolation of knowing that the next generation of flying men would be telling each other that his flight was one of the greatest of all. He just kept on giving exhibitions, raising by one means or another enough money to keep his beloved old crate in the air until the day he made his last landing, in a swirl of dust and splinters on a California field. Broken wings folded over the good-natured face that had grinned and jested for the last time.

Another such emancipated Yankee was Lincoln Beachey—a name greeted by genuflections and raised hats on every flying field of this day and age. Guy Gilpatric, with whose fiction you are pleasantly familiar, was an early bird, and a boon companion of Beachey's. Guy was famous on the barnstorming circuit as "the Boy Birdman." He will turn his back with a secret, wistful smile on any discussion of Hawks or Lindbergh or so-and-so as "the greatest flyer." For him there is only one "greatest flyer of all time"—Beachey, "the divine Beachey." Beachey was to stunt flying what the Wrights were to aviation as a whole. The technique of aërobatics developed by him served as a base for the combat flying of the World War.

Any well-trained flyer of today can go aloft and imitate the high-air stunts of Lincoln Beachey—looping and the like. But that was routine flying to Beachey. When he really was in a mood to give crowds a thrill in return for the $1,500 a day he was paid, he casually accomplished things with his frail little Curtiss June Bug—forerunner of the famous Jenny—that no man has ever imitated and lived to take applause for the imitation. With Beachey, this wasn't recklessness. It was the exquisite touch of genius. He would fly around a track with his low wing tracing a quarter-inch furrow in the dirt at the turns. He would fly between two trees so close together that he had to flip his plane vertically in order to squeeze through. He flew down city streets with his wheels a few inches above the petrified traffic; and it's on record that when he raced Barney Oldfield, the famous automobile driver, he would rest his wheels on Barney's head. Bear in mind that he did these things with a motor that is exceeded in power by many of the outboard rowboat motors of today. The delighted imagination swoons with thoughts of what Beachey might do in the air with one of today's steel-ribbed, 600-horsepower fighting ships.

His particular dream at the time of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco was to fly straight up; the same thing helicopters try today. He did not have a helicopter. His heart had been captured by a new 80-horsepower motor he had found in France, and around it he built a monoplane so feathery that he figured he had enough propeller power over and above the combined weight of the motor, the plane and himself to journey hand over hand, so to speak, into the blue. And he did just that, shooting to 3,000 feet faster than you could crane your neck. His mistake was not in going straight up, but in coming straight down. His wings just weren't strong enough to follow that dive; they fluttered behind, and Beachey came down with the motor, alone. He was a bit of a dude. To save his well-kept fingernails he was picking at his safety belt with his penknife when he struck.

The tale of his coolness as he died brings to mind its classic companion among stories of airmen who were not to be hurried or stampeded by the nearness of the icy breath. This one happened at McCook Field in Dayton when parachutes were a new thing to airmen. A Canadian army flyer visited Dayton to see what there was to this business of life preservers of the air. No second-hand information for him. He went up to try one out on himself. He pulled the rip cord too soon, the opening chute caught on the plane, the shroud lines broke, and the Canadian's unimpeded body hurtled down.

The pilot, looking overside, saw the falling man actually *shade his eyes against the sun with his hand* as he looked upward toward the plane and calmly appraised what had happened, with a "Well, I'll be damned" expression.

And as he struck the ground observers thereon saw him thoughtfully inspecting the useless remains of the parachute harness still strapped to his body. There's an early bird for you.

Flying Cameras

However, Beachey and his less famous fraternity brothers represent but one factor of aviation progress. There was another and smaller, but equally necessary, band of pioneers. These supplied public interest and lay information, brought flying into the good repute of social and recreational use and pointed out the possibilities of flight's application to the whole science of transportation. Without these pioneers aviation must have remained much longer merely a glorified circus act. Robert J. Collier, the first private flyer and owner of an airplane, typified these amateurs.

He was the son of P. F. Collier, the founder of Collier's magazine, of which Robert eventually became editor, after university training here and abroad. He was a brilliant writer and fearless journalist; a fighting progressive in a stand-pat era.

Collier's first personal interest in aviation came in 1906. Jimmy Hare, his famous photographer, had just come back from the Russo-Japanese War. There were vague rumors about a flying machine invented, owned and operated by two mad fellows from Dayton, Ohio, who drove away anyone who approached their camp-laboratory and kept their contraption indoors whenever prying eyes were around. Collier dispatched Jimmy Hare and Arthur Ruhl, of his writing staff, to hide behind the sand dunes of Kitty Hawk and learn what there might be to the matter.

When Hare and Ruhl came back with wide eyes and a photograph that proved the miracle, Collier realized that here was at last the dream of editors come true—something new under the sun. Henceforth his magazine conducted an eager search for authentic information about aviation and gave prominent display to Hare's photographs and the staff's stories of flying and flying men.

It was not within Collier's temperament to rest with an academic interest in the new science. He made it his business to become acquainted with the Wrights, and quickly won their friendship and warm regard. It was largely through his influence that big business and finance made their first venture into aviation. With August Belmont and Russell Alger—later of the Packard Automobile Company—among his prominent associates, Collier joined in the formation of the Wright Airplane Company about 1909 and marked the pioneer step in the foundation of aviation as an industry.

Early Commuters

Nearly all the famous American and European flyers set their wheels down on the polo field at Rest Hill at one time or another. Collier was the friend, the sympathetic listener, who could always be counted on to throw his influence behind their ideas. He was one of the founders and early presidents of the Aëro Club of America, which worked to protect and insure aëronautical advancement. The three flyers who were most closely associated with Collier—were, in fact, in his employ—are still living, filled with spacious memories of those exciting days. Each of the three was noted for his specialty.

Walter D. Brookins, whom you have met as a member of the Wright exhibition team, was an excellent instructor.

"In January, 1912," Brookins recalls, "Mr. Collier was on his way to Panama with his family for a vacation. I wired him at New Orleans to come to Palm Beach in order to look over a pontoon-equipped machine I was flying. He came to Palm Beach and stayed there during the season instead of going to Panama. I started his instruction then and finished it up the latter part of April in New Jersey. He had seven or eight hours of instruction before he soloed."

Frank T. Coffyn—who lives now, as does Brookins, in Hollywood—was another of Collier's pilots. Coffyn's flying for Collier was done at Racquette Lake in a big flying boat especially built for him at the Burgess plant in Marblehead, Massachusetts. As a power plant for this ship Collier imported from Europe a 20-cylinder rotary motor.

"Collier always used to say to me," Oliver G. Simmons, the third of his pilots and the one who was perhaps most closely associated with him, told me recently, "that he didn't want to live to be an old man. Believe me, he took every precaution to see to it that he shouldn't. He had a gay disregard for

(*Continued on page 43*)

Early Birdmen

Continued from page 40

things that made other people cautious; a philosophy which was content to walk right out with chin up and take fate as it came, without sidestepping. He was utterly without personal fear."

In 1909 Orville Wright was teaching Lieutenants—now Generals—Foulois and Lahm to fly at College Park, in Maryland, in an airplane which the brothers had sold to the army for $42,500. Simmons' mechanical genius had brought him to notice, and he was attached to this first aviation unit of the army. In 1910 he accompanied Lieutenant Foulois and twelve enlisted men of the Signal Corps to Fort Sam Houston with the plane; on the way they stopped in Chicago to exhibit the machine at the Electrical Trades Exhibition in the Coliseum.

Joining the Army

"Reaching San Antonio," says Mr. Simmons, "we set up the plane and used the big drill ground at the fort for a flying base. That first plane was equipped with skids, and you took off from a monorail runway, a sort of toboggan slide. At the top of the monorail there was a weight of 1,500 pounds, connected by a rope which ran out under the monorail to its front, then up to the plane. Fifteen hundred pounds was just 500 more than the plane weighed. Therefore, when this weight was released it snapped the airplane down the monorail to the end, where the rope fell loose and the plane was catapulted into the air—maybe. If you had flying speed when you reached the end of the monorail, O. K. If you hadn't, God help you!

"Well, after Foulois had cracked up about sixteen times, and I had rebuilt the ship as often, he conceived the idea of wheels instead of skids. I designed and built the wheels, and that did away with the toboggan slide.

"Congress wouldn't appropriate any money for the upkeep of the aviation unit, and Foulois bought most of the gasoline out of his own pocket, while I made repairs out of odds and ends as best I could. We were all very poor. That is my chief memory of those days. The first smile we had from a good angel was in late 1910, or early 1911, when Robert Collier—of whom I had heard a great deal, though I had not yet met him—bought the latest model Wright biplane, equipped with wheels, and sent it to Texas for the use of the army. This was at a time when our troops were mobilized along the border in anticipation of trouble; and when the Collier plane was used on patrol it probably represented the first military use of an airplane under conditions of actual field service. Philip Parmalee, one of the master aviators of the day, had been sent by Collier in charge of the plane, and on March 3, 1911, with Lieutenant Foulois as a passenger, he flew from Laredo to Eagle Pass, 116 miles, in 127 minutes, over extremely dangerous country. That was a record flight, for distance and speed, for those days. And the city of Laredo, in consideration of the honor that had been brought to it, gave a dinner to the flyers and printed two linen posters commemorating the flight. One was sewed onto the rudder of the plane, christening it 'Collier's Laredo.' Parmalee made many flights with Foulois and I went along whenever I had a chance.

"Jimmy Hare was Johnny-on-the-spot for Collier's whenever those flights were on, and we became great friends. When he returned to New York he wrote asking me if I would like to take charge of Collier's plane, which had now been reclaimed by its owner, the emergency on the border having ended. I replied that I'd be glad to, provided I should be sent first to the Wright School at Dayton to learn to fly. Collier agreed.

"Orville gave me one instruction flight. Wilbur gave me another. Al Welsh gave me several more. I had about ninety minutes of instruction, all told, then Welsh said to me: 'That's all we can show you. You'll have to go up and find out whatever else you can for yourself.'

"I didn't wait to make a solo flight at Dayton, after Welsh turned me loose, but hurried to Wickatunk. Collier had put up a hangar at one end of the polo field, and with the help of the three or four mechanics he had employed I soon got the Laredo ready for flight. Then, with Collier watching, I took off to test the ship—and, incidentally, to make my first solo flight. I got up 500 feet all right, and then the usual thing happened. The motor stopped. I landed in a potato field across the road from Collier's estate. He came over and helped us lift the plane over the fence, across the road, and back onto his property.

"He made many flights with me after that. We had no maps, no compass. The landscape was all very confusing after you got high in the air, and we would throttle down the motor and have great arguments as to where we were and where we were going, if any place.

"Regardless of how our arguments turned out, we'd generally find upon landing that we had flown in exactly the opposite direction to that we had planned. I say we had no 'instruments.' I take that back. We designed a very sly affair, to tell us the wind drift. We tied a piece of string to the front bar on which we rested our feet. The only trouble was that in fog—and it's often quite foggy in that section of New Jersey—we couldn't see the string, alas for science, and couldn't tell where we were going. But as we seldom could tell that, even when we could see the string, the added perplexity didn't worry us much.

Lost in the Air

"In October of that year, 1911, Collier held at Rest Hill the first private aviation show and meet in history. It was a grand day. There were more than 2,000 guests, most of them people high in the social and financial world. Al Welsh came from Dayton to fly, Collier imported Tommy Sopwith from England with his passenger-carrying Bleriot, and I had the Laredo. The three of us flew every minute we could possibly do so, and Collier persuaded many of his friends to take hops. His enthusiasm so infected them that I remember several who were led to buy planes shortly afterwards. Louis Stoddard, a polo chum of Collier's, was one. All in all, the meet was a big success and gave notice and impetus to aviation at a time when it was sorely in need of encouragement.

"I remember one bright afternoon when Mr. Collier called me from the office, and the conversation ran about like this:

"'How are you this afternoon?'

"'All right.'

"'Do you know where Hightstown is?'

(*Continued on page 46*)

RESOURCES MORE THAN ONE BILLION DOLLARS

Bank of America
National Trust & Savings Association
CALIFORNIA

BANK OF AMERICA
WORLDWIDE SCOPE
STATEWIDE SERVICE
CALIFORNIA
TRUST & SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

A CONSOLIDATION OF
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BANK OF AMERICA
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EFFECTIVE NOVEMBER 3, 1930

THE CONSOLIDATION of these institutions unites the resources, facilities, service, prestige and good will of two great statewide banking organizations and marks one of the greatest forward strides in the financial progress of America. ▶ It completes the structure begun by A. P. Giannini, bringing to every center of business, of industry and of agriculture in California the complete metropolitan service of this billion dollar bank. ▶ The growth of Bank of Italy National Trust and Savings Association and Bank of America of California is one of the outstanding features of American banking history. Both organizations have distinguished themselves in constructive achievement and in helpful, human, statewide banking service. They have attracted a combined patronage greater than that of any other bank in the United States.

Bank of America National Trust & Savings Association ...a National Bank...and Bank of America...a California State Bank...are identical in ownership and management ...438 offices in 243 California cities.

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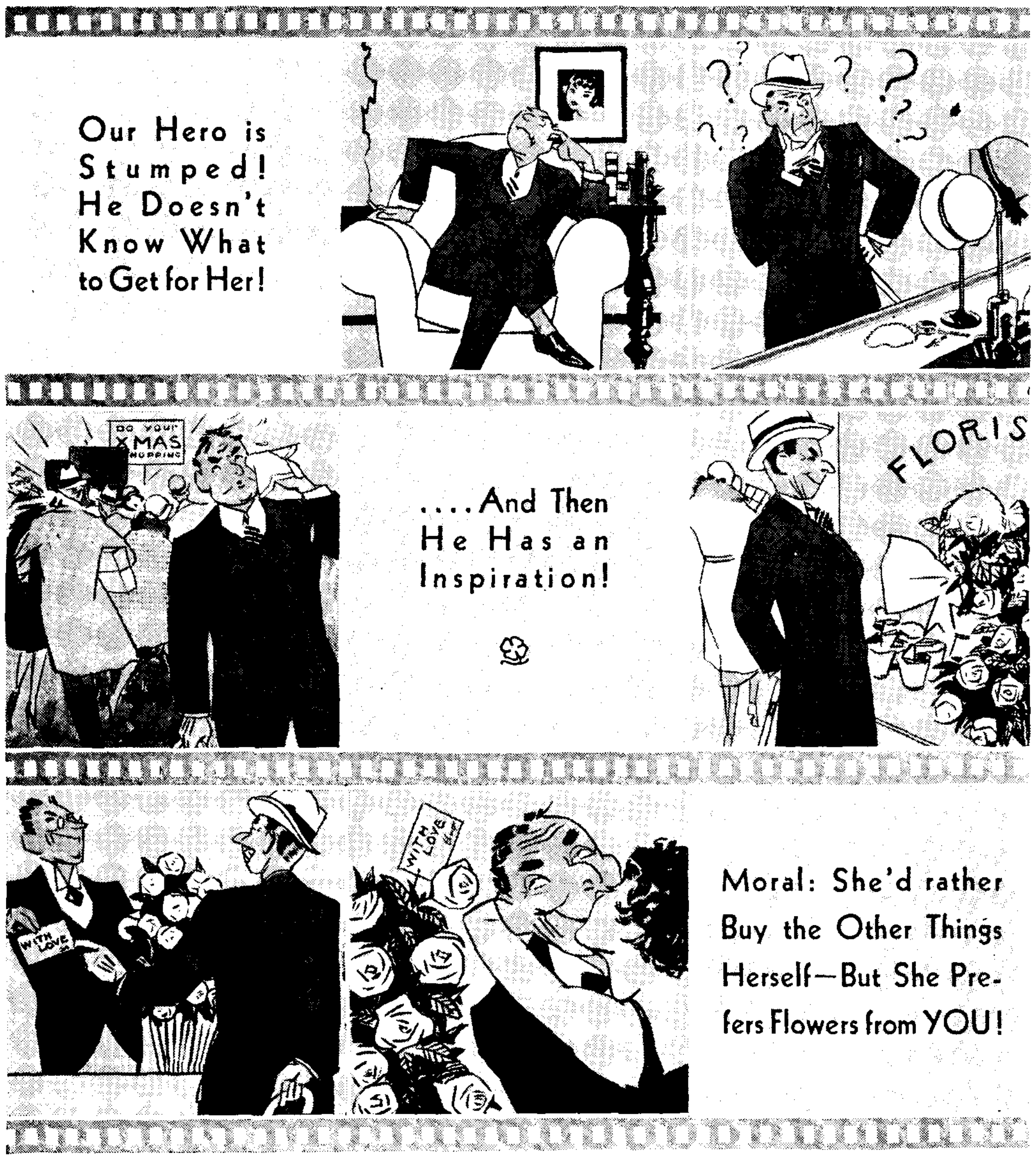
CALIFORNIA
Write Bank of America, Department of California Information—No. 1 Powell St., San Francisco ... or Seventh and Spring Sts., Los Angeles

Inspiration

A MOVIE OF A MAN · AND A MAID · AND CHRISTMAS

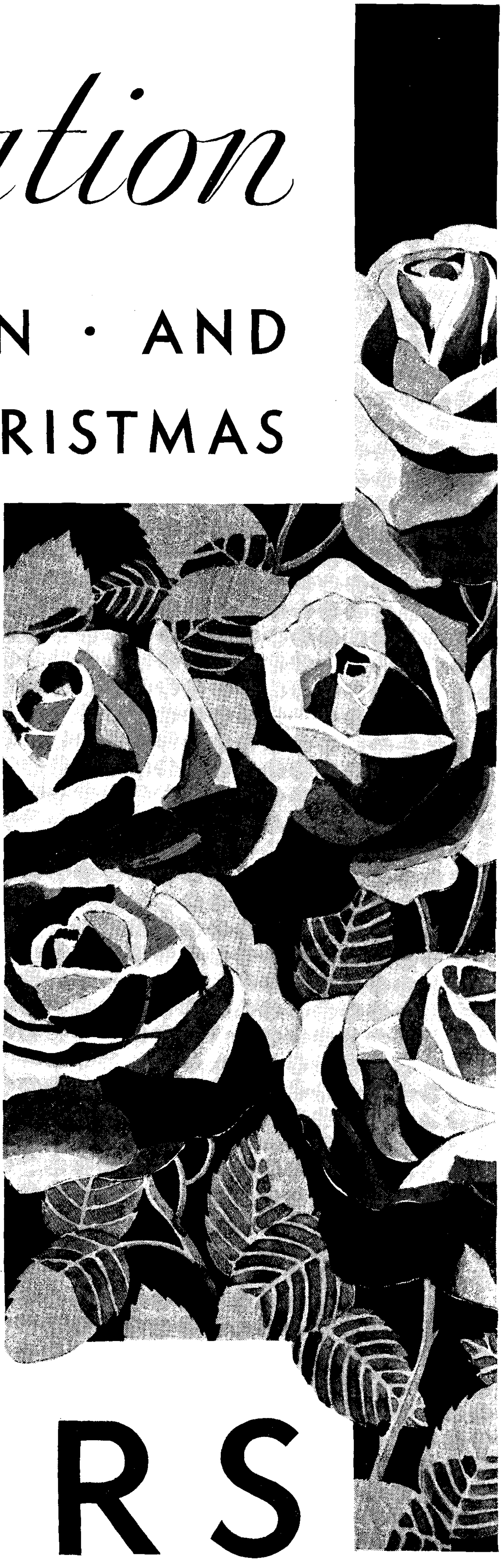


Our Hero is Stumped! He Doesn't Know What to Get for Her!

....And Then He Has an Inspiration!

Moral: She'd rather Buy the Other Things Herself—But She Prefers Flowers from YOU!

DO YOUR XMAS SHOPPING
FLORIS
WITH LOVE
WITH LOVE



SAY · IT · WITH FLOWERS

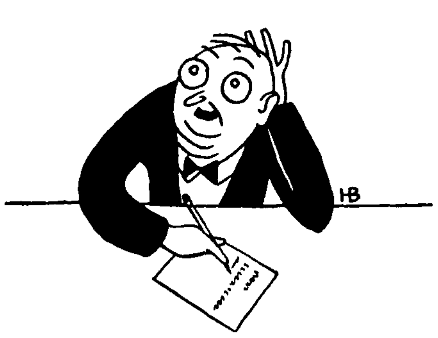
for
A MERRY
CHRISTMAS
Say it with Flowers
FELLOW
Society of American Florists
BONDED MEMBER
FTD

Look for this emblem of the Society of American Florists when you order your Christmas flowers! It symbolizes service and satisfaction!

Telegraph Flowers! Patronize the florist who displays this symbol of the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association.

1930, S. A. F.

COME ON,
WRITE A LETTER TO
SANTY CLAUS



As LONG AS HOPE is springing eternal in your human breast, one is never too old to write a letter to Santy Claus. And if your wife has a dollar and you manoeuvre the business correctly, you are pretty sure to get results.

It probably is not necessary to explain in your letter that you are suffering from razor fatigue. Perhaps you don't even need to say that you pine for the light-fingered deftness and balance of the Enders razor, that so pleasantly snicks off the whiskers without causing the slightest annoyance to your skin. Nor need you mention the almost inhuman sharpness of the Enders blades, and the kick that you get out of finding every blade as sharp as its brother.

Instead, merely say in your plaintive way that you do hope Santy Claus has a dollar to spend on an Enders razor for you this Christmas, and leave the letter in some casual place, such as on your wife's dressing table or in her coffee cup at breakfast.

In that way, everybody will be pleased, —Santy Claus, because only a dollar has to come out of her grocery money, and you, because it will make the process of shaving far less of a pain in the neck. Enders Razor Co., 105 W. 40th St., New York City.

Enders
RAZOR

THE HAIR TEST

New
Enders Razor
with 6 blades, $1.00. Blades 5 for 35c. If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

Early Birdmen

Continued from page 43

" 'No.'

" 'Do you think we could find it?'

" 'No.'

" 'How would you like some nice lobster?'

" 'Fine.'

" 'Well, the boys' (by the boys he meant Tommy Hitchcock, August Belmont, Harry Payne Whitney, Devereux Milburn, and the rest of the polo crowd) 'are having a little lobster luncheon over at Hightstown, and I think we'll fly there. So get ready.'

"There was nothing I could do, of course, except get the Laredo ready for the air. When Collier arrived he was grinning. 'Well,' he asked, 'have we learned where Hightstown is?'

" 'I've made inquiries,' I said cautiously. 'It's about fifteen miles off that way.'

"There was no delay to don flying clothing. The only flying suit I ever saw Wilbur Wright use was a safety pin—to hold up his coat collar. Robert Collier wore a Panama hat, clapped down securely on his head. I turned my cap backwards, as little boys did when they played firemen, and we were off. After we had flown for some time, Collier yelled in my ear: 'I think you're bearing too far east!'

Back by Buckboard

"I yelled back that I didn't think so, but we would go higher. We kept our eyes—squinted against the wind—alert for some mark by which we might be able to guess where we were, but after a while I said: 'I'm convinced we're going the wrong direction.'

" 'Down below looks to me about the way I think Lakewood ought to look,' Collier screamed in reply. 'I think we'd better land and make inquiries. There's a field over there.'

" 'It's no bigger than a postage stamp,' I yelled. 'Do you want me to try it?'

" 'Shoot!' he grinned, hanging on.

"We landed without mishap, then noticed a handsome mansion deep-set in the trees. The front door opened and a tall, slim, elderly man hurried out, followed by a butler. The man stayed on the porch, while the butler walked haughtily up to us. 'I say now,' he said, 'you'll have to move off, you know.'

" 'We're lost,' said Collier.

" 'Can't help it, you can't stay here. Move on, now.'

" 'Will you tell us where we are?'

" 'This is the Lakewood estate of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., and you'll have to move on—'

" 'You don't say so!' grinned Collier. 'Well, now, my good fellow, will you please just go up there and tell Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., just dropped down to say hello and is so sorry he can't stay. Good-by.' And off we went. We had flown, of course, in the wrong direction. So we turned around—or at least we thought we turned around—and flew some more. After a while Collier yelled: 'Do you think we're any nearer to it?'

" 'I don't know; we'd better land again and find out,' I said.

"There was a field with two great shocks of corn visible in the foreground. I told Collier I thought I could land between them, though I warned him that if we hit one we might turn over. He cried, 'Let 'er go.'

"I got down between the two big shocks all right but suddenly saw a third and smaller shock which had been hidden behind the first two and was directly between them and smack in front of us. I couldn't avoid hitting it because the motor selected that moment to quit. We went over on our back. Collier sat there and smiled at me, when it was apparent that neither of us had been hurt.

" 'We're having the time of our lives, aren't we?' he said. 'Anyhow, now we'll get to that luncheon.'

"And we did—in a farmer's buckboard. The farmer and his son had come over to see what had happened to us, and after they helped us right the machine, we hired them—the farmer to drive us to Hightstown, the son to watch the plane until we came back. A quick inspection had shown us that the only damage was to a couple of ribs, and the only thing needed for the motor was a new spark plug. We could repair things on the spot, and then fly home. So we went off to the luncheon in high spirits.

"But when we got back to the airplane that evening we found nothing left but its picked skeleton. The farmer's son had been remiss, and souvenir hunters had demolished the ship. We finally went home by truck, carrying our plane's bare bones. And that, my boy, was sport flying in the days of Robert Collier, the first sportsman flyer, eighteen years ago.

"One of the early feats in aviation for which Collier was responsible was the photographing of a football game from the air. He sent Jimmy Hare to fly with Al Welsh over a Harvard-Princeton game, and they got a fine picture, the first of its kind. In fact, Jimmy Hare, while working for Collier, took the very first picture that was ever made from an airplane. That was in Texas. Collier furnished the airplane used for the first air mail carried between two distinct post offices. That was from South Amboy, New Jersey, to Perth Amboy, across Raritan Bay, on July 4, 1912. I was the pilot. The previous May, Collier had been the first man to deliver naval orders to a warship. Flying with Walter Brookins from Keyport, New Jersey, to the U. S. S. Washington, in the North River, thirty-five miles away, he delivered sailing orders from the Navy Department to Admiral Osterhaus."

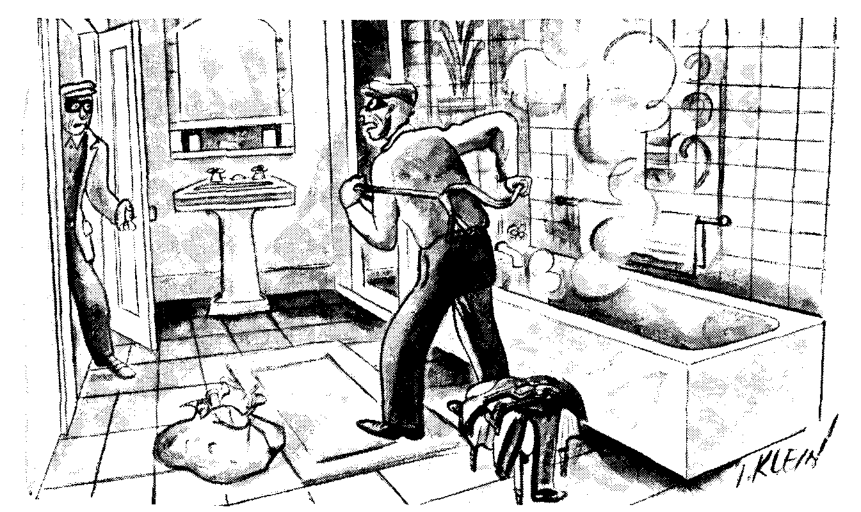
Robert J. Collier's most striking contribution to the furtherance of aviation was made in 1911, some months before he had flown solo, but at a time when his enthusiasm was already in full cry. That was his conception of a trophy to be awarded annually to the person or service responsible for the greatest current development in aëronautics, the value of the development to have been proved in practical use during the year. He deeded this trophy to the Aëro Club, whose successor, the National Aëronautical Association, still makes the yearly selection and award.

Fearless Flying

For the first three years the Collier Trophy went to Glenn Curtiss, for his flying boat development and for his automatic stabilizer—the latter a great boon to safe flight. Elmer Sperry received it twice, for his gyroscopic control and for his drift indicator. W. Sterling Burgess and Grover C. Loening are on the honored list because of their individual work with flying boats; as are S. A. Reed for his metal propeller, and Major Edward L. Hoffman for the one thing that has saved more flyers than any other—the parachute. Charles L. Lawrance, for his work in the development of the radial air-cooled engine, is the only other individual singled out; the United States air-mail service received the trophy once for a year's operation without a fatality, and again for its development of night flying in commercial aviation. The army got the trophy once for its round-the-world flight, and the Aëronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce won it for its part in advancing the general cause. The Collier Trophy's most recent award was to the National Advisory Committee on Aëronautics for its development of the motor cowling, or streamlined facing, which adds many miles per hour to the stock speed.

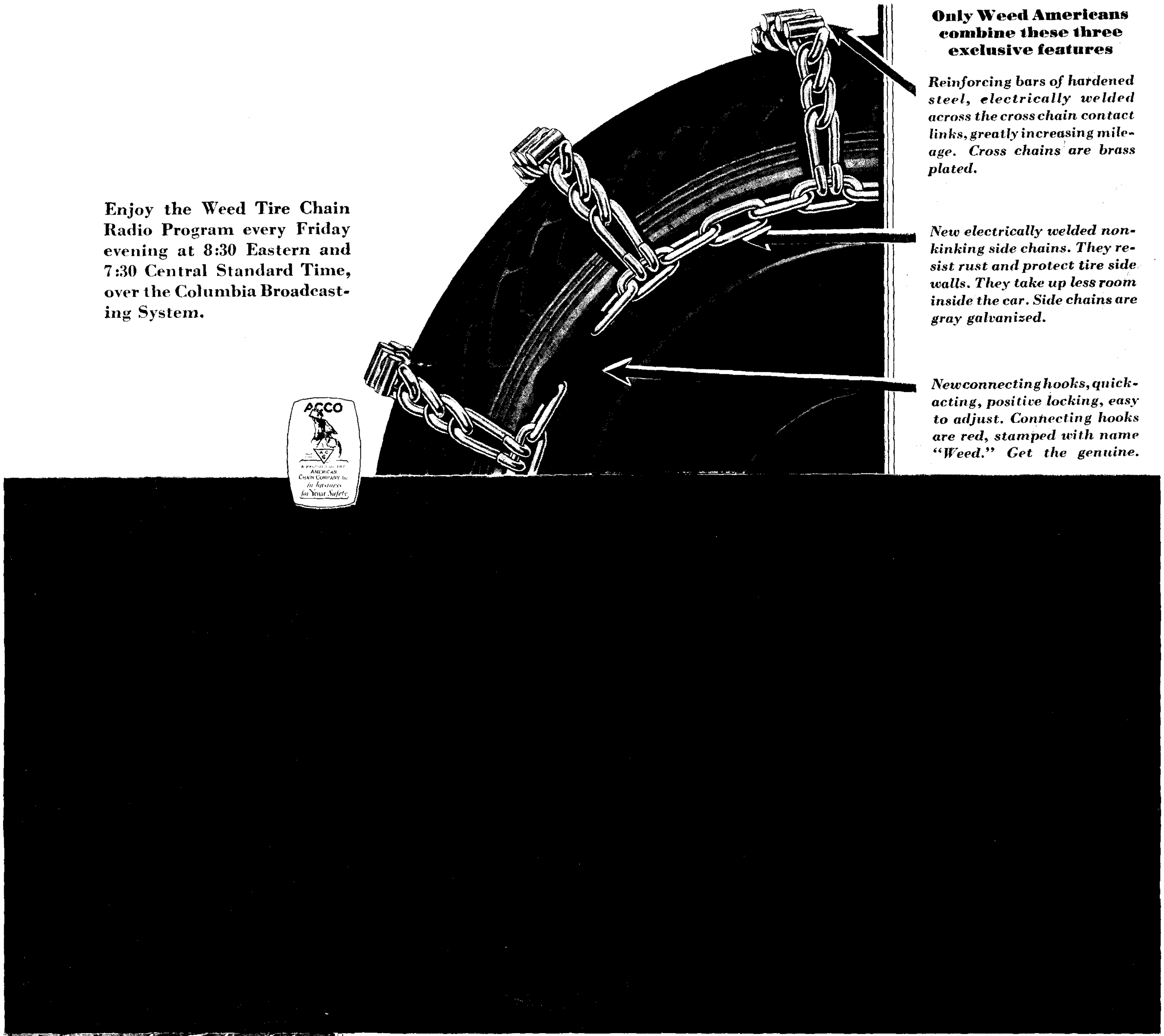
With all the humble admiration and respect of a pilot accustomed to the reliability of modern planes, I asked Mr. Simmons whether he sometimes experienced trepidations while flying those old "egg crates." He chuckled:

"Son, we were all frightened, every time we left the ground. There weren't any exceptions, to my knowledge. We were scared because we didn't know anything about flying. We learned how to fly by the deaths of our dearest friends. Walter Brookins and Arch Hoxsey, that day in Denver when poor Johnstone went down, learned not to let their ships sideslip too radically. Brookins learned something else when Hoxsey was killed. We would have an idea as to how a certain maneuver might be done, and we would have to go up to try it before we knew whether we were right. If we weren't right—" he shrugged. "Why did we keep on in spite of our fears? Oh, I don't know. You can't define things like that. We were just interested, I reckon."



"Watch the swag, Mick; I'm grabbing a bath"

Enjoy the Weed Tire Chain Radio Program every Friday evening at 8:30 Eastern and 7:30 Central Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.



Only Weed Americans combine these three exclusive features

Reinforcing bars of hardened steel, electrically welded across the cross chain contact links, greatly increasing mileage. Cross chains are brass plated.

New electrically welded non-kinking side chains. They resist rust and protect tire side walls. They take up less room inside the car. Side chains are gray galvanized.

New connecting hooks, quick-acting, positive locking, easy to adjust. Connecting hooks are red, stamped with name "Weed." Get the genuine.

THIS new tire chain is as far ahead of ordinary chains as present day cars are ahead of pre-war automobiles.

Tell your dealer now to fit your tires with Weed Americans. Then you'll really be ready for winter. Weed Americans will give your tires the necessary grip in snow, ice, sleet or mud. They will pull you through where Weed-less cars get stalled—or skid into disaster.

Your Weed Americans will last longer, too. They give you 70% more mileage than ordinary chains. Many users report 200% more mileage and some even more than that. Put them on as tight as possible by hand and tighten again by hand after running a block. This way you get the maximum of traction and service from the cleats of hardened steel.

Buy this, the modern chain for modern cars and roads. A product of the

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*
Bridgeport, Connecticut
World's Largest Manufacturer of Welded & Weldless Chains for all Purposes
District Sales Offices: Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco
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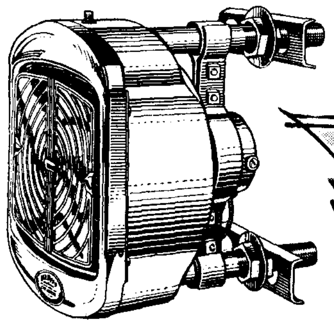
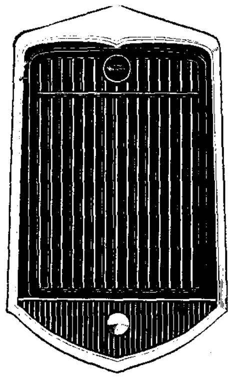
"A Quick Producer"

HaDees Car Heater . . . Pines Winterfront





"Demonstrated responsiveness"... "One of the key magazines"..."Unusual public interest"... High spot descriptions of Collier's from two important automotive advertisers who endorse its advertising values in detail—as follows:

"WITH the first approach of Autumn, car owners can be interested in anything that affects their own and their families' comfort and health during the Winter months. Therefore, it is essential for our purpose that only such media as are known to be quick producers in a nation-wide sense shall be used.

"When Liberty Foundries Company introduced the improved HaDees Car Heater to American motorists, Collier's was one of the "key" magazines selected to top the list. It has been our experience that a product which appeals to the substantial type of citizen who is primarily interested in quality and performance, is sure to win a gratifying response from Collier's readers.

"Already from our recent advertisements appearing in Collier's, the results are fully up to our expectations—and we expect no small returns from Collier's."

LIBERTY FOUNDRIES COMPANY

"WHEN the engineers of 25 leading automobile manufacturers decide that the only way to be sure of safe, efficient motor operation is to equip their cars with Pines Automatic Winterfronts, we believe it is time to announce this new and greatly improved Winterfront to the public.

"To carry this message to the public, we wanted to use magazines that have demonstrated the responsiveness of their readers.

"Naturally we are using Collier's. Because there is an unusual public interest in Collier's—proved by its gain of more than 1,000,000 new readers in the last four years. And because we know that 94% of Collier's readers live in the counties where automobile sales are greatest.

"Last year we found Collier's readers quick to respond to our story of new motoring efficiency and comfort. Again in 1930 we look to it for increased sales activity."

PINES WINTERFRONT COMPANY

Collier's ~ for Action!

now more than **2,250,000** *paid circulation*

Headwork

Continued from page 14

and he sneering and making a mock bow as Mrs. John J. Regan passed him in her big car. So Seumas Flaherty gave notice that he would have nothing to do with the garden contest in Ardnacrusha; nor, indeed, with Ardnacrusha for a few days, which he planned to spend in Limerick.

Nobody grieved over the going of Seumas, and there were some who openly wished something might happen to him on his long ride if it wasn't for the donkey being with him. The gardens prospered. The row of cottages along Baracallen Bight were bright as jewels.

KEEN rivalry between Michael Gallagher and Denis Mulqueen, who were gardeners at the Tierney estate in their time, almost ended in fist fights as they glared at each other—being next-door neighbors—every evening at their work. A great shame that men should wear ugly faces over patches of beauty. People crowded before their cottages to see the grand gardens they had made.

A few days before the end of July a strange man came to Ardnacrusha. He put up at Cahil's public and said he was an American. He talked in the slow way of Americans and smiled with the white teeth they have, although he seemed shabbier than any American that had been in Ardnacrusha before. Perhaps a man down on his luck, everybody thought.

It wasn't long before they were thinking something else. This man was an engineer and a prospector. Cahil, the publican, found this out when the man talked over the telephone to Dublin. He had been walking for two afternoons on the narrow beach of Baracallen Bight, prodding a cane through the loose sand and washing the bottom sand, that was green and oily and unpleasant to see and smell.

Cahil waited the night he told the news, waited until the stranger had gone to his room. Then Cahil told those gathered in his taproom what he had heard the stranger say over the telephone.

"He said to a man in Dublin how what he had thought must be true," said Cahil solemnly. "Unquestionably there was oil under the town, and he had located it—he said—right under Baracallen Bight—for he found the signs of it in the sand.

"Wait while I tell what else the American said," Cahil insisted. "He said he'd be making options on the land above the bight, so that wells could be driven down for the oil under the ground. And he said also that he'd acquire options at once and cheap."

"Not as cheap as he thinks," said Denis Mulqueen, and Michael Gallagher, for once, agreed with him.

In the morning those who came from other parts to view the fine gardens before the cottages at Baracallen Bight were amazed to see Michael Gallagher and Denis Mulqueen and the tall American at work, not making the gardens but laying them waste, uprooting flowers and tossing the stalks and plants they had grown into the side of the road.

The American was making measurements about the ruined gardens, in front and back of the houses. So busy were they that when Seumas Flaherty appeared with his donkey-cart and loaded the heaps of flowers—the soil clinging to their roots—they did not even pause to inquire why he did so.

For that whole day and three more following they labored on their land, digging with tools the American borrowed from McCarthy, the contractor in Merelly—heavy spades and a strange machine that worked from the engine of a thing that looked like a boxed motor car and made a noise like the devil in distress. It was clearing the ground, they said, for foundation for a steel well the American would set up straddling across their properties.

While Ardnacrusha wagged its head over their madness, people began to note how industrious Seumas Flaherty became.

Helped by Barney Doyle, who took frequent rests as he was unwonted to work hard, Seumas churned the square of ground before his cabin, hung the house with climbers of vines brought from the woods and planted the flowers he had carried from Baracallen Bight. He and Barney worked from dawn to dusk for five days running. His garden became lovely to see with flowers of all colors nodding on their stalks, making it look like a rainbow brought down and confined. A bright sun slanting over the river increased its beauty, and of all the small gardens in Ardnacrusha it was easily the best.

Hearing of it, Judge Carmody walked down himself to see it.

"It was a pity, I thought, Judge," Seumas said, "for Denis Mulqueen and Michael Gallagher to waste the fine flowers they had grown. It hurt my heart, so that I resolved to replant them."

The following morning, being bank holiday, was the time for the judges to go about and view the gardens. Crowds followed them as they passed from one cottage row to another.

When the judges reached Flaherty's place they marveled at the beauty of it in the drabbest part of the town; and as Seumas blushed under their praise, which Father Roche salted with the comment that there was more rejoicing in heaven at one sinner repenting than at ninety-and-nine saints getting their just dues, it was announced that the first prize was his.

Late that night Denis Mulqueen and Michael Gallagher came, tired and ill-willed, looking for the American who had lodged at Cahil's. Cahil told them that he had departed that afternoon, late, for where he didn't know.

"But maybe Seumas Flaherty can tell you," he said. "The American and Seumas were drinking together in the private bar before the American left."

SEUMAS saw menace in the eyes of Mulqueen and Gallagher. Being happy in porter he ordered glasses for them, but they refused to drink.

"That American was a grand lad," he said. "And smart as they come."

"What I want to know is where he's gone—after me ruining my garden and losing the prize for him and his oil," said Mulqueen.

"Me too," growled Gallagher.

"I suppose," said Cahil, slyly, "he's gone as far as the forty pounds that Seumas Flaherty gave him will take a man."

"Did you give him that?" demanded Mulqueen of Seumas.

"Surely," said Seumas. "He was a grand, obliging lad."

"Out of the prize of one hundred pounds you won from the American woman?" said Gallagher.

"Out of the same," said Seumas.

It was later that Judge Carmody was again disturbed in the night by a brawl. He bound them all over to keep the peace, which Seumas Flaherty did and overdid—his fine garden going to seed almost as quickly as it had bloomed.

In times like these . . .

DON'T EXPERIMENT

THE WISE investor today is buying only into those companies which have, over a period of time, proved their ability to weather wars, panics and depressions because they have fortified their financial strength by plowing back into their capital structure, in the form of tremendous surpluses, a substantial part of their earnings during periods of prosperity.

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We recommend Corporate Trust Shares for conservative investment, combining diversification, marketability and excellent return. The independent trustee, with whom stocks are deposited, also holds a cash reserve fund of more than 4 million dollars designed to stabilize a minimum distribution of 70¢ per share per year, payable semi-annually. The minimum coupon is an excellent return at present market prices. A historical check shows that for a period of 17 years in the past the actual return would have greatly exceeded the coupon minimum. Shareholders receive all distributions in excess of the minimum designed by coupon, and in addition receive all interest earnings on the reserve fund.

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Standard Oil (New Jersey)
Standard Oil of New York
Texas Corporation

UTILITIES
and QUASI-UTILITIES
American Tel. & Tel.
Consolidated Gas of N. Y.
General Electric
Westinghouse Electric
Western Union Telegraph

INDUSTRIALS
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MOODY'S COMPOSITE PORTFOLIO RATING "A"

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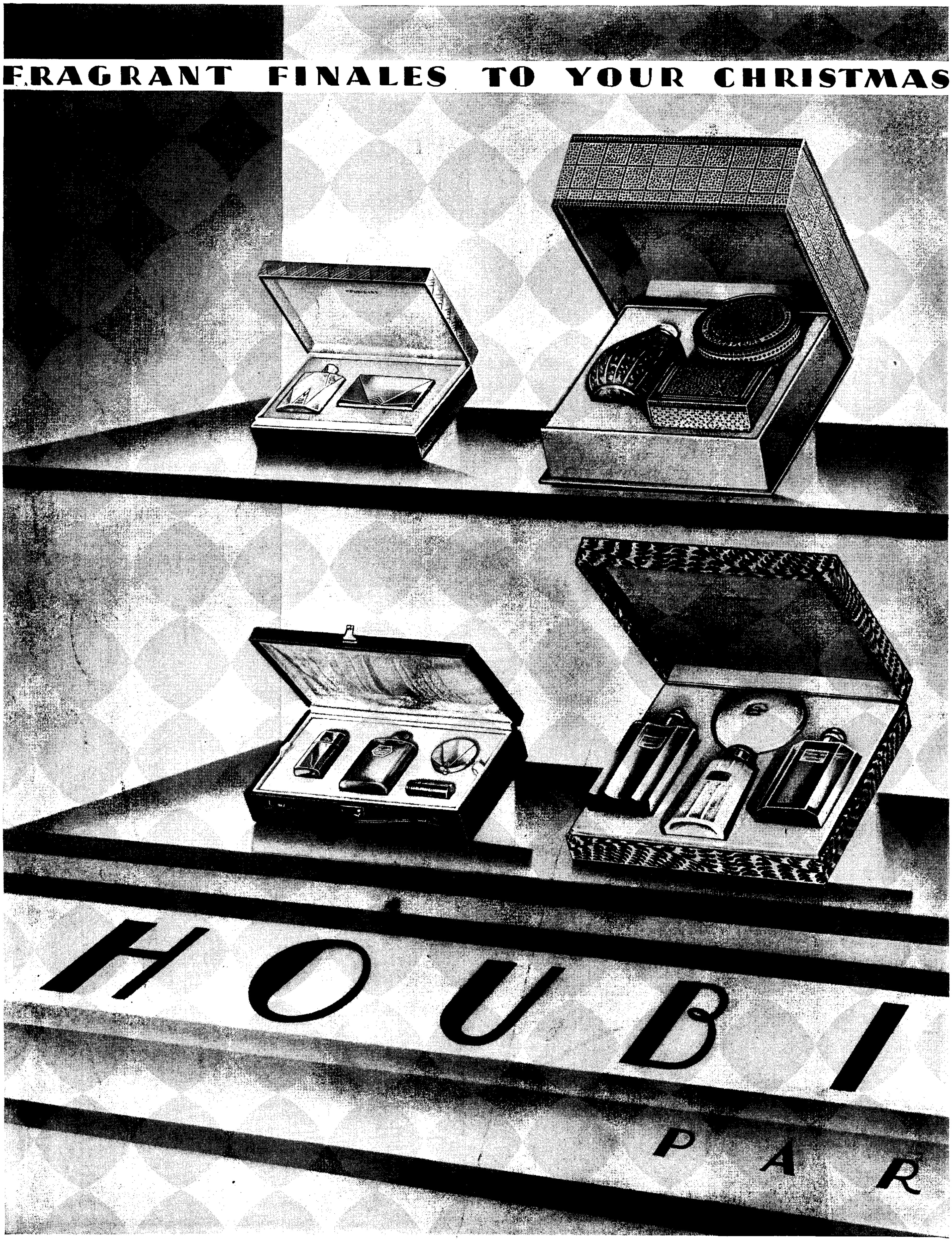
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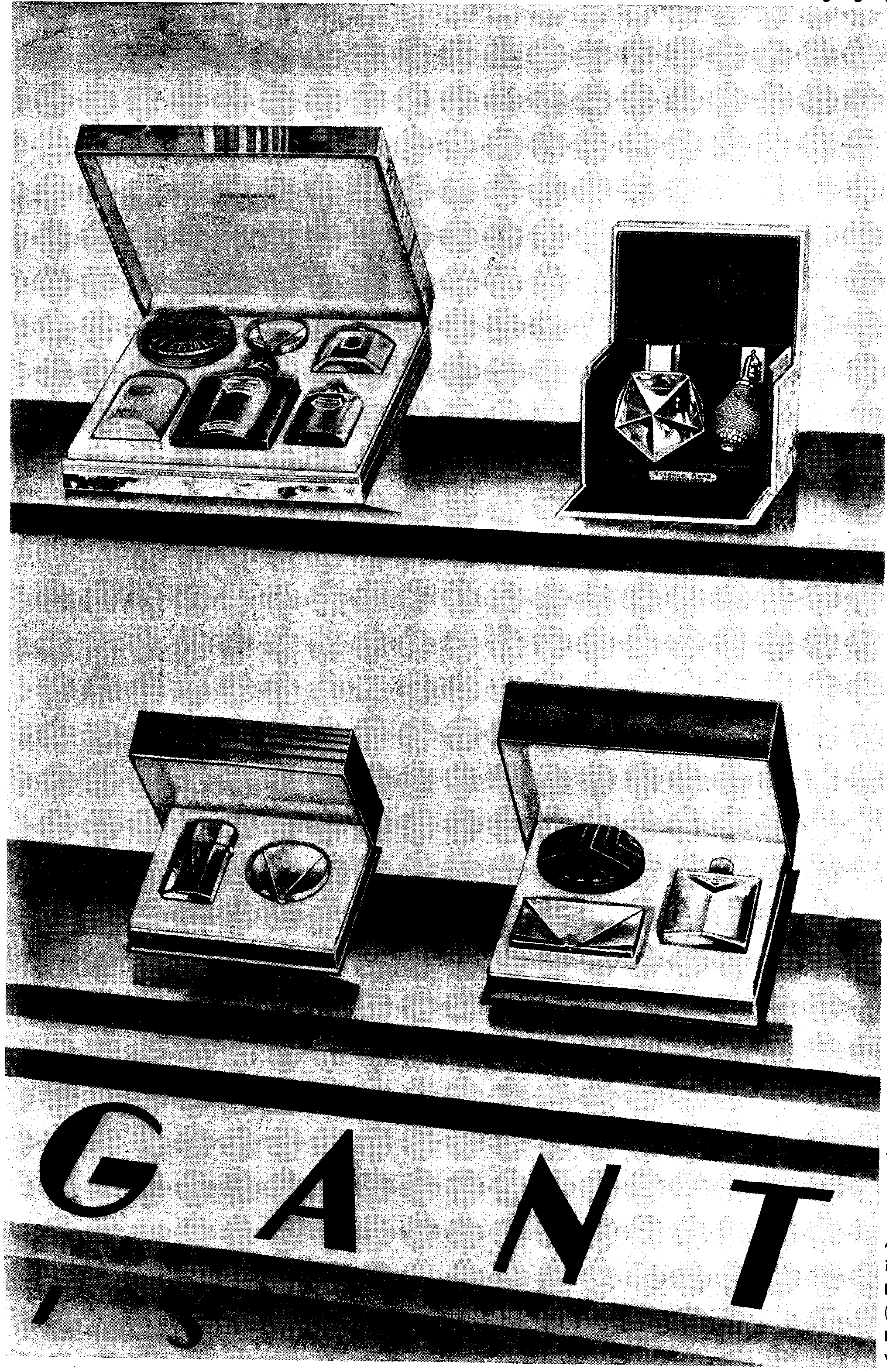

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LOWER TIER—LEFT TO RIGHT:

A golden key locks this leather traveling case containing Lip Stick, Single Compact "Moderne", and two flacons of QUELQUES FLEURS Perfume—one flacon for the dressing table and one, in a gold-toned metal case, for the purse, $12.50.

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FOUGERE ROYALE SHAVING SET. The Man's Gift. Contains Shaving Soap in china jar, After-Shaving Lotion, Eau Vegetale and Talc, in a box richly lined with velvet, $5.

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A smart purse kit. Fitted with Houbigant's new Single Compact "Moderne", and QUELQUES FLEURS or LE PARFUM IDEAL Perfume in a gold-toned metal case, $3.50.

●

A smart gift boxed in a modernistic coffret containing Houbigant's latest Perfume, BOIS DORMANT (Enchanted Woodland) with Face Powder and the new Triple Vanity in the same fragrance, $8.

The Road Back

Continued from page 17

That time they got through. Herr Pleister, the J. P., died last August of inflammation of the lungs. Doctor Knott's dog was taken away and made into soap. Miss Mentrup has got a baby, and Aunt Margaret's second daughter was married last month, and to a captain, too—what do you say to that, Ernst?

I say nothing at all to that—I have seen plenty of dead captains before now.

They go on to relate all that has happened since my last leave. I listen, but soon my thoughts begin to wander. Once upon a time all that might have meant something to me—but what does it really amount to for me now?

I get up and look out the window. A pair of underpants are dangling on the line. Gray and limp they flap to and fro in the twilight. The dim, uncertain light in the drying-yard flickers—and suddenly, like a shadow, remote, another scene arises far behind it: fluttering linen, a solitary mouth organ in the evening, a march up in the dusk . . . and scores of dead negroes in faded blue overcoats, with burst lips and bloody eyes—gas. The scene stands out quite vividly for a moment, then it wavers and disappears; the underpants flap through it, the drying-yard is there again, and again behind me I feel the room with my parents and warmth and security. That is all over, I think to myself with a sense of relief and turn away.

BUT there remains a restlessness that little by little gathers strength. Already I feel a longing for my companions, although it is only a short time since I parted from them. I should like to get up at once and go quickly to them.

I cannot yet understand that I can now stay here indefinitely in the family; I still have a feeling that tomorrow or the next day, sometime or other, we shall be marching again shoulder to shoulder, cursing, but accepting our lot, and still close together.

Stealthily I glance at the clock. It is only two hours I have been here, yet it feels like two weeks since I last saw Willy and Ludwig.

At last I get up and fetch my overcoat from where it hangs in the passage.

"Won't you stay with us this evening?" asks my mother.

"I have to go along to the barracks now," I lie—I have not the heart to tell her the truth.

She comes with me as far as the steps. "Wait a moment," she says, "it is very dark; I shall bring a light."

Good Lord, I could spring down those few steps! Through how many shell holes, along how many gloomy duckboard walks have I had to find my way without light and under heavy fire? But I wait patiently until my mother comes with the lamp and holds the light for me, and it is as though she stroked me in the darkness.

Her small, timid face has a golden light from the lamp shade upon it. "Be careful, Ernst, that nothing happens to you," she calls after me. I stand still. "What should happen to me at home here, Mother, in peace time?" I smile wonderingly. And suddenly a strange agitation takes hold of me, almost like pain. Has all that never been, then? Am I a child again who must be lighted down the steps, a youngster to whom some harm or other may come out on the street? And all that other, was it only phantasm and dream?

But the light of the lamp concentrates to a flashing point in the buckle of my belt. I am no child, I am wearing a uniform. Swiftly I run down three steps at a time, fling open the outer gate and hurry off, eager to get to my comrades.

I call first on Albert Trosske. His mother's eyes are red from weeping; however, that is merely because of today; it is nothing serious. But then Albert is not his old self either; he might be a bit more cheerful. His elder brother is seated at the table. It is an age since I saw him last, and all I know of him is that he was a cot-case in hospital for a long time. He has grown stout and has fine red cheeks.

"Hello, Hans, fit again?" I say heartily. "How goes it? How do you stand these days? Nothing like being up on your two pins again, eh?"

He mumbles something incomprehensible. Frau Trosske bursts into sobs and goes out. Albert makes me a sign with his eyes. I look around mystified. Then I notice that Hans has a pair of crutches lying beside his chair. "Not fixed up yet?" I ask.

"Oh, yes," he replies. "Came out of hospital last week." He reaches for the crutches, raises himself up and with two jerks swings himself across to the stove. Both feet are missing. He has an iron artificial foot on the right leg and on the left just a frame with a shoe attachment.

I feel ashamed at my stupid talk. "Didn't know, Hans," I say.

He nods. His feet were frostbitten in the Carpathians, then gangrene set in and in the end they both had to be amputated.

"Thank God it is only your feet," says Frau Trosske, fetching a cushion and pushing it under the artificial limb. "Never mind, Hans, we will soon put it right, you shall soon learn how to run again." She sits down beside him and strokes his hands.

"Yes," I say, to say something, "you've still got your legs, anyway."

"That's what I feel about it," he answers.

I give him a cigarette. What should one do at such moments?—anything sounds crude, no matter how well it is meant. We talk a little, halting and painfully, but whenever Albert or I get up and move about, we see Hans watching our feet with a dark, tormented gaze, and his mother's eyes following his in the same direction—always only the feet—back and forth: you have feet—I have none. . . .

AS YET he can think of nothing else—and his mother is wholly preoccupied with him. She does not see that Albert is suffering under it. No man can stand that for very long.

"Albert, we ought to be going along to the barracks now," I say, in order to give him a pretext to come with me.

"Yes," he says hastily.

Once outside we begin to breathe again. The evening is reflected softly in the wet pavement. Street lights flicker in the wind. Albert stares straight ahead. "There is nothing I can do about it," he commences; "but when I sit there between them and see him and my mother, in the end I come to think it is my fault, and feel ashamed that I still have my two feet. I would willingly let them chop one off, if it would help him at all—" He stamps on the ground and plucks at his decorations. "It seems all like mockery when you set it up against that—a man wants to spit on himself, to spew just because of his own health, feels he is scum just because he is whole. If only a fellow had an arm wound, like Ludwig's, then perhaps he might not appear quite so exasperating standing about there."

I endeavor to comfort him. But he looks away. What I say does not convince him, but it affords me at least some relief. It is always so with comfort.

WE GO to find Willy. His room is a wilderness. The bed is dismantled and stands against the wall. It has to be made larger, for Willy has grown so much in the army that he does not fit it any more. Planks, hammers, saws lie strewn around. And on a chair there glistens an immense dish of potato salad.

Frau Homeyer is on her knees before Willy's pack, rummaging through it. He is not there himself, so we wait. Five minutes later he returns in triumph, announcing at the top of his voice: "There's what they call a piece of luck for you! An aspirant to the Order of the Dixie. There's going to be fricasseed chicken tonight!"

Waving in his hand like a flag is a fat cock. The green-golden tail feathers gleam, its comb glows crimson and from its beak there hang a few drops of blood. Though I have had a good meal, my mouth begins to water.

Willy swings the creature to and fro blissfully. Frau Homeyer straightens up and utters a shriek: "Willy! But where did you get it from?"

Willy announces with pride that he spotted it behind the shed, caught it and killed it, all inside two minutes. He slaps his mother on the back. "We learned that out there. Willy wasn't acting deputy-chief-cook for nothing, I can tell you."

She looks at him as if he had murdered a child. Then she calls out to her husband. In a broken voice she moans: "Oscar, come and look at this—he has killed Binding's pedigreed cock!"

"Binding? What Binding?" asks Willy.

"The bird belongs to Binding, the milkman, next door. Oh, God, how could you do such a thing?" Frau Homeyer sinks down on a chair.

"I wasn't going to leave a roast like that running about," says Willy in astonishment, "not when I had him as good as in my hand."

Frau Homeyer is not to be comforted. "There will be trouble about it, I know. That Binding man is disagreeable enough already!"

"What do you take me for then?" asks Willy, now beginning to feel really slighted. "Do you imagine so much as a mouse saw me? I'm no beginner, let me tell you. This is just the twenty-fifth that I have swiped. A jubilee bird, this is. We can eat him in perfect assurance that your Binding won't know one thing about it."

"Do you think I would eat one bit of it?" cries Frau Homeyer, beside herself. "You take it back at once."

"I'm not quite crazy," explains Willy.

"But you have stolen it," she laments desperately.

"Stolen?" Willy bursts into laughter. "That's a nice thing to say! Commandeered, this was. What did he run slap into my way for? War is war. Would I run slap into an English battery unless I was asking for something? Stolen? When a man takes money, then you can begin to talk of stealing, but not at all when he simply bags a bit of something to eat. In that case

(*Continued on page 54*)

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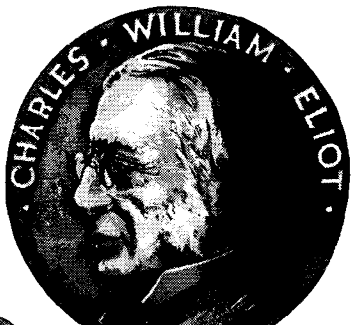

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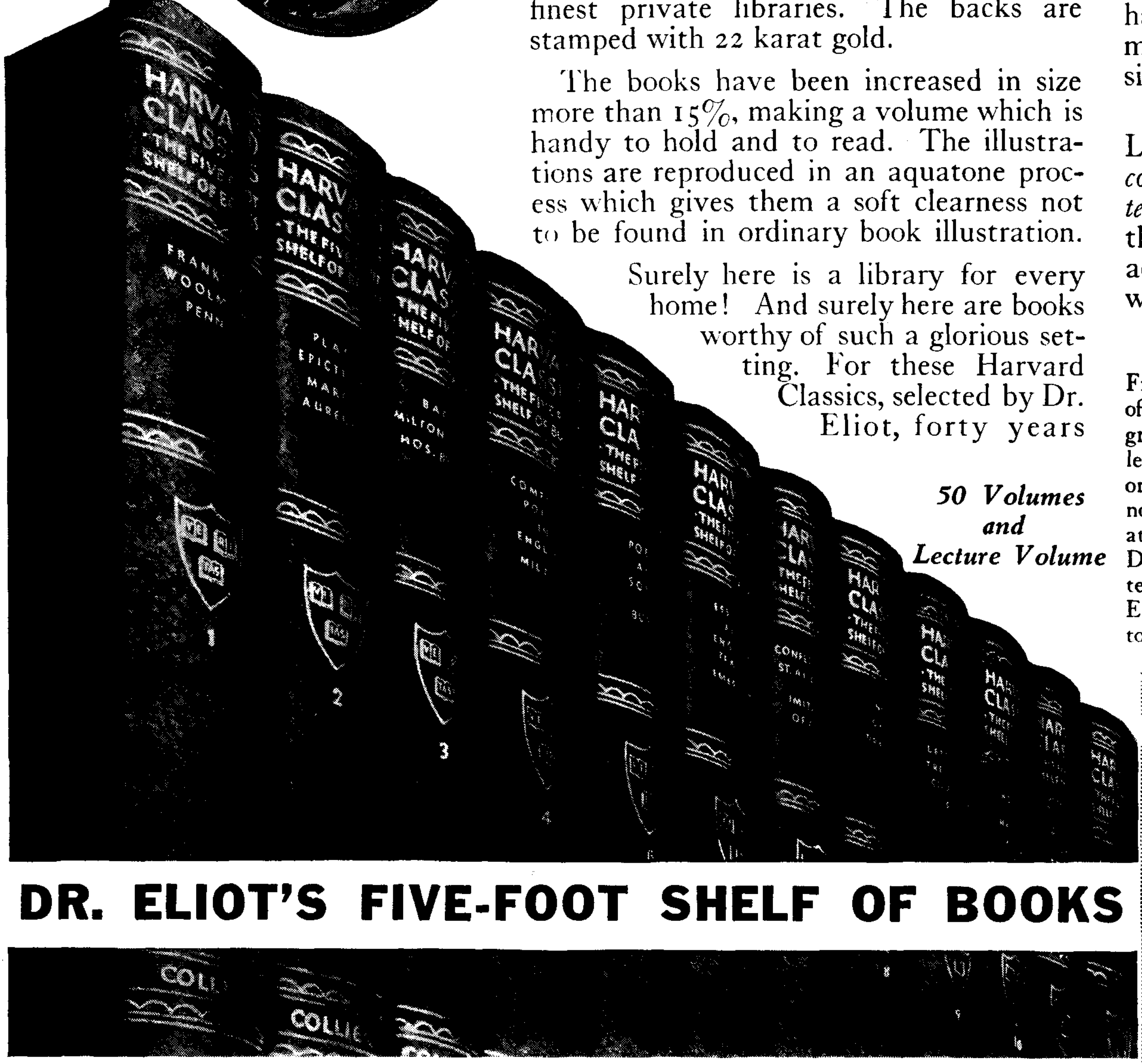

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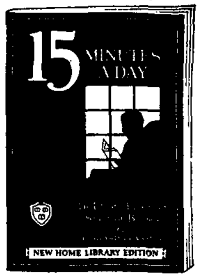

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The Road Back

Continued from page 52

we should have stolen a lot in our time, eh, Ernst?"

"Sure," I say, "the bird just ran out to meet you, Willy. Like our colonel's leghorn that time. And you made fricasseed chicken out of it for the whole company, remember? Half and half, to one horse add one hen, wasn't that it?"

Willy beams. "Oh, yes, some cook, Willy is, let me tell you." He turns to his mother. "Have you anything that will burn? Otherwise we might take this chair, it really isn't a great deal of use any more."

Frau Homeyer looks at her son uncomprehendingly. She snatches away the chair and then the fowl out of his very hands and sets off with it to Milkman Binding's.

Willy is really hurt. "Home he goes and sings no more," he says sadly. "Now do you understand that, Ernst?"

Disgruntled, we decide to go to the barracks. There we shall understand things better.

JUPP and Valentin, looking rather forlorn, are squatting in a great empty room. At sight of us they beam with satisfaction, now they will be able to make up a game of skat.

The few hours have sufficed for Jupp to become a Soldiers' Councilor. He simply appointed himself, and still continues to be one for the reason that, due to confusion in the barracks, no one knows anything about it. It will serve to keep him for the time being, as his civil occupation is lost. The head of the firm of solicitors for whom he worked in Cologne has written to tell him that women are now doing the work excellently and more cheaply, whereas Jupp no doubt will have grown out of the office requirements during his time in the army. He deeply regrets; these are hard times. Best wishes for the future.

"It's a dud," says Jupp glumly, looking at his cards. "All these years a man has had only one wish—to get clear of the Prussians—and now he is thankful just to be able to stay. Well, bust or no bust—I'll see eighteen."

Willy holds a corker of a hand. "Twenty," I answer for him, "and you, Valentin?"

He shrugs his shoulders. "Twenty-four."

Just as Jupp passes forty Karl Bröger appears. "Well, we shall soon all be together again," says Willy, settling himself down large and comfortable. "After all, barracks is the soldier's real home."

The door flings open and in bursts Tjaden. "Se-se—" he stutters and in his excitement develops a terrible hiccough.

"Halt!" shouts Willy in a voice of command.

Tjaden springs to attention. The hiccough has gone.

"Seelig—I have found Seelig," he cries, jubilating.

"Boy," yells Willy, "if you lie I will throw you clean out the window!"

Seelig was our company sergeant major, a brute of the first water. Unfortunately two months before the revolution he was shifted, so that as yet we have not been able to get track of him. Tjaden tells us that he now runs a bar, the König Wilhelm, and keeps marvelously good beer.

"Come," I shout, and we troop out.

"But not without Ferdinand," says Willy, "we find him first." He has a score to pay off with Seelig on Schröder's account. . . .

Noise, light and thick smoke come out to meet us. Glasses clink. An orchestrion thunders the march from the Merry Widow. The taps along the counter sparkle. An eddy of laughter is swirling about the bar sink, where two girls are rinsing froth from the empty glasses. A swarm of men stand clustered around them. They are exchanging jokes. Water slops over; it mirrors the faces, haggard and distorted. An artilleryman orders a round of schnapps.

We push our way in. "There he is," says Willy. With sleeves rolled up and shirt unbuttoned, sweating, with moist, red neck, behind the counter stands the host drawing off beer. It streams down from under his fat hands brown and golden into the glasses. Only a few weeks ago this fellow was our company sergeant major. He looks up. A broad grin spreads over his face. "Hello! You here! What's it to be, light or dark?"

"Light, Herr Sergeant Major," replies Tjaden impudently. The host counts us with his eyes.

"Seven," says Willy.

"Seven," repeats the host with a glance at Ferdinand, "six and Kosole, unless I'm mistaken."

Ferdinand pushes forward to the counter. He leans with both hands against the edge of it. "Say, Seelig, have you got rum by any chance?"

Seelig fusses about behind his row of nickel pump handles: "Rum? Yes, of course I've got rum."

Kosole looks up at him. "You are rather partial to it, if I remember?"

The host fills up a row of cognac glasses. "Yes, I do rather like it, as a matter of fact."

"Do you happen to remember the last time you got tight on it?"

"No, I can't say I do—"

"I do though," shouts Kosole, standing up at the counter like a bull glaring over a hedge. "Ever hear the name Schröder?"

"Schröder? It's a very common name, Schröder," says Seelig carelessly. This is too much for Kosole. He gets ready to spring. But Willy grabs him and pushes him down into a chair. "Drink first! Seven, light," he says over the bar.

Kosole is silent. We sit down at a table. The host brings us the pints himself. "Here's good health!" says he.

"Good health!" answers Tjaden, and we drink. Then Willy leans back. "Well, what did I tell you?"

Ferdinand's eyes follow our host as he returns behind the counter again. "Man," he mutters fiercely, "but when I just think how that swob stank of rum when we buried Schröder—" He stops short.

"Now don't come unstuck," says Tjaden gently.

AT THE time he refers to we were holding a stretch of battered trench just behind the front line and had to work all through one night digging a common grave. We could not make it very deep because the water in the ground soon began to seep in. At the finish we were working knee-deep in mud.

Bethke, Wessling and Kosole were kept busy shoring up the sides. The rest of us gathered up the corpses that lay about in the area ahead of us, and laid them side by side in a long row till the grave should be ready. Albert Trosske, our section corporal, removed any identity disks and pay books that they still had on them.

Some of the dead were already soaked and sodden with water like sponges. One we found lying flat on the ground with arms outspread. As we lifted him up we saw that practically nothing but the rags of his uniform remained, he was so smashed up. His identity disk was gone, too. Finally we recognized him by a mend in his trousers as Lance Corporal Glaser. He was very light to carry; almost half of him was missing.

Such stray arms, legs or heads as we found we set apart on a waterproof sheet by themselves. When we brought Glaser in, Bethke said: "That's enough. We shan't be able to get any more in."

We fetched a few sandbags full of chloride of lime. Jupp scattered it about in the wide trench with a flat shovel. Max Weil turned up shortly with crosses that he had brought from the rear. To our astonishment, Sergeant Major Seelig also appeared out of the darkness. As there was no chaplain in the neighborhood and both our officers were sick, he had been told off to say a prayer for the dead. He was feeling rather sore about it; he could not bear the sight of blood, even though he was so fat. Besides that he was night-blind and could hardly see in the dark. All this made him so jumpy that he missed the edge of the trench and tumbled in. Tjaden burst out laughing and in a subdued voice called out: "Shovel him in! Shovel him in!"

KOSOLE was still digging in the trench just at that spot and Seelig landed fair on top of his head—about two hundredweight of live meat. Kosole swore blue murder. Though he recognized the sergeant major, being an old hand—this was 1918—he did not let that deter him. The s. m. picked himself up, saw Kosole in front of him, exploded and roared at him. Kosole yelled back. Bethke, who was also down there, tried to part them. But the sergeant major spat with rage, and Kosole, considering himself justly aggrieved, returned as good as he got and more. An old hatred now suddenly broke loose. Willy jumped in to lend Kosole a hand. A terrific uproar arose from the grave. On top Tjaden, half choking with laughter, kept gasping: "Shovel it in! Shovel it in!"

"Come," said somebody suddenly. Though the voice was soft, the din ceased immediately. Seelig, puffing and blowing, clambered up out of the grave. His uniform was white with the soft chalk, he looked for all the world like a gingerbread baby covered with sugar icing. Kosole and Bethke climbed out too. Only Willy remained below.

On top, leaning on his walking stick, stood Ludwig Breyer, our lieutenant. He had been lying out in the open before the dugout, with two overcoats over him. For a fortnight he had been suffering pretty badly with dysentery. He should have been in hospital long ago, but he did not want to go away from us.

"What is the matter?" he asked. Three men tried to explain at once. Wearily Ludwig checked them: "It is as broad as it's long."

The s. m. maintained that Kosole had struck him in the chest. At this Kosole flared up again and denied it. "Hold your tongue, boy," roared the sergeant major, "you assaulted your superior officer." Then powerful and booming came Willy's voice from down under: "That is not true. He was merely helping him up. I am a witness." Like a bull terrier, the sergeant major swung round to deal with this new assailant. But he could not find him. It was some time before he perceived Willy standing at attention in the grave.

"Come," said Ludwig once more. There was silence again. "Have you all the identity disks, Albert?" asked Breyer in a tired voice. "Yes," replied Trosske, adding softly, so that Kosole should not hear it, "Schröder's among them."

For a moment each looked at the other. Then Ludwig said: "So they didn't take him prisoner? Which is he?"

Albert led him along the line, Bröger and I following, for Schröder was our schoolmate. Trosske halted in front of a body the head of which was covered with a sandbag. Breyer stooped forward. Albert pulled him back. "Don't uncover it, Ludwig," he implored. Breyer turned round. "Must, Albert," he said quietly, "must."

OF THE upper part of Schröder's body nothing was any longer recognizable. It was as flat as a flounder. The face was like a board in which a black, oblique hole with a ring of teeth marked the mouth. Silently Breyer covered it over again. "Does he know?" he asked and looked in the direction where Kosole was digging. Albert shook his head.

Schröder had been Kosole's friend. We had never been able to understand it quite, for Schröder was delicate and frail, a mere child, and the direct opposite of Ferdinand. Yet Ferdinand used to look after him like a mother.

Behind us someone stood puffing. Seelig had followed us and was standing there with staring eyes. "I never saw the like of that before," he stammered; "how ever did it happen?"

No one answered, for Schröder should really have gone home on leave eight days before. But, because Seelig could not bide him, he kept him from it. Now Schröder was dead.

We walked away. We could not endure the sight of him at that moment. Ludwig crept under his overcoats once again. Only Albert remained. Seelig stared at the corpse. The moon came out from behind a cloud and shone down upon it. His fat body leaning forward, the sergeant major stood peering down into the pallid face below upon which an inconceivable expression of horror was frozen to a stillness that almost screamed.

"Will you say the prayer now or afterwards?" Albert asked coldly.

The sergeant major wiped his forehead. "I can't," he murmured. The terror had laid hold of him. We knew that feeling: for weeks on end a man would feel nothing, then suddenly some unforeseen occasion and it would crush him under. With green face he stumbled off to the dugout.

"He imagined they pelted you with jujubes up here," said Tjaden dryly.

The rain fell more heavily and we began to get impatient. At last we fetched Ludwig Breyer out from under his overcoats once again. In a quiet voice he repeated a Paternoster. We passed the dead down. Weil lent a hand below, taking them from us. I perceived how he was trembling. Almost inaudibly he was whispering: "You shall be avenged." Again and again. I looked at him, astonished. "What's got you?" I asked him. "These are not the first you have seen. You'll have your hands full avenging all of them." Then he said no more.

When we had packed in the first rows, Valentin and Jupp came ambling up with a stretcher.

"What have you got there?" asked Albert.

"This one's alive still," answered Jupp, setting down the stretcher.

Kosole gave it a glance. "Not for long though," he said. "We might wait for him."

The man on the stretcher choked and gasped intermittently. A long curly beard, like a great black muff, grew round his wasted face. At each breath the blood ran down it.

"Should we carry him away?" asked Jupp.

"He'd only die just the same," said Albert, pointing to the blood.

We laid him to one side; Max Weil attended to him. Then we went on with our work. Valentin was helping me now. We passed Glaser down. "My God, but his wife, his wife—" murmured Valentin.

"Look out, now comes Schröder," Jupp called down as he let the waterproof slide.

"Shut your mouth," hissed Bröger.

Kosole held the corpse still in his arms. "Who?" he asked, uncomprehending.

"Schröder," Jupp repeated, supposing Ferdinand knew already.

"Don't be funny, you muttonhead, he was captured," shouted Kosole furiously.

"It is, Ferdinand," said Albert Trosske, who was standing by. We held our breath. Kosole took up the body and climbed out without speaking a word; then he took out his pocket flashlight and turned it upon the body. He bent down right close over what was left of the face and studied it.

"Thank heaven the s. m. has gone," whispered Karl.

Motionless we waited through the next seconds. Kosole straightened himself up. "Give us a shovel," he said sharply. I handed him one. We expected bloody murder. But Kosole simply began digging. Allowing no one to help him he made a separate grave for Schröder apart. He placed him in it himself. He was too much moved to think of Seelig.

By dawn both graves were finished. The wounded man had died in the meantime, so we were able to put him in along with the rest. After treading the ground firm we set up the crosses. With a copying pencil Kosole wrote Schröder's name on one that was still blank, and hung a steel helmet on top of it.

Ludwig came once again. We took off our helmets. He repeated a second Paternoster. Albert stood pale beside him. Schröder used to sit alongside him at school. But Kosole looked far the worst. He was quite gray, and haggard, and said never a word.

We stood about for a while. The rain fell steadily. Then the coffee fatigue came. We sat down to eat.

As soon as it was light the sergeant major came up out of the dugout. He stank for miles of rum, and now wanted to get back to the rear. Kosole roared when he saw him. Luckily Willy was standing by. He sprang straight at Kosole and held him fast. But it took four of us, all our strength, to keep him from breaking loose and murdering the sergeant major. It was not till a full hour after that he recovered his senses and saw he would only make trouble for himself if he went after him.

NOW there Seelig stands at the bar, and not five yards from him sits Kosole.

For the third time the orchestrion thunders the march from the Merry Widow.

"Another round of schnapps, Host," cries Tjaden, his little pig's eyes sparkling. "Coming up," answers Seelig, bringing the glasses. "Health, comrades!"

Kosole looks out from under his brows, scowling.

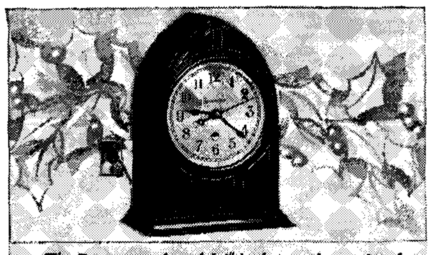
"You are not our comrade," he grunts. Seelig takes the bottle under his arm. "No? Very good—then not," answers Seelig and returns behind the bar.

Valentin tosses down the schnapps.

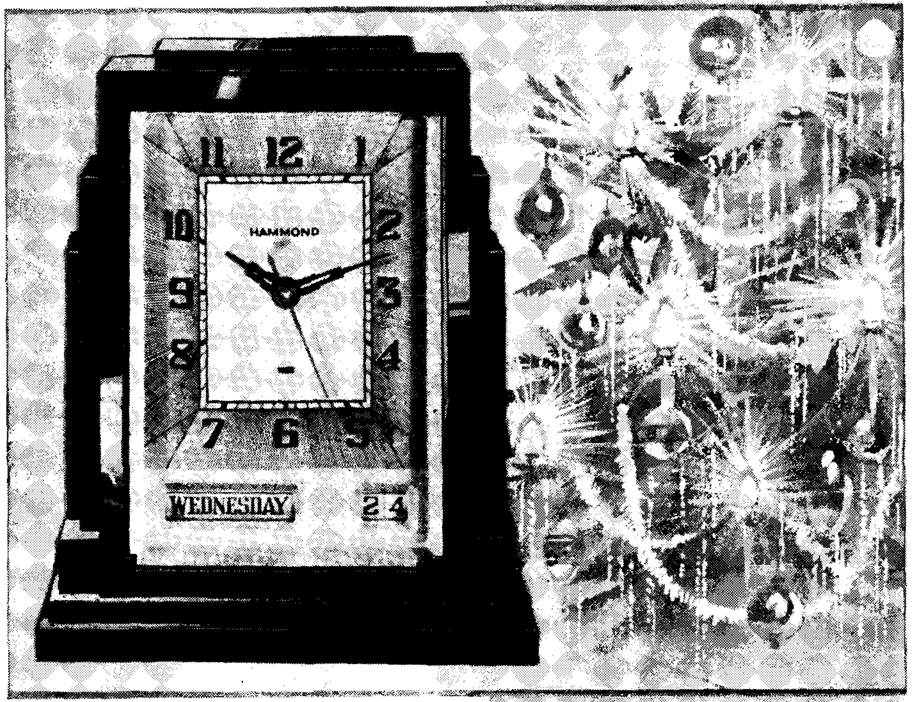
(*Continued on page 56*)

MASTER TIME -*Electrically*

Make *your* Gift a modern, all-electric Hammond



The Ravenswood model 6" high in walnut colored bakelite $9.75, with buzzer alarm $12.50



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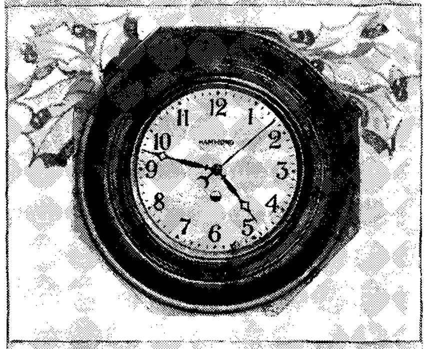
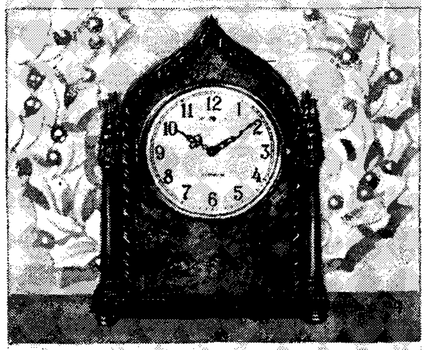
The Hammond All-Electric Clock contains no springs. Electricity keeps it constantly regulated and winding is eliminated. Simply plug into any electrical outlet, set the hands and start.



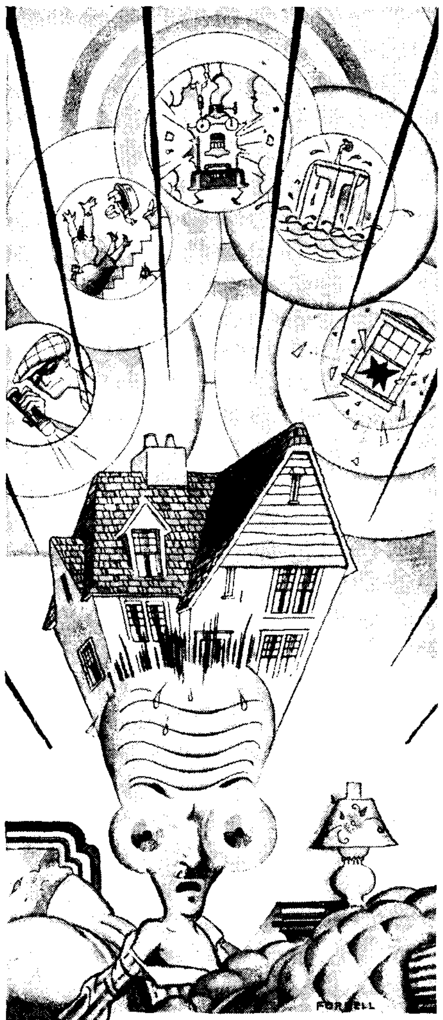
The Kitchen Clock—metal case 8½" diameter—sealed dial—convex crystal—five colors $9.75

The Gothic mantel model walnut, spun silver dial—5½" in diameter, 12" high, $29.50



Chiming models. Chalmette shown, six different designs, full Westminster chimes, $72.50 to $110.00

HAMMOND
ALL-ELECTRIC · CLOCKS



Is Your House on Your Mind?

Do you ever wake up staring into space thinking of all the things that can and do happen?

There they go now, burglars! . . . But, listen, drip, drip, drip—a leak in the plumbing? . . . My, oh my, that dark stairway, the cook fell—she's suing you for damages? . . . Great heavens, the furnace exploded? . . . Broken windows? Bills, bills, bills—who's going to pay them?

Why not let Ætna? Ætna's new Home Owners' Policy offsets 5 ever-present hazards: Burglary — Water Damage — Liability — Glass Breakage, and Plumbing and Heating Repairs. Ask the Ætna-izer in your community how *little* this policy costs.

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Ætna Life Insurance Company
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ÆTNA-IZE

(*Continued from page 55*)

"Soak it up, Ferdinand, that is the main thing," says he.

Willy orders the next round. Tjaden is already half tight.

"Well, Seelig, you old bully," he bawls, "we won't be getting any more field punishment, eh? Have one with me." He slaps his former superior officer so heartily on the shoulder that it nearly makes him choke. A year ago that would have been enough to land him for court-martial, or in a madhouse.

Kosole looks from the bar to his glass and from his glass back again to the bar, and at the fat, obsequious fellow behind the beer pumps. He shakes his head. "That is quite another man altogether, Ernst," he says to me.

THE place begins to empty. "Closing time, gentlemen!" cries Seelig, and pulls down the rolling shutter. We get up. "Well, Ferdinand?" I say. He shakes his head. He cannot bring himself to it. That waiter there, that is not the real Seelig any more.

Our host opens the door for us. "Good-by, gentlemen, pleasant dreams."

"Gentlemen!" sniggers Tjaden. "Gentlemen! He used to say 'swine' before—" Kosole is already almost outside when glancing back along the floor his eyes fall upon Seelig's legs, still clad in the same ill-omened leggings. And his trousers still have piping down the sides and the old close military cut. From the waist up he is innkeeper; from the waist down, sergeant major. That decides it.

Ferdinand swings round with a jerk. Seelig gives back. Kosole makes after him. "Now," he snarls, "Schröder! Schröder! Schröder! Do you remember him now, you dog, damn you? Take that, will you, from Schröder. Hearty greetings from the common grave."

He plants his left home. The innkeeper dodges, springs behind the counter and grabs for a hammer. It whizzes past, a miss. Kosole seizes him, bashes his head down on the counter; there is a clatter of glass; he opens the taps. The beer streams down Seelig's neck. He kicks Ferdinand desperately in the stomach. Kosole clamps his legs fast and lets the precious beer pour on down into Seelig's breeches that soon stand out like balloons. Seelig roars with rage. It is no easy thing to get such good beer these days. He succeeds in getting hold of a glass and jabs up with it against Kosole's chin.

"Bah!" cries Willy, who is standing watching with interest in the doorway. "He ought to have butted him with his head."

None of us interferes. This is Kosole's party. Even if he should get a hiding, it would not do for us to help him.

But he does not. His nose is bleeding. He gets mad and soon makes short work of Seelig. He knocks him down, seizes him by the ears and bangs his head half a dozen times on the floor until he is tired.

Then we go. Lina, as pale as a cheese, is standing over her gasping boss. "You had better take him off to the hospital," Willy shouts back. "It looks like a matter of two or three weeks."

Kosole smiles, rid of his burden, for Schröder is avenged. He shakes us by the hand. "Well, now I must trot along to my wife—"

At the market place we separate. Jupp and Valentin go to the barracks. Their boots clatter on the moonlit pavement. "I'd just as soon go with them," says Albert suddenly.

"Me, too," agrees Willy. "Home—that fowl! Funny people here, what?"

I nod. "And we have to start school again soon—"

We stand and grin. Tjaden cannot contain himself for joy to think of it.

Willy scratches his head. "Think they will be glad to see us? We're not quite so docile as we used to be, you know."

"We were certainly more to their liking as heroes, and a long way off for preference," says Karl.

"I'm rather looking forward to the fun," explains Willy, "what with our present temper—well toughened in the bath of steel—"

I go alone through the streets, and it is strange—now that my comrades are no longer with me, everything around me begins to sway gently and become unreal. A while ago it was all matter of fact and sure; now it has suddenly become loose and perplexingly new and unaccustomed. Am I here? Am I really here, and safely through? Breathless I press my hands one in the other and feel the fever of the return rising in me, taking possession of me, and blowing me through the streets.

There they stand, good solid stone, with smooth, gleaming roofs, nowhere with gaping holes and gashes made by the shells; undamaged the houses tower up into the blue night, their gables and balconies silhouetted against it, making dark shadows. Nothing has suffered the teeth of the war; the window panes are all whole, and behind the bright clouds of their curtains lives a hushed world, quite other than that howling one of death where till now I have made my home. I pass down between them, I stand still and am amazed that there should still be so much quietness. Lamps with colored shades glow within rooms; sofas and chairs with backs and cushions lead a peaceful existence in them. Music sometimes drifts out from them, and women with soft tread move about in them noiselessly.

I wander far out beyond the limits of the city, till I stand at last on the slope of the Klosterberg. Below lies the town, all silver. The moon is reflected in the river. The towers seem afloat in the air. It is so unbelievably still that I almost crouch down—the next moment must surely hear the dull, menacing sound of guns in the distance and the paws of the shrieking projectiles will crash down. Have I dreamed it all? In a moment shall I not start up out of a confused, wild sleep to the cheerless night of some low-roofed dugout?

I shake myself and return hastily to the streets and dwelling houses. Quietly I grope my way up the stairs that lead to my home. My parents are already asleep. I hear their breathing—the soft breathing of my mother and my father's, heavier—and feel ashamed I have come back so late.

In my room I make a light. In the corner is the bed with fresh linen sheets, the covers turned back. And all at once emotion overwhelms me, I stroke the sheets, I bury myself in the pillows, I hug them to me, press myself down into them, into the pillows, into sleep, into life once again, and know this one thing and this only: I am here—I am here.

ONE of my uncles is chief paymaster and owner of a villa residence. He has invited me to a supper in honor of the returned men. I go because it will please my mother; for Uncle Charles is our distinguished relation whom everyone flatters because, through his offices, they sometimes get extra food. As far as I am concerned he is just a profiteer.

Wolf accompanies me to the villa. But he must stay outside, for my aunt dislikes dogs.

I ring. An elegant man in a dress coat opens to me. Taken aback I click my heels and salute smartly. Then it occurs to me that he is probably a domestic. I had quite forgotten about such things in the army.

Uncle Charles comes toward me flashing and clinking in full regimentals. He greets me condescendingly, since I merely belong to the ranks. Apparently he would like me to bring my heels together when he speaks to me. I would see him in hell first. His gala dress is enough for me, let alone that.

"Roast horse on today?" I inquire.

"What do you mean?" he asks, mystified.

"You wearing spurs to dinner," I answer quietly.

He turns away, annoyed. That thrust has gone home. Army clerks all have a passion for spurs and swords, particularly if they cannot ride. But Uncle Charles would like to wear them in bed.

Aunt Lina comes rustling up in black silk, with a chest as flat as an ironing board, malicious eyes and a honeyed tongue. I have to shake hands with a lot of people and I start to sweat. These fellows here move about as softly as women; a man is a perfect tank in comparison, I think irritably. I am accustomed to dugouts, not drawing-rooms; that is why I get in such a funk here.

Uneasily I try to hide my hands; the dirt of the trenches is ground into them like poison. I dry them off surreptitiously on my trousers, yet they are always damp again immediately I have to shake hands with a lady.

IN ALL the turning and twisting about I knock down a porcelain figure from somewhere or other. It smashes to bits on the floor.

"Sorry," I say, "but the things break too easy, anyway."

Aunt Lina stoops over the fragments as it might be over a dead child, and mumbles something or other about real china. I shrug my shoulders—how can anyone get worked up over a bit of broken crockery as though it were someone's foot that had been amputated! Yet one airplane bomb could blow the whole works here to pieces, including the meal down in the kitchen—and that really would be a loss.

I am thankful when at last we sit down to the table. Alongside me is a young girl with a swan's-down boa round her neck.

She will do me, but what I should talk to her about I have not the vaguest idea. As a soldier a man did not talk much and to ladies not at all. The others are conversing easily. I try to listen in the hope of picking up a suggestion or two. They are talking about the revolution, about stocks and shares, and politics and peace terms. Aunt Lina gets quite warmed up over how magnificent the parades used to look in the olden days.

"Yes, it was a very different story from today," explains Uncle Charles, twirling his Kaiser's mustache excitedly and declaring that if we had only held out two months longer the war would have been won.

"Couldn't you really have hung on a bit longer, Ernst?" he asks across the table to me.

"If we had had grub like this, why, sure we could have!" I reply, lapping up my marrowbone soup greedily.

"It is only like this today," Aunt Lina spits at me poisonously. "Ordinarily we always have turnips."

The conversation continues. The stuff they talk here gives me the bellyache. It makes me tired. How idle it all is when a man knows that it needs only one shell to land there to reduce the entire discussion to a plate of hero goulash. I get bored, I see quite clearly I do not belong here any more. The girl with the swan's-down boa asks scornfully whether I went dumb out at the front.

"Not so as you'd notice," I answer, and think to myself: You poor goose, you ought to have Kosole and Tjaden seated on either side of you for a while, how they would roar at the flapdoodle you talk and so pride yourself on. All the same it riles me. But it would not rile Kosole.

At this moment, God be praised, crisp, grilled chops appear on the table. I sniff. Real pork chops they are, and fried in real fat. The sight of them soothes all my vexations. I lean over and secure a good one and start eating with relish. It tastes marvelous. It is a devil of a while since I last had a chop. In Flanders it was—we found a couple of suckling pigs—we ate them one lovely, mild summer night—Katczinsky was alive then—ach, Kat—and Paul Bäumer—I prop my elbows on the table and forget everything around me, so clearly do I see them before me—and tender too, little things—we made potato cakes to go with them—and Leer was there and Haie Westhus—yes, Haie—I lose myself in memories.

A GIGGLE awakes me. Around the table is dead silence. Aunt Lina is looking like a bottle of vitriol. The girl beside me represses a laugh. Everyone is gazing at me.

Sweat breaks out on me anew. There I sit, just as we did then out in Flanders, both elbows absent-mindedly on the table, the bone in both hands, my fingers covered with grease, gnawing at the last scraps of the chop—but the others are eating cleanly with knife and with fork.

I don't dare move. As red as a beet I stare straight ahead and set down the bone. How could I forget myself so? But to tell the truth I do not really know any other way to go about it now. We always ate that way at the front; at the best of times we had only a spoon or a fork, and no one ever thought of just letting a bone lie.

But anger is mixed with my confusion—anger against Uncle Charles, now beginning to talk loudly of war loans; anger against all these people here that make so much fuss over their little bits of china and their smart talk; anger against this whole world living here so damned cocksure with their knickknacks and jiggery-pokery, as though the monstrous years had never been, when one thing only mattered, life or death, and beyond that nothing. I should like to smash the plates in their smooth, smug faces; I should like the agonies and groans of the dying to bellow through their sham culture and patronizing airs. I should like to lay the flattened body of Schröder on the table before them and cry: Now, eat on if you can! We out there could do it, for we had overcome death and made it pipe down, which is more than all this. You call it crude; and yet love did not die in us for all that— But how should you understand this?

I say none of these things—what good would it do? Nor do I notice that I am spooning out stewed fruit onto the same plate as the meat, though a little glass bowl is there for the purpose. Grimly I stow away all I can carry. I mean at least to be thoroughly full.

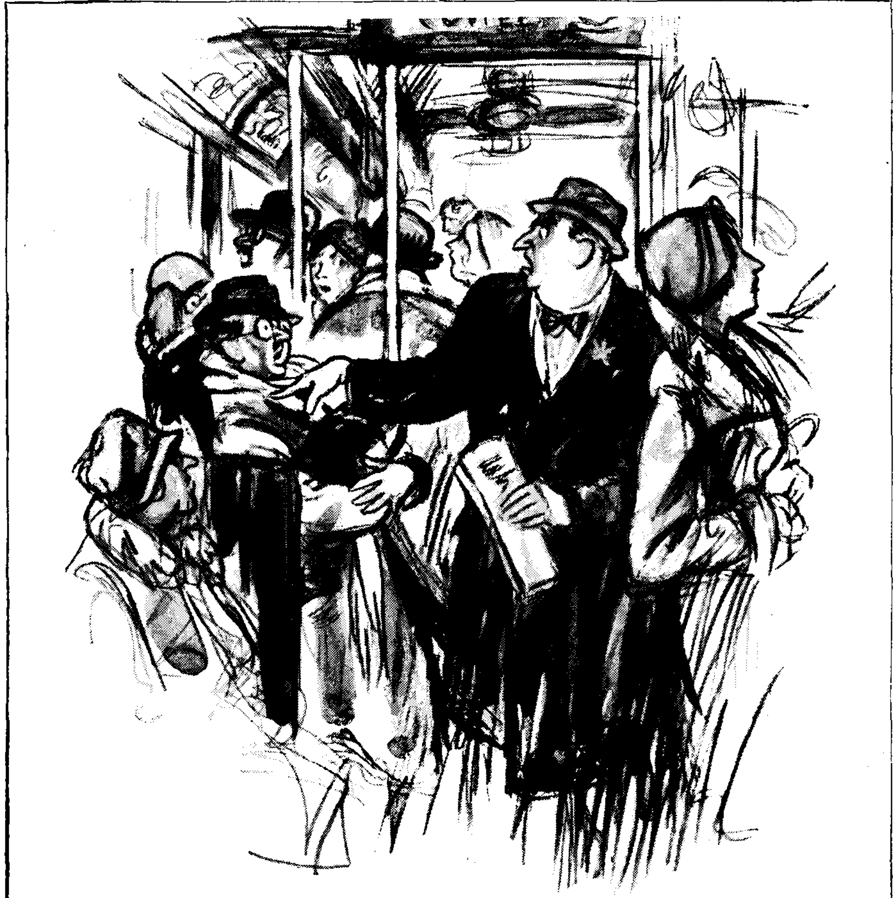
Then as soon as may be I edge my way out. In the lobby stands the servant in the dress coat. I take down my things.

"We should have had you up the line, too, you lacquered ape!" I spit. "You and the whole bunch here!" Then I slam the door.

Wolf has waited for me outside the house. He leaps up on me. "Come, Wolf," I say and am suddenly aware that it was not the china and not the chop that made me feel so bitterly, but that here the very same vapid, self-satisfied spirit as of old is still strutting about and putting on airs. "Come, Wolf," I repeat, "those are not our sort. We would get along better with any Tommy, with any front-line Froggy. Come, let us go to our pals. It is better there, even if they do belch and eat with their hands. Come!"

We trot along, the dog and I, we run for all we are worth, faster and faster, panting, barking, we run like madmen with shining eyes. To hell with them all—but we live, eh? Wolf! We live!

(*To be continued next week*)



"C'mon—quit peeking over my shoulder!"

NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE

"For a true smoke ... *give me my pipe*"

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Firestone rubbers, gaiters, overshoes for all the family . . . sturdy and wear-resisting for dad and the children.

. . . featherweight, smartly styled, in the season's favored ensemble colors for mother and the girls.

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Front does it!

Continued from page 9

to dance. Tachman took the girl in his arms, swung her into the slow current and began displaying his skill, sliding in and out among the eddies of the dancing floor. When he next looked up, again he felt the eyes of those in the room upon him. A couple ahead turned for a second look and laughed. A girl he had known rather well before the advent of the present prettier one glanced at him and smiled. A stranger would not have described the smile as friendly.

It was as they stood waiting for an encore that a man known only casually to Tachman by his first name of Bort stopped for a word with the girl. He may have been smiling out of pleasure, but his words carried a touch of disguised malice.

"And how's the little post-office game?" he asked.

"I don't understand," the girl said.

But the speaker only smiled and moved away without explaining what he meant.

"An ass without ears," said Tachman.

He danced the encore with the girl and after it another.

"I don't see what they see to stare at," the girl said at last, as a woman she hated smiled and whispered to another.

"Don't you?" asked Tachman.

"Well, what?"

"You."

"Is that so?"

"I'm staring at you myself," he said.

"These were women. Sour-mouths. That kind don't stare at other women just out of compliment."

"Oh, them! They were staring at me."

"Then they can just curl up and die!"

But only half of them were women. The waiters were not women. The man known as Bort had not been a woman. . . .

IT MAY have been sheer accident that caused Tachman to turn to look toward the door before seating himself after that dance. It may have been a growing interest that led the girl to watch the movement. For the first time that evening he had turned his back on her while she was looking.

When he again faced about she clutched at his coat lapel, crimson to the ears.

"Handsome, listen!" she began swiftly, under her breath. "Some cat has stuck something on your coat. Pretend not to know. We'll dance to the door, and you slip out and pull it off."

"What kind of a something?"

"A two-cent stamp and a special delivery, right on the swell of your right shoulder."

"I'll give them to our waiter for a tip," he said. "I wonder who did it? That coat-room girl, maybe."

"Pretend not to know!" she repeated.

As the music started, they rose again to dance, both now laughing, and both with heightened color. They edged gently over toward the door. But they had started too late. Even as they swung into the rhythm the music faded out into a wail. Someone sang out: "Dry squad!" Someone nearer the door shouted: "Cops!"

Tachman, turning, saw the blue bulk of a policeman ahead; so unexpected was the sight that he stopped irresolutely in his tracks.

"Shed your booze, Handsome, quick!" cried the girl.

The room already was boiling like a kettle. Tachman felt the girl tugging at the flask in his pocket, caught a flash of silver as it sledded across the floor. Then suddenly his mind resumed control of his actions.

"The back door for us!" he said softly.

"They haven't a thing on you, Handsome—not a thing!"

He clutched at his pocket. The diamonds still lay where he had placed them.

"Quick!" he repeated, and used his strength to make passage for her through the crowd.

At that point the lights went out.

"You're hurting me, Handsome!" wailed the girl.

BUT he did not ease the grip of his fingers on her arm, and a few moments later he had led her out of the room into a kind of storehouse filled with bins and boxes.

"Wait here a minute!" he told the girl.

She did not see what he did; the darkness prevented that. Whatever it was, the time required for doing it was exceedingly short. She drew two breaths and he was back.

"Out the same door and stick out your chin. They haven't a thing on us. You said it already."

Front does it. Brains does it. If now he could find the door knob and slip back into the dining-room, the police might search him till next week Monday. All they would find was his money and a cloak-room check. But it was a narrow squeeze.

"And here we are," he said.

Torley awaited his man outside a darkly opened door; but the darkness in the outer room was not complete, so that the two postage stamps stood out from their background of shoulder blade like dead leaves on a lawn.

"Don't move!" he commanded sharply, thrusting the muzzle of his pistol against the shapely back.

"Who are you and what's your game?" asked Tachman.

"Police. You're under arrest."

"For what?"

"For shoving your hand down the wrong pocket in the dark."

"Me?" Torley could hear the relief in his voice. "You're crazy! Who says I did?"

"That's the bird's handkerchief now, sticking out of your coat," said Torley.

"That handkerchief? You're crazy! That's my handkerchief!"

"Show me," said Torley.

"It's initialed and everything. I've got a drawerful just like it at my hotel."

"What hotel is that?" asked Torley.

"The Green Ballast. My name's Tachman. You can phone over and ask them."

"What you're really pulled for is something else," said Torley. "The lady is excused, but she can come with you if she wants."

"What did I steal now?" asked Tachman.

"Diamonds," said Torley. "How about it, lady?"

"Me?" asked the girl. "Come where?"

"To the Bureau, where he's going."

"I don't know a thing," said the girl. "Call me up, Handsome, when you get out."

THEY were gathered at police detective headquarters—Captain Thomas Torley, Traffic Officer Masters, the auctioneer Linton, Tachman and the little spitfire in black whom Linton had spoken of as giving the name of Reemer. Others outside included men whom only Torley knew by name, present only Torley knew why.

"You may as well come clean," said the officer. "We know everything you done after you left this auction."

"What did I do?" asked Tachman.

"A plenty. First, you high-hat a clerk at the door who is all set to do you a favor. Then you head north past a traffic cop with eyes in his head and make a left turn across the tracks. I can see you myself, with your gray hat on your head and your tan topcoat on your arm, two cents plus ten, and all the janes a-rubbering you don't know why. Next you board car No. 346, Route Three, southbound, Charles Mallory, conductor. After riding two-three blocks in a back seat you change farther front, and Mallory just ready to do you the same favor. Next you get off at Twenty-second, but leave your topcoat behind."

"Who says I did? You?"

"Mallory says you did. He's inside."

"Conductors don't remember their passengers like that," said Tachman.

"They do if they carry enough postage. You did. You carry it yet, on your right shoulder blade."

TACHMAN winced. The police detective continued his account, following the other man's movements, step by step, up to the door of the restaurant in which he was captured.

"Suppose I admit it," said Tachman. "What of it? What is there in any of that to prove I stole the Curlew glassware?"

"Listen," said Torley. "The thief that steals that necklace leaves a paste double in its place. Where does he get it? From the owner—where else? And how? Breaks a lock. What happens? The paste is so good he gets stung like a hick. This is a year ago in Detroit, when the Curlews are visiting there. They don't report the loss—too small. Get the point?"

"No, nor nobody else."

"The crook that breaks that lock works out in Detroit. He's on file there, see? But the crook that steals the real thing steals it in Chicago. That's why I took your fingerprints. I wire them pronto to that burg. Sure enough—they know you fine. You're Duke Tachman when you're home."

"You haven't connected me yet with the diamond," said Tachman.

"No? What's that on your hand when we ink your fingers?"

"Well, what?"

"They say it's flour," said Torley.

"And what if it is?"

"Only this."

Torley produced a heavy little package, as shapeless as a bag of buttons, resembling a wad of salvage from some schoolboy's pocket rather than half a pint of jewels. The necklace had been wrapped loosely in a man's white handkerchief; and as the detective opened it a white powder fell away. The cloth seemed saturated with it. Torley took up a pinch between his fingers.

"Flour," he said.

But it was not the flour that captured the eye of every person in the room, but the fiery knot of diamonds revealed when the cloth was fully unfolded. The necklace in the auction-room Torley had called beautiful. This necklace instantly caused him to forget that other.

"This is the Curlew necklace that was stole," he said. "I never seen it before, but I know. I fished it out of a flour barrel in a storeroom behind the kitchen."

"That don't pin it on me," said Tachman.

"The flour barrel don't; but I ask you to notice. This necklace is wrapped in one of your own marked handkerchiefs. You have half a drawerful just like it at the Green Ballast. I know because I looked. You must of forgot about wrapping it in a handkerchief."

And Tachman remembered that he had done just that irrevocable thing.

"IF IT wasn't for that dry squad I would of caught him with the goods," said Torley a little later, when identifications had been made and the man taken away. "On the other hand, if he hadn't rubbed up his waiter I wouldn't of had the chance. Somebody tipped him off we was looking for stamps."

"What I don't see," said Linton, "is how you knew he was in that storeroom?"

"I see him open the door," said Torley, "three steps behind."

"Easy when you know. Another question, if you don't mind: How did you know he had wrapped the diamonds in a marked handkerchief?"

"Didn't. Not till afterwards. Just fishing to find out his hotel, and he grabs my bait. We would of had him anyhow, but the handkerchief makes it easier."

"You spoke of Detroit. How did you know about Detroit?"

"He brings that glass to the auction, don't he, so good it fools you for a minute? Where does he get it? The family live here, so I phone out. The answer is, the old lady has it stole from her in Detroit last winter. The thief takes it for real. That's that. Stung, but he don't throw it away. Then the old lady dies, and they can't find a will, and they telegraph it everywhere what will become of her diamonds, and he begins figuring. It don't take so much smart to lay for a public auction you know is coming off."

"Still another question," said Linton. "How did you know in advance about Miss Reemer?"

"Didn't. Masters here tips me off people are laughing at this bird outside, so I just fished for the reason."

"What I don't yet see is why she pasted the stamps on him in the first place."

"Ask her," said Torley. "I run her down in the telephone book, is how she's here."

"I wanted to make him ridiculous," the girl explained. "I was mad enough to pin a tail on his coat, or to splash him with ink, if I'd had any. All I had was the stamps. So I used them. After they were on they looked so funny, people laughed, and I felt better."

"And that's how we're all here," said Torley. "They looked so funny, people mostly laughed and let them ride."

My Poor Wife!

Continued from page 15

I found myself saying once more that I could tell the age of a chicken by the teeth. And it was Ruth—Ruth herself—who said, "but a chicken *has* no teeth."

But to be perfectly honest with you, I must confess that I brought up the subject of a chicken's age three or four days later. . . . And it was four months before my wife served chicken again. She said she had grown tired of poultry, but down in my heart I knew.

It is with honest humility that I am citing my worst offenses in after-working-hours comedy, because I want you to know the extent of my wife's grievances. I can remember when Reigh Count—or was it Man o' War?—won the Kentucky Derby in the rain, and the papers referred to him as a good mudder. And I said, "And does the mudder eat his fodder?"

Well, George White, who was present at the time, had won a few nickels on the horse. Consequently he was in good humor at the time. He laughed. And you can't guess how laughter can spoil a comedian.

The next night, when Reigh Count was mentioned again, Ruth said—very slyly I thought—"he's an awfully good mudder, isn't he?" Dear, dear Ruth! That, I knew, was my cue. So quick as lightning—as though the thought had just struck me—I went into my little joke.

Four days later, when Eddie Cantor mentioned the Kentucky Derby, Ruth neatly changed the subject. Nothing was said about mudders and fodder.

Then there was the time when we went fishing in Long Island Sound and the man who rented the boat and fishing equipment said the bait would cost us eleven dollars. I said it would be cheaper to cut up the children for bait; and Ruth became annoyed. She said it wasn't a nice thing to say; the man might take me seriously; and . . . anyway, I knew she was right. But my objection to the remark was that it had fallen pretty flat. The boatman merely stared at me and held out his hand for the eleven dollars.

I am not, to be sure, *always* weak. Only a month ago when the grocer talked about the "pesky kids" who swiped cherries from the stand in front of his store, I restrained myself from asking if a *pesky* was a skeleton key in Russia. And never—may I never hear another laugh if I'm lying to you now—have I said that the best way to tell a bad egg is to break it gently.

Because I wear a painted mustache and a comical costume on the stage and in the movies, I seldom am recognized by strangers. Which is quite a handicap (or maybe a blessing) for some of my off-stage comedy.

You see, people are always a little quicker to laugh at a professional funny man than they are at a person in another profession or business. When we moved to Great Neck, I went to one of the village confectioners and asked for some candy for the children.

What Makes a Joke a Joke

"Just a few dainties to make the kiddies sick," I told the clerk and he gave me a frigid stare—and the candy.

A month later, after the confectionery man had learned that I was a comedian, I happened to drop in for more candy.

"The kiddies want to get sick again," I said, and the clerk shook the counter with his laughter. Surely this wasn't a funny remark. Certainly it wasn't any more amusing than when I had said a similar thing before. But the fact that I was a comedian made a difference.

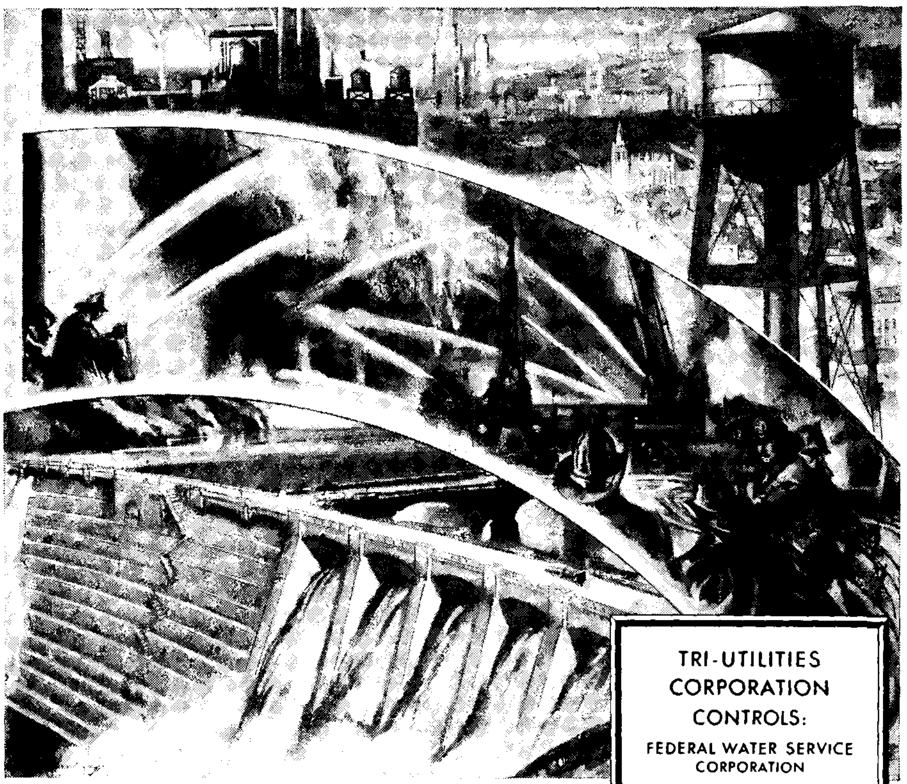
Now this confectioner chuckles when I merely walk into his store. He has, I think, a frustrated yearning to be some comedian's "straight man," or foil.

Ruth has no such wish.

For ten years she has been listening to my oft-repeated flippancies; she has heard me say the same things again and again—serious things as well as skittish.

Even all this—all that I have been telling you here in Collier's—Ruth has heard before.

I'm sorry for my wife.



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The most Beautiful Girl in the World

Continued from page 19

She shook her head sadly and a sacrificial light came into her gray eyes. "Monsieur does not know? I am—I am Miss France. I am being taken to a place which you call Atlantic City to be choosen the most beautiful girl in the world. But you must not think it is for vanity, monsieur. Ah, *non. C'est pour la Patrie.* It is—for France."

"Yes?" Crosby took her by the elbow. "You mean you are going into the Atlantic City beauty contest? And this Billings is exploiting you, of course."

"*Oui*, that is true, monsieur. Monsieur Billings is my manager and I owe to him this grand occasion to serve *la Patrie* in America." She glanced up at Crosby as if in appeal. "Perhaps, if monsieur would care to promenade, I will reveal to him everything. I have such a feeling to reveal everything to somebody of sympathy."

"Good," said Crosby, threading her arm into his. "Maybe I will be able to reveal a few things myself. I take it for granted that your benefactor, Monsieur Billings, has a contract entitling him to four fifths of anything you might make from advertising endorsements, posing, vaudeville, film contracts, and all that."

"Not four fifths, monsieur. Only two thirds. But let me tell you the whole story: It was the day of our fête at Veul-les-Roses and all was gay and pretty and there were visitors from Deauville and Le Touquet. We have the *habitude* to select a queen each year and it is I who was chosen. After I was quite warm and so I went away for a swim and when I came in from my swim there was Monsieur Billings on the beach. We were quite—*tout seul*—alone, and I was embarrass because my *maillot* was of the simplest. It is not needed to wear very much swimming clothing on our little beach where so few come, and even those our dear friends."

"You can bet Billings would be there," said Crosby. "What then?"

"Monsieur Billings said immediately how would I like to become celebrate as the most beautiful girl in the world? And I say, '*Merci, monsieur*, I am not so vain.' And he say what if I gained many *mille francs* by it? And I say, '*Merci, monsieur*, but I have already my *dot* and the son of our *maire* has asked for my hand four times.' Then Monsieur Billings say what of France? So I bowed my head and went with him to ask my father, who is a Doctor of Moral Philosophy and who has commenced the library of Veul-les-Roses.

"My father declare no daughter of his should earn money by such flagrant means. But Monsieur Billings point out I could use the money to add to the library of Veul-les-Roses. So we went with my father to our little pastor, who say, 'Nevaire!'—until Monsieur Billings suggest I could use some of the money to rebuild the east wall of our church which has crumble. Then we go with my father and our little pastor to the *maire*, who is—*horrifie*—at the thought. But Monsieur Billings show him that the *hotel de ville* badly need a sand-cleaning and a regilding. *Enfin*, all are agree, if Monsieur Billings permit to go Aunt Héloise, who is known to be formidable and observant. And Monsieur Billings agree to take Aunt Héloise but not her magpie, Clemence."

"He took you straight to Paris of course?"

"Yes, monsieur. And in Paris I have my picture in the paper and am given hats, shoes, gowns of the *haute couture*, all for nothing. All are so kind and generous because, *vous savez*, it is all for France."

They paused by the bridge companionway and leaned on the rail. Then Crosby felt a slight tug at his arm and, before he realized it, the girl was gone. Approaching around the corner of the promenade he saw Mr. Billings and, marching along beside him with rigid, determined little steps, Aunt Héloise.

As they came opposite Crosby, Billings eyed him narrowly, and Aunt Héloise impaled him with a blue stare. Then, as if on second thought, Mr. Billings nodded and spoke very pleasantly. "Meet me in the smoking-room for a cocktail before dinner, why don't you? If we ruin our wind for our morning bout, we'll still be even at least."

Crosby arrived there about eight o'clock with some shred of purpose in his mind. While he had bathed and dressed he had been thinking of Chantal and her adventure and the longer he thought of it the more it puzzled him. Mr. Billings struck him as a practical man and, although Crosby knew very little of showmanship and such things, it seemed hardly likely that an untrained little French girl, however lovely, would be taken to America on the mere chance that she would win the Atlantic City beauty contest and have a career. Well, then, what else could be done with her?—and that conjecture drew Crosby Fellowes' mouth into a hard, straight line.

Mr. Billings was waiting and they ordered martinis. "I see you've met my little protégée, Chantal, Fellowes. Are you Crosby Fellowes, the illustrator, by any chance? Well, no wonder. She'd tempt anybody's brush, I should think."

"Perhaps you'll let me paint her after the Atlantic City show, Billings. You'll be just in time for that, won't you?"

Mr. Billings seemed disturbed. "So she told you. You see, I've taken an interest in this little girl and thought I might give her a lift." He produced a card which read:

R. G. Billings
Entertainment Enterprises, Inc.

"I think this beauty show stunt will get her off to a flying start," he added.

"If she wins it," said Crosby.

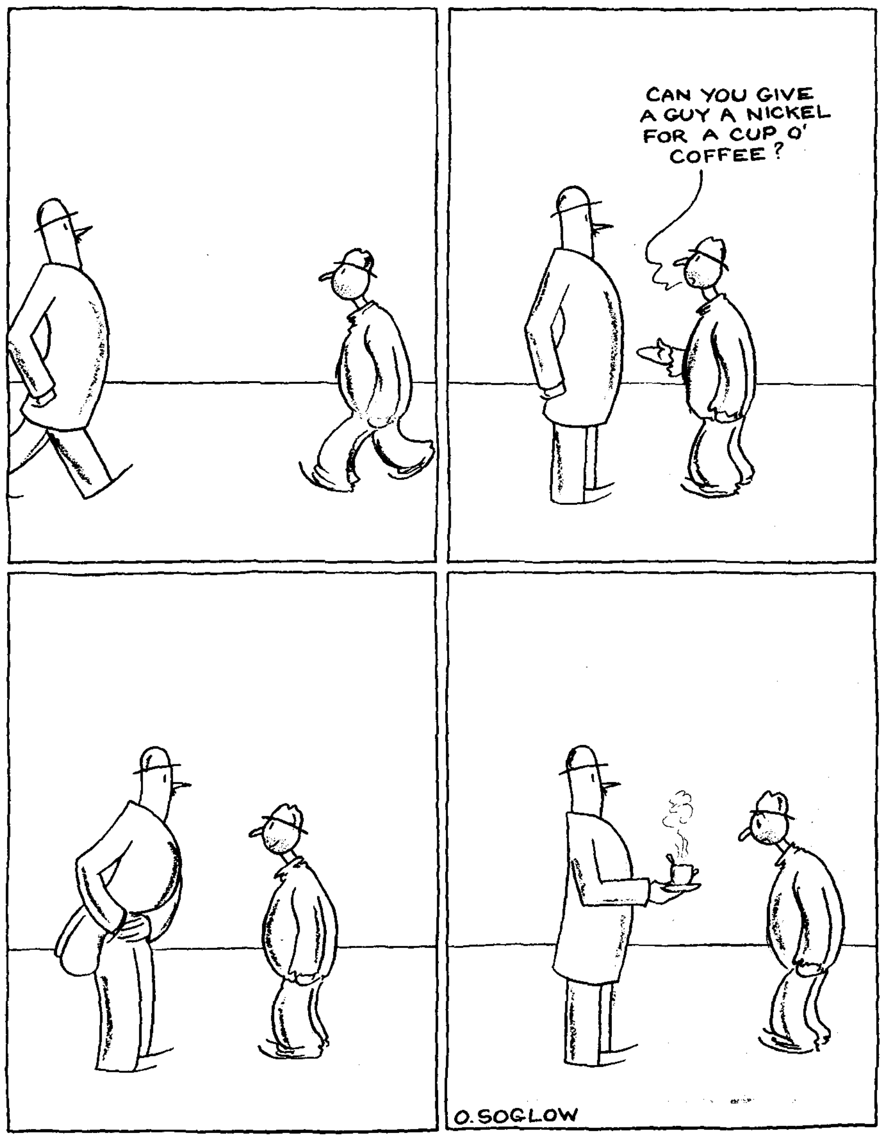
"Oh, she'll win it, Fellowes." Mr. Billings grinned at him knowingly. "I don't back losers and Chantal's a pocket Aphrodite. You ought to see her in her bathing suit."

"I'm sure she'd be as sweet in her bathing suit as in anything else," said Crosby. He left Mr. Billings as they were walking forward together, and stopped at the radio-room to dispatch a long message to Tommy Converse at his newspaper office address.

At dinner, glancing down from the balcony, he observed that Chantal had changed her place to the opposite side of the table. Their eyes met and she smiled and pretty soon a waiter came with an invitation to join them afterwards in the lounge for coffee.

After half an hour in the lounge he escaped with Chantal out into the cool night, under a heaven full of swinging stars, where they found a life raft on the boat deck to sit upon. The night crowded in and made the spot intimate. And presently Crosby was telling the girl things he himself hadn't thought of in years, about when he was a boy.

"It does not listen so different, your America." Her chin rested in the palm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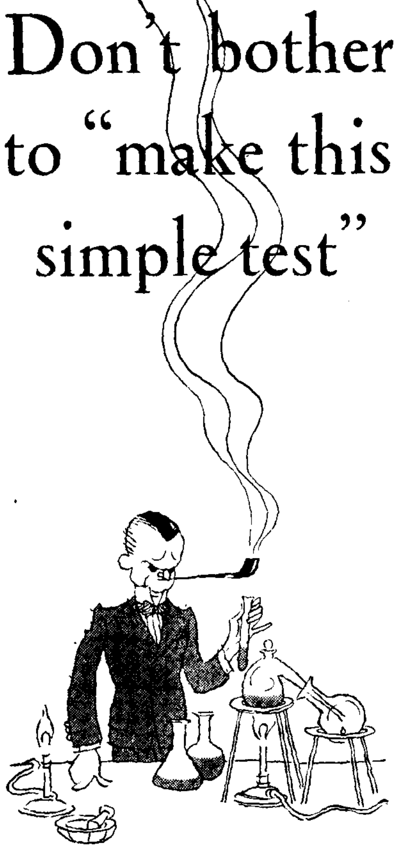

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Then try some ordinary tobacco in your favorite pipe. Note on other shoe. Finally, try some Sir Walter Raleigh smoking tobacco in any good pipe. You won't have to note it anywhere, for you'll notice with the very first puff how much cooler and milder it is. It stays so, right down to the last puff in the bowl—rich, mellow and fragrant. Your regular tobacconist has Sir Walter, of course. Try a tin—today.

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of her hand and her gaze was far away upon his American meadows. But he did not kiss her. He told her, to make her laugh, about his first love affair, but he only made a gray tear grow big in the corner of her eye and her fingers gently touch his arm. And he did not kiss her lest the spell be broken and a spirit fly out of her, back to Veul-les-Roses.

What are all those things one does on a ship which may be a bore and which again may be something no one has ever done before? Crosby and Chantal braved their way when the sea ran high to the forepeak of the ship and leaned against the rush of wind. They stood in the path of breaking spray and pretended surprise that they should be drenched. They found a place where they could be alone, the main hatch cover on the forward deck, and the ghosts of the shipboard loves of a thousand crossings sat all about them, but they knew no two until then had found the main hatch cover on the forward deck. . . .

SO THEY came to the fifth day and the ship plowed steadily into western seas, and trunks appeared in the corridors again, and preoccupation with the thoughts of towns re-drew the lines in people's faces.

Even Crosby's thoughts were away. With Chantal stolen into the gymnasium to watch him box, he let one of Mr. Billings' lunges escape his guard. He heard her scream and felt the shock and a touch of blood in the corner of his nostril. So, while she was thinking about what was happening to him, he laughed and, for the minute, stopped thinking of what might happen to her.

She came to his table that night. "Is it true, Crosbee, that we shall see the Statue of your Liberty tomorrow?"

"So they say, Chantal. There will be confusion when we land, and I want you to wait for me on the pier." He wrote his apartment telephone number on the back of a menu card and gave it to her. "And wherever you stay and whatever you do, my dear, that number will bring me."

Then he asked her to tell him about the *maire* of Veul-les-Roses. "And about his son, Chantal."

She laughed. They were leaning across the little table toward each other. "About Alphonse? He is a very nice boy but I do not wish him for a husband—although my father, who is a Doctor of Moral Philosophy, and his father, the *maire* of Veul-les-Roses, already debate the name of our first two sons."

"Let's go out on deck," said Crosby.

When they were seated on their familiar resting place, the main hatch cover, Chantal reached out toward the gilded moon-way through which the ship glided. "You see, Crosbee, there is the gold and silver of your America already flowing into my arms."

"That's it," said Crosby. "But I want to warn you, Chantal. If you actually make any money Mr. Billings will almost certainly do you out of it. I have suspected him from the beginning, although my inquiry by radio has not been answered. In my opinion you should sever all connections with him at the first opportunity."

"But I could not, Crosbee. I am placed in the hands of Monsieur Billings by my father and by our little pastor, and by the *maire* of Veul-les-Roses. First it is Aunt Héloise who is frightening me about him. She pretend to speak no English. And now it is you. I shall go back to Veul-les-Roses—*Voilà!*"

"Or I can find any amount of legitimate posing for you with the best illustrators in New York—even if I didn't need all your time myself. You can return to Veul-les-Roses with a profit at least. But if you go on with this—if you do not win the contest and become a commercial asset, and if Mr. Billings is the sort of fellow and has the sort of connections we think—well, he is not going to lose any money on you, Chantal. Do you understand what I'm talking about?"

She turned sharply about and her fingers closed on his arm. "Did you hear it? Something—I do not know—behind us, Crosbee!"

He jumped up and walked all around the hatch cover and the small deckhouse which stood near it. Returning, he said—"I don't see anything, my dear. There is a coil of rope behind the deckhouse which may have fallen. We won't talk any more about frightening things until we are in New York. Remember—on the pier—and my phone number."

"I remember it, Crosbee. I am not so afraid."

But when he sat beside her again, he found her trembling and he took her by the shoulders. Gently he pushed her away; for he had seen something in Chantal's eyes which disturbed him. "Don't let me kiss you, whatever happens," he said. "I can't be fair in this either to you or to Billings unless I'm strictly impersonal."

"But could you not give a strictly impersonable kiss maybe—as if you were my largest brother, Michel? I should feel more safer, Crosbee."

Crosby had no idea what Michel's methods might be and so he had very little to go on. His first kiss may have been vaguely like one of Michel's but his fifth one was not.

"We've done it now," he said, at last. "I knew if I kissed you—well, that settles Atlantic City. You can tell Billings—or I will—that I'll repay whatever he's spent. I didn't want you in the show anyway. And we'll make a pilgrimage to Veul-les-Roses just to add to the library and rebuild the church wall and sand-clean the *hotel de ville.*" He picked her up bodily and carried her to the stairs leading up to the promenade deck.

There was a note on the bed table in Crosby's cabin stating that a radiogram was being held for him at the information desk. He went above again and claimed it, a characteristic bit from Tommy Converse: "Your new buddy Billings known Broadway for shady promotion Stop Suspected Dorothy Donovan disappearance case three years ago but nothing proved Stop Avoid evil companions—Tommy."

CROSBY thrust the message into his pocket and walked to the promenade.

Stalking around and around the deck with his hands jammed into his pockets, he tried to decide what he should do. The picture of Chantal lost in New York, involved in some scheme of Billings', was unendurable.

Presently, because of the constant recurrence of little remembered nothings, or everythings, a soft trailing of hair across the bridge of his nose, her brief little gasp for breath against his shirt front, he could not think or decide anything at all. He just plunged ahead.

Once, as he started forward, he passed through a path of light thrown upon the deck from the open doorway of an A-deck corridor. It was the last impression which Crosby remembered and it was immediately blotted out together with all other impressions. A sharp crack sounded behind him. The back of his head seemed to be swelling and bursting. A sort of velvet-black curtain seemed to descend slowly upon him.

He went down on his hands and knees first, hung that way an instant, and then sprawled. He did not hear the voice of the man standing above him:

(*Continued on page 62*)

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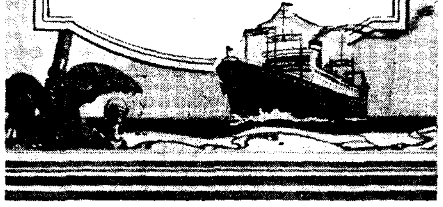

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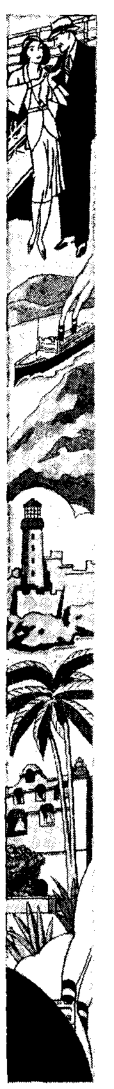

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(*Continued from page 61*)

"All right, my boy, you wanted it and you got it. And I don't use no boxing gloves for serious work."

He awakened slowly, as if the velvet-black curtain were being lifted from him again. First, breathing seemed easier and then light came, very clear bright light in fact, and a long panoramic vision of the skyline of New York. But he was too much a veteran Manhattanite, even in his first bewilderment, to think he was viewing it from the deck of a liner. No, he saw it from the west and by a gradual process of identifying one pinnacle of stone and steel after another he was able to locate himself approximately in the Fifties and west probably as far as Eighth Avenue. What hospital would that be? he wondered. Someone entered the cool room and deftly lifted him enough to permit another pillow behind his back. "I seem to have been out," he said.

"Like a light," replied the nurse, "most of the time for five days. Don't think about it now."

AFTER a time he began to remember one or two half-realized episodes, a white-walled room somewhere on the ship, a lot of people crowding around, someone drumming at him insistently—"Who hit you? Tell us who hit you." Later he was stretched out in something which swayed and bumped as it went along. Tommy Converse sat beside him, idiotically holding his hand, but Tommy had dropped his hand immediately and said: "Well, it's about time. If this is what a ship's bar does to you, you'd better not travel."

It was almost as if this conversation were continued; for Tommy strode into the hospital room muttering and scowling in the same frame of mind. Crosby laughed at him. "Well, little one, the long sleep is over. Sit down and tell me what happened, why, and how long."

"You got hit, that's all—with a billy or a pipe or something, and hard enough to crush the skull of a normal human being. Of course all you got was a fairly comfortable concussion and five days of sleep."

"Five days!" Crosby sat up. "It's over then. At Atlantic City, I mean. The beauty contest. Here, I've got to get up. Where are my clothes? Where is a newspaper? Or better, get me Arthur Sloan's studio on the phone. He'll know. He was one of the judges."

Tommy Converse looked pityingly at his friend all the time he was finding and calling the number. "Sloan? Crosby Fellowes wants to talk to you. Crosby's had an accident, Sloan."

"Here, give me that," said Crosby. "This is Crosby, Art. Who won that beauty show at Atlantic City? Miss Wyoming? But, Art—wasn't there a—I mean Chantal—wasn't there a Miss—France? What? You say she wept—through the whole show?"

After a few minutes Crosby calmed down and talked to his friend quietly and sensibly for some time. "You've got to get me out of here, Tommy, and you've got to help. It's worse—it's more dangerous now that she's lost it. Billings will try to cash in somehow. How many times did she phone?"

"I thought it was some girl bothering you for work, old man. I believe I told her you had gone to California finally. I—"

Three days later Crosby was allowed to go home to the West Fifty-seventh Street apartment. Four nights later found him haunting the night clubs, better known speakeasies and Broadway resorts to which he thought Mr. Billings might introduce his little prize. But he didn't find her. The private detective agency which he engaged was no more successful. In the end he could only sit alone in his studio, pretending to work, brooding, while the sketches he had promised for a complexion cream advertisement remained only a few vague lines on his board. The beautiful effects of this magic cream suggested to him only the wonder-touched face of his maid of Veul-les-Roses.

Fully a week had gone. He was working, or trying to, late into the night under his sun lamp when he heard the telephone ringing violently in their apartment below. Crosby reached it in half a dozen bounds, before the connection was broken. He heard only a few words but it was her voice: "Crosbee? Crosbee! It is a place to dance in. It is by Broadway. It have the name of Cassandra."

There was a click at the other end, but he'd heard enough. She must have found a telephone in the ladies' room and had a minute to herself. Immediately he was in his bedroom struggling into his evening clothes. He must get there before they left the place but he must be in evening dress to gain admittance to Cassandra. He knew the place of course, a Broadway night club.

Fifteen minutes later Crosby halted his taxicab about fifty yards beyond the garishly illuminated entrance to Cassandra and held it. "Wait here," he said. "I know it's a one-way street. If the traffic cop makes you move on, come back again. I want you and I may want you in a hurry."

Inside the place he was given a small table in the front part of a long, densely crowded room. "I'm waiting for some friends," he explained. The dance floor was thronged. A rather pleasing, muffled strain of music reached him, an accentuated drumbeat like a distant tom-tom. A discreet inquiry brought the offer of anything to drink he might like.

It was difficult to distinguish people in the crowd and the smoke and the movement of dancers, but Crosby's roving eyes eventually discovered the table about halfway down the room and against the wall. There was Billings; there was the impossibly blond sort of woman Crosby would have expected; there was a tense and frightened little Chantal in a slender, sweeping white chiffon creation which Lucien Lelong had been happy to donate *"pour la Patrie;"* and there was a heavy, thick-featured man of perhaps fifty years who hung over her and kept tapping his fingers on the back of her hand.

It was so obvious; such a rage filled Crosby that he could scarcely keep his seat, much less formulate a plan. He wanted to walk over there and take her away by force. Well, that would create a riot and he might lose her again. In the midst of his indecision he saw them rise, Billings and the other man fumbling awkwardly with the evening wraps of their companions.

IT WAS Crosby's moment and he seized it, pressed a bill into the waiter's hand, made a few steps down the entrance corridor for his hat and stick. As the blond woman and Chantal passed behind his back ahead of their escorts, he reached back and touched her hand.

He heard her quick breathing and the sound of her dress brushing the opposite wall of the corridor, but he dared not look. Billings presented his hat check just as Crosby turned away. He was on the street half a minute ahead of them all.

"Get the next cab leaving Cassandra," he explained to the startled driver of his parked taxi "—and tail it no matter how far or how fast it goes. There's a ten-dollar tip in it for you."

But the next cab went, neither far nor fast, very leisurely over to Sixth Avenue, down into the lower Forties, west again across Broadway to the door of the Seneca Hotel. Crosby's cab drew up behind them and he had an excellent view of the blond lady and the heavy, unpleasant-looking man as they descended and went inside. There were no "good nights" and the door of the taxicab remained open. So one or both of them would return, stopping for more cash or more liquor perhaps.

Again it was Crosby's moment and again he seized it. He saw Chantal's hand pressed against the rear window of the car ahead. Her fingers were spread and, as if that were a call for help, he stepped down to the street, ahead to that open door and poked his head inside. She leaped for his arms so suddenly and with such force that he staggered back on the pavement and set her down behind him. "Go back and get into that taxi, Chantal."

Billings came out head forward and arms swinging. "I thought I taught you—" That is all he said. That is all he said for some time. Crosby was ready with his heel braced against the curb and he put every ounce of his weight behind a blow that went as true to its mark as a sharpshooter's bullet. Besides his weight Crosby had considerable venom behind his punch and he was not surprised to see Mr. Billings catapulted back upon the floor of the taxi with his arms flung wide and loose.

He closed the door upon Mr. Billings. "Take him to Flatbush," he instructed the driver, who, alas, was too familiar with such happenings to be more than mildly interested. "Here's five dollars in case he doesn't want to pay you. You can get his street address out of him by that time anyway."

SPEAKING in French part of the time and in English the rest, whenever her lips were free, and by gesture whenever her hands were free, Chantal tried to explain it all to Crosby as they sped away. No, Monsieur Billings did not live at the Seneca Hotel but "Charlie" did. Charlie had offered to take her to Hollywood and pay for everything. After their return from Atlantic City, where every day Monsieur Billings had slapped her because she wept out of her broken heart and where Aunt Héloise had slapped Monsieur Billings, he had put them up in an apartment overlooking a park. But Chantal had no idea what park. She would, however, know the apartment building if she were so unfortunate as to behold it again. And after one or two journeys up and down Central Park West, she did.

About 2 A. M. two heavily burdened taxicabs drew up before Crosby's Fifty-seventh Street address. One of them delivered to the sidewalk Crosby himself, Chantal, a stony-faced little lady whose bitter silence bespoke no good opinion of the world about her, and two small brown trunks. The other gave up four battered suitcases, eight brown-paper parcels, a traveling blanket, an umbrella and two pairs of rubbers. "This is where we will live until I can arrange something better," said Crosby.

"I return to Veul-les-Roses by the first French boat," said Aunt Héloise flatly. "I do not live in your America—no, not even in what you call your White House."

"And we shall so much miss her and so often speak of her," sighed Chantal. "Shall we not, Crosbee? And when it is a girl, we shall say its name is Héloise. Shall we not, Crosbee?"

Tommy Converse took the disturbance, or the eruption, with bad grace. "I'll be glad to," he said ironically. "I'll pack the bags, phone the club about rooms, instruct the doorman to admit no one, arrange for flowers to be sent at nine, put your announcement in the morning papers, and—is there anything else I can do for you?"

"There is," said Crosby. "Chase along out to the zoo, or to the aviary, if any, and get me a magpie that can sing."

Wheat on the Grand Scale

Continued from page 11

of the third week of January, 1929, according to government figures which I assume are substantially correct, ,300,000 peasant households had enrolled in coöperatives. By February 0th this number had jumped to 4,000,000, or, taking the figures by acreage, it was like this: On January 0th 77,000,000 acres were collectivized; by February 1st, 122,000,000 acres; by February 10th, 172,000,000, and by February 20th, 206,000,000 acres, or fifty-two per cent of the arable land of the Soviet Union, were signed up in coöperative units.

The Kulaks a Problem

"Can you imagine anything as colossal as that? The Soviet government couldn't. The situation was beyond any active control. It had to be guided and not led. To this end a call was issued asking 25,000 educated members of the Communist party to volunteer for two years' work as organizers among the peasants. This army was at once secured and when it took the field it did so with orders to put the brakes on and slow down the movement as much as possible. This was done, some semblance of orderliness was obtained and by fall, when a fairly accurate check-up showed that fifty-five per cent of the arable land of the country and of course a much greater percentage of the farm population was entered on the books of the collectives, the government felt that the time had come to face another problem.

"This was the problem of the kulaks. There were three reasons why these men had to be disposed of: First, they had fought as hard as they could against the movement to collectivize; second, they were not Communists, and thirdly, probably a more impelling reason than either of the other two, it was only by confiscation of their personal property that the Soviet government could hope even partially to fulfill its promise to the peasants to provide them with livestock and implements.

"Consequently on December 27, 1929, Stalin issued another decree in which he defined a kulak as any man who owned as many as two horses and two head of cattle, and at the same time gave the peasants authority to 'liquidate' any man who was that rich by merely calling upon him and 'collectivizing' his property. All over rural Russia, as a Communist writer tells the story, an intensified class war immediately broke out. In farm communities everywhere mass meetings of peasants were held at which the names of the local citizens whose wealth entitled them to be nominated as kulaks were posted, and at once these individuals were notified to turn in all of their livestock and implements.

"This resulted in the almost complete elimination of the kulaks, and the process went to such extremes that on March 2d another edict came from Stalin ordering 'liquidation' to stop. Figures as to how many kulaks were banished or otherwise disposed of during the liquidation period are lacking, but it is officially estimated that within less than three months they had slaughtered more than fifteen million head of their own livestock rather than see them pass into possession of the collectivized peasants, thus accounting for the extreme shortage of beef, butter and milk which exists in Russia today.

"I suppose that here in the United States the mere thought of a million-acre farm would astonish most people. Over there, though, they don't think anything of it. Why, this year, as a matter of fact, the Russian government has already harvested the wheat from three and a half million acres on its state farms. Next year they will crop seven million acres; the following year fifteen million, and the year after that thirty million. It's already scheduled.

"It's feasible, it's practical. On the farm which I planned for them two years ago, after which their other state farms are modeled and which contains a half million acres, I saw 235 combines harvesting and threshing 200,000 bushels of wheat a day. This huge tract has been thoroughly organized and industrialized by agricultural experts and engineers. It has a good system of good roads through it. It is equipped with its own grain elevators, machine shops and power plant. In connection with this grain factory 17,000 people, including women and children of course, are supported. They live in well-built homes, erected by the state, and their necessities have naturally led to the establishment of all the collateral activities that go with a community, such as dairies, bakeries, laundries, shops of all kinds, a motion-picture theater and schools. Thus this project, which, as I have indicated, embraces but one seventh of the state farm area, is wholly self-contained, and mostly self-sustained. And therefore, if Russia has done this with three and a half million acres in two or three years, what reason is there to believe that it won't do it with thirty in a few more years, if it wants to?"

"But land," I protested, "how about that? Is the land inexhaustible?"

"Practically so," was the answer. "To say nothing of several hundred million acres that are suitable for cotton, fruit and vegetables, Russia contains at least 250,000,000 acres of as good wheat land as there is on earth and so that part of it is nothing for anybody to worry about."

Peasants Contented

"Now how about the collectivized farms of the peasants? How are they coming out?"

"Considering everything, they are doing remarkably well. The government, of course, hasn't been able to keep its promise to supply them all with livestock and implements, but is doing the best it can."

"How are they organized?"

"Very simply. For example, in one locality I know of 957 peasant families, controlling 45,000 acres, joined in one coöperative group. They elected their president and a committee of direction under whose supervision, with the assistance of a government expert, boundary lines were wiped out and fences torn down; soil surveys were made, and prior to beginning work in the spring his or her labor station was allotted to each man and woman, all of whom receive regular wages from the government, which demands that one half of the collective acreage be planted in grain. And in this latter connection it may interest you to know that this last spring the government, according to its authorized figures, furnished the peasants with 130,000,000 bushels of cleaned seed wheat which they sowed and the results of which are now going into the total of the national crop for this year."

"Interest me!" I exclaimed. "It paralyzes me. Here you casually mention 250,000,000 acres of wheat land, and then on top of it you speak of 130,000,000 bushels of seed, and now you say maybe it'll interest me. It does, tremendously,

(*Continued on page 64*)

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KYW Chicago WREN Kansas City, Mo.
KWK St. Louis KOA Denver
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[THE ASTONISHING MOMENT]

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. . . be nonchalant

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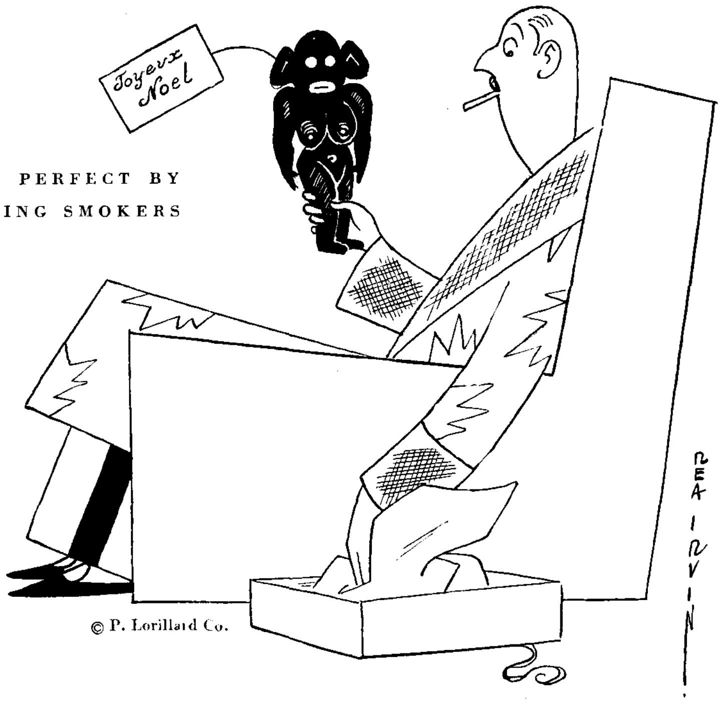

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(*Continued from page 63*)

and I'm going to ask you more about it later, but right now I want to know some more about these peasants. Are they happy, and how do they feel about education, which I understand is now compulsory?"

"So far as I could note," replied Mr. Campbell, "they are quite contented, and when one considers how they live now, and the way they used to live, they ought to be. Under the old systems, when they were dominated either by landlords or kulaks, the great majority of them didn't get enough from their farms to support them for more than six months of the year, and during the other six they got along as best they could on almost nothing. Under their collectivized arrangement that is all changed. Improved methods have increased production so that now, according to what I was told, the results this year were like this: After the government had purchased and paid for its portion of the grain crop on one farm of which I was told, the residue, distributed among the collectives, averaged nearly three times as much per family as the Russian peasants had formerly considered necessary for subsistence.

Communism Digging Its Grave

"This has given them a surplus they can sell, thus enabling them to buy things, in the way of home comforts, which they have never had before. Then, too, this collectivizing movement has been a great boon to the women in that, to a great extent, they are no longer forced to labor in the fields. You can readily see how that has come about. Under the old system of one-man farms when a peasant, who couldn't hire outside labor, needed help he called upon his wife. Coöperative work by the men has obviated any such necessity, so that the women are now free to stay at home and look after not their own children, who are cared for in a public nursery, but the family truck garden, the cow, the pig and the chickens which, by a wise order of Stalin's, were not included in the collectivizing process.

"Thus," went on Mr. Campbell, "under this experiment, which encourages the men to work in groups and help one another and gathers them together in village meetings where everything is discussed openly, the family and social life of these people is much better than ever before. That is quite natural. They feel, after generations of oppression, that they are finally getting somewhere. Maybe they are; I don't know; as I have just said, it is all an experiment, but at any rate this much has happened: In the enthusiasm and rapidity with which the Russian peasants collectivized their farms and accepted the coöperative idea they wiped out the line of demarcation which had always existed between agricultural and industrial workers. In other words, their activity convinced the Soviet government, which had originally planned merely to 'conciliate' them, that a farm laborer who knows how to do a hundred things is as useful a citizen, as much to be pampered and entitled to as high wages as the skilled workman whose perpetual task it is to screw on bolt No. 137.

"Now as to that second question of yours regarding the peasants' attitude towards education. They are enthusiastic about it; they want it. Throughout all their own lives, and the lives of their forefathers, the experience of the peasants has been that the educated class always profits by the toil of the uneducated, and so, now that they have a chance to go to school, they are trying to avail themselves of it.

"There are just as many classes in Russia as there are in any capitalist country, and, comparatively speaking, the distribution of wealth is just as unequal. The peasants—although they are in reality no longer peasants—can see that. They can see, just as you and I see in this country, that the educated Russian who has more ability and therefore does more and better work gets better pay, owns a better radio and rides in a better car than the other man. Therefore, they all want to learn, as much and as fast as possible, and in achieving that ambition they have the whole-hearted support of the government. From six to sixteen the children are forced to go to school, while from sixteen to forty-two (after which latter age they are not considered) education is optional with the illiterates.

"All of which, as I interpret it," went on Mr. Campbell, "and as I even told some of the members of the Supreme Council, simply indicates that Communism, which is wrong anyhow, is digging its own grave. In ten or twelve years there won't be any Communism. In a country in which men and women are trying to learn, and are succeeding rapidly, and in which a man's increased earning capacity is recognized to the extent that what he earns belongs to him, it is impossible to curb individual initiative. It just can't be done; that much is already apparent and therefore I think it safe to predict that within a few years they will have an intellectual revolution over there which will cause a great change in the government. After that I don't know what will occur but in the meanwhile a great deal will have happened. With almost unlimited man-power, unlimited land, and resources that are inexhaustible if properly conserved, Russia will have developed into a commercial power of the first magnitude.

"The ultimate result, of course, is going to be that within a few years, probably within the next five or six, Russia will be by large odds the greatest wheat producer in the world.

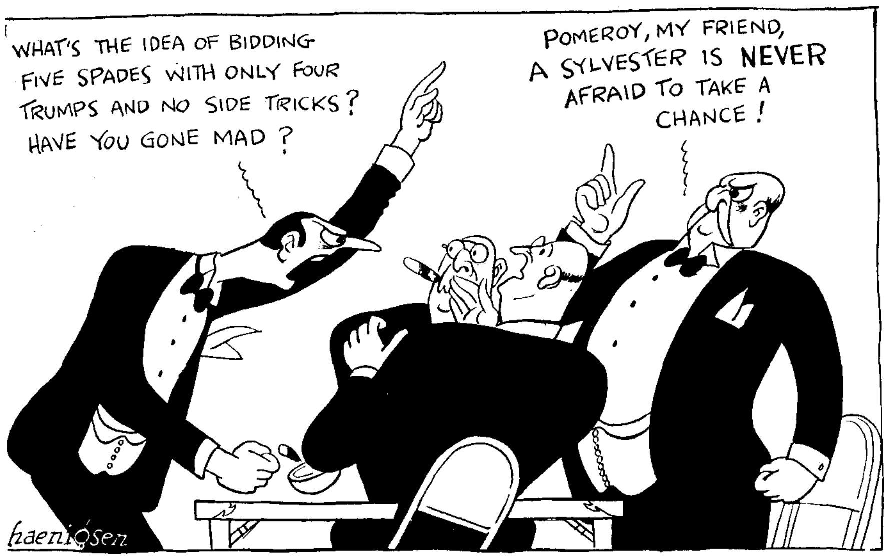
"At present Canada is the greatest competitor of the United States, and as she is rapidly adopting modern methods *it is only a question of time, with Russia* also to be considered, until, if we American farmers want to get the benefits of our tariff, or any other government provisions intended to protect us, we must limit our wheat production to our own domestic requirements.

For Home Consumption Only

"Nor will it be any hardship to us when we have to do this. On the contrary I think it will help us immensely. I mean that. Here's the situation: The United States consumes eighty per cent of its own wheat; twenty per cent goes into the world market and it's that twenty per cent that makes all the trouble. It keeps wheat in politics; it's used as the basis on which manipulators and speculators juggle the price, regardless of the law of supply and demand here at home, and the sooner we get rid of it the better off we'll be."

"But," I insisted, "suppose within a few years Russia actually begins to ship wheat over here for sale in this market, what'll we do about that?"

"I've just told you, haven't I," said Mr. Campbell, "that if we organize coöperatively and industrialize our farms, as we ultimately will, we can produce wheat as cheaply as any country on earth. But in the meanwhile, even if we don't industrialize and coöperate, we still have Congress, haven't we? And if that body will only give us a tariff on wheat that isn't in reality a rebate system, and which will afford the farmer as much protection as the industrialists' tariff affords the industrialist, then we can go right ahead and raise wheat for home consumption only and make money on it. I know that."


WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BIDDING FIVE SPADES WITH ONLY FOUR TRUMPS AND NO SIDE TRICKS? HAVE YOU GONE MAD?
POMEROY, MY FRIEND, A SYLVESTER IS NEVER AFRAID TO TAKE A CHANCE!
Haenigsen

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. J-9-7-4-2
H. 8
D. 9-8-5-2
C. J-6-4

West
S. K-10-5
H. K-Q-10-9
D. K-J-10
C. A-10-5

East
S. Q-8-3
H. J-7-5-4-3
D. 6-3
C. K-7-2

South
S. A-6
H. A-6-2
D. A-Q-7-4
C. Q-9-8-3

THE above Contract hand was published in last week's Collier's. South, with his No Trump count of 6 and every suit stopped, had more han enough strength to bid one No 'rump; but not the 17-count needed to id two.

West held even a stronger No Trump and and would have been justified in idding two No Trumps originally, but hat is rarely a sound declaration over n adverse one No Trump. If East held long major suit, game for East and Vest would be much more probable at hat suit than at No Trump; so a double vas the proper declaration for West.

North passed, and East answered his artner's double with three Hearts. He nswered with a bid of three instead of wo, as otherwise West, having forced he bid, could not be sure that East had ve Hearts or any side strength.

South passed; and West bid four Iearts. Had East bid only two Hearts, Vest's second declaration would have een a puzzler.

South was tempted to double, but all hat he could count upon taking was his hree Aces. In view of West's informaory double, the Diamond Queen and the Club Queen did not look like tricks, so South passed and East played with a ontract of four Hearts.

South's original lead presented a hoice of evils. Opening a four-card uit headed by a Queen may be disasrous but it may be still more disastrous o lead an Ace and establish an adverse uit. South decided to lead his fourth est Club; West (dummy) played the Five, North played the Jack, and closed and (East) won with the King.

East now desired to lead Clubs once and Diamonds twice toward the West and and the trumps could be led just s well from the West hand as from the East. The choice between the two minor suits was resolved in favor of the Diamonds because the Club lead would help he establishment of the adverse suit, and the Diamond lead might give East a discard. South played small, hoping that dummy would play the King; but the Ten was finessed and took the trick.

To trick 3 dummy led the trump King and South allowed it to win, holding the Ace to keep East from obtaining an entry with the Jack of Hearts. Dummy continued with the Ten and, when North discarded, East played the Four. South now appreciated that if he refused to take this trick, a third Heart would be led, putting him in the lead and compelling him to lead one of the other suits at a disadvantage. Therefore, he determined that he had better win the second Heart trick and lead a third. This he did and of course West played the Nine and East the Jack.

Due to the success of his previous Diamond lead, East continued that suit, leading his last Diamond; and South, in order not to lose his Ace of Diamonds, was obliged to play it. His safest play was to continue with a third Diamond. which West won and on which the closed hand had a trying discard. It might be that South had led originally from a Club suit headed by the Nine and that North had the Queen-Jack. If so, the apparent Club finesse in the West hand would lose and East had better discard a Club. However, the Declarer was not able to place the Jack of Spades and if North held that card, as was quite probable, the King-Ten finesse in Spades would fail; and if East kept a third Spade, it would be a loser. Declarer realized that it was safer to play for the Club finesse than the Spade finesse. Consequently he discarded his Trey of Spades and then led a small Spade from dummy. South won East's Queen with the Ace and continued Spades. Dummy played the King, refusing the finesse, and East ruffed the third Spade. A Club then was led and the finesse taken in West hand. When the Ten won, it was all over. South had been held to his three Aces, and Declarer made four-odd.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. A-8
H. A-K-J-9-4
D. 5
C. A-K-J-9-2

East
S. 7-2
H. Q-6-5-3
D. J-3-2
C. 10-8-7-6

West
S. J-6-5
H. 10
D. K-Q-10-8-6
C. Q-5-4-3

South
S. K-Q-10-9-4-3
H. 8-7-2
D. A-9-7-4
C. None

"How many vitamins?"

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Each teaspoonful of Parke-Davis Cod-liver Oil contains as much
VITAMIN "D" the rickets-preventing "sunshine" vitamin, as 2 lbs. of butter, or 7½ eggs,
—and as much—
VITAMIN "A" the disease-resisting vitamin, as 11 pints of milk, or 9 eggs, or 1 lb. of butter.

Parke-Davis
STANDARDIZED
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Parke, Davis & Company supply a number of other cod-liver oil products also, including Cod-liver Oil with Viosterol.

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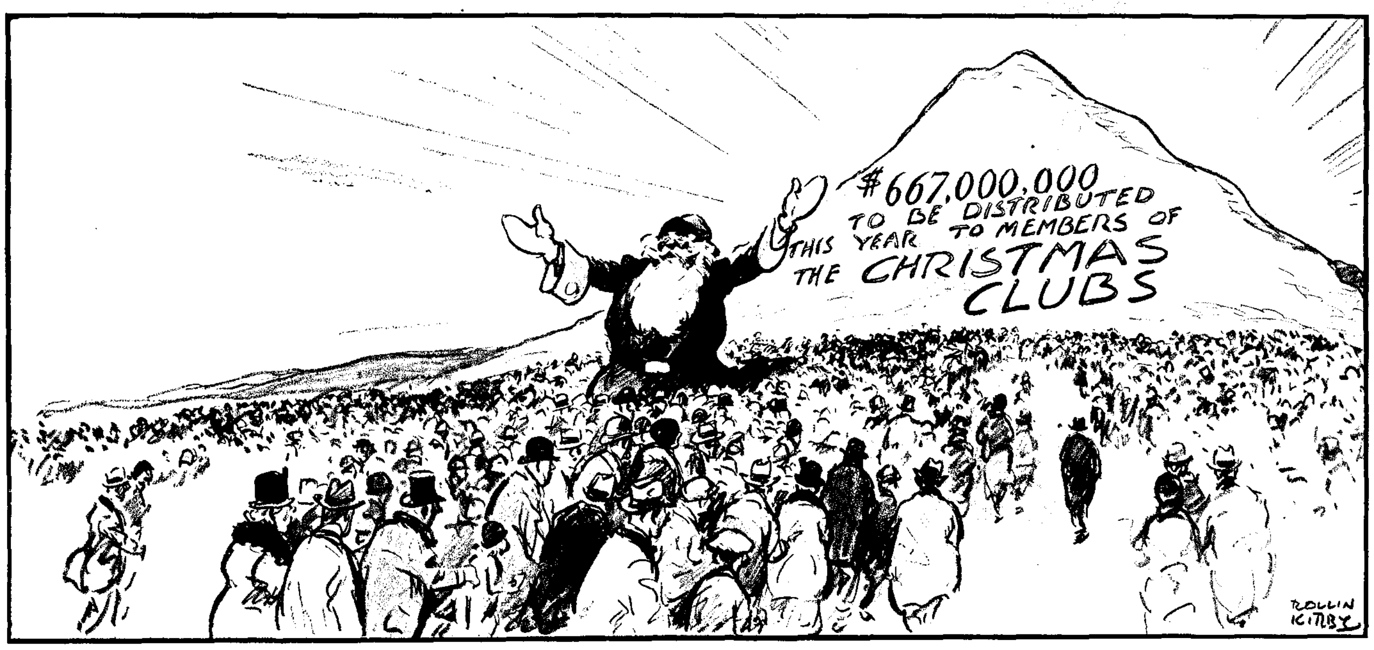
$667,000,000 TO BE DISTRIBUTED THIS YEAR TO MEMBERS OF THE CHRISTMAS CLUBS
ROLLIN KIRBY

We've just begun to Fight

TOO much of a good thing produces indigestion. During the last few months we have listened to more gilded promises than we could stomach. The Pollyannas produced another surplus as indigestible as too much wheat or coffee.

Many who a year and more ago were eager to believe the most fabulous tales of riches without effort have gone to the other extreme. They are like the traditional Maine farmer who may never have said: "I am going to get drunk next Saturday night and, gosh, how I dread it!" Some of us have gotten into the position of those who take a positive pleasure in the prospect of being sick. The symptoms are something to talk about.

Despite all that, the business cycle turns up when it is down. This is as certain as the coming of morning after night.

The practical question concerns the time. We can shorten or prolong both good and bad times by what we say and do. If we are reckless and extravagant we can shorten the prosperity period. If we are apathetic and timid we can extend bad times. Intelligence and restraint are useful at all seasons.

Just now the prime need is sensible courage. Problems face us. They are serious but not unsolvable. How soon they are solved depends largely on the energy and the spirit with which we attack them.

Many who have money to spend refrain from spending because they are timid.

The profitable time to buy is when things are cheap, not when costs are high. Prices of almost every commodity from bonds to shoes are low. The Christmas Savings Clubs of this country [illegible] distributing some $667,000,000 this m[illegible]n. More than a third of this sum will be expended in the Christmas trade. A vast balance is left for investment in more permanent possessions.

Not for years to come will it again be possible to buy at better advantage than now.

Farsighted investors have the opportunity now to buy the securities of the underlying corporations of America at prices which seemed ridiculously impossible eighteen months ago. Such opportunities have occurred only a few times in the last thirty years. They won't continue forever.

Men and women who expect sometime to build homes can get more for their dollars now than at any time since 1915. Both in materials and in labor the dollar is worth a lot. The man who builds this season will get a better house than he could have expected a while ago.

Everybody Profits

Go through the list of things you need and intend buying at a convenient season. Buy now to the extent that you can. You will be personally benefited by low prices. You will serve the public interest by stimulating trade and indirectly creating more jobs. Everybody profits from this quickening of the economic pulse.

The man without money or without a job obviously cannot buy much. Those who are employed or who have incomes can, however, afford to contribute generously to the less fortunate.

We need insurance against unemployment in this country but lacking it we can provide enough to support in decency those without work. Emergency jobs are better than outright charity but no money can be better expended than that used to keep an unemployed man and his family afloat until work is found.

The basis of national prosperity rests upon the capacity of tens of millions of American men and women to consume and to produce. That capacity must not be impaired.

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., expressed the sane modern understanding of prosperity when in a recent letter to the stockholders of the General Motors Corporation he said:

"To reduce the wage scale would, in my judgment, not only delay the return of more normal times, but would put a limit and an unnecessary limit on the future prosperity of the country. The broader the margin that exists between the daily wage and the necessities of life, the more the individual has available to purchase additional products and enjoy and profit by his leisure hours. The development of purchasing power creates wealth which in turn reacts throughout our whole industrial situation."

What a contrast between Mr. Sloan's attitude and the policy expressed and pursued by the less courageous who hesitate and delay at the very time when sensible advance would benefit them most.

Of course conditions have to be faced and nothing is gained by pretense or concealment. But the fact that money is not circulating as rapidly as it did a year and a half ago is not a reason for using less initiative, less courage or less energy.

Superficial optimism gets little more than disappointment but pessimism is no cure for anything. Somewhere between the extremes lies the sturdy spirit able to struggle and to achieve whether the going is easy or hard.